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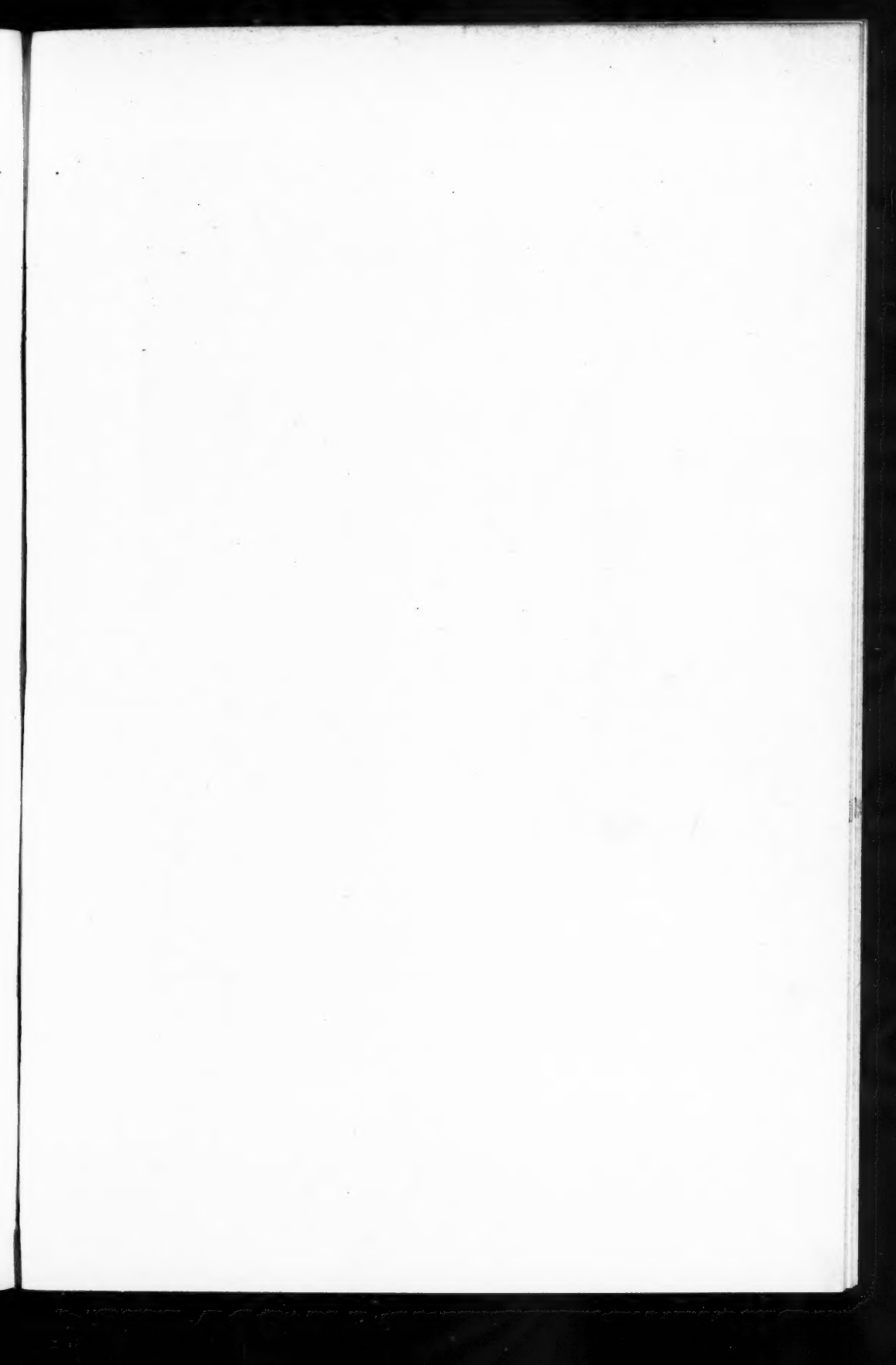
# PEARS'

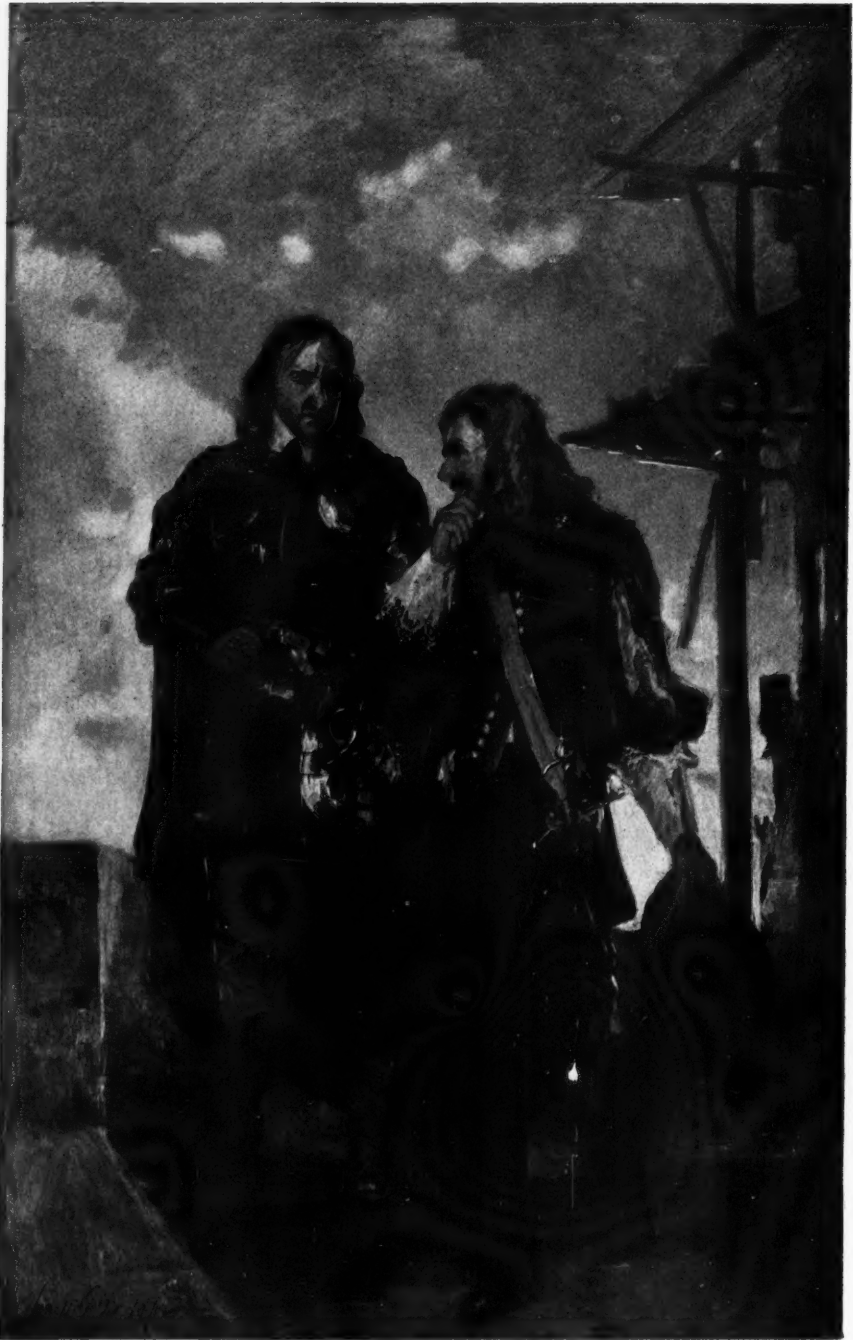


The  
Light of  
Beauty

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
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"ALAS, THAT I MUST SAY IT! MY BROTHER, WHOM YOU TRUST, IS NOT WHAT HE WOULD HAVE YOU THINK HIM!"

[See story, "The Wealth of the Sinner," page 813]

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Number VI

## IF TAFT IS ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT

MR. TAFT'S mission to the Philippine Islands in 1900—the mission that opened before him the political pathway along which he has since trodden—was directly brought about by Elihu Root, a man whose genius it is to see other men through and through.



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LUKE E. WRIGHT, OF TENNESSEE, WHO SUCCEEDED MR. TAFT AS GOVERNOR OF  
THE PHILIPPINES AND AS SECRETARY OF WAR



MR. TAFT AND HIS DAUGHTER HELEN, WHO HAS JUST BECOME A STUDENT AT BRYN MAWR, AND WHO WILL BE A WHITE HOUSE DÉBUTANTE IF HER FATHER IS ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

*From a photograph by Davidson—copyright, 1908, by the Photo News Bureau, Washington*

As Secretary of War, Mr. Root was his anxiety—to have this man of infectious good-nature, of quiet earnestness, anxious—and President McKinley shared



of tested learning in the law, at the head of the new commission. He set an alternative before Mr. Taft. On the one hand was a life position on the United States Circuit bench, with a good prospect of appointment to the United States Supreme Court—the fulfilment of a life hope for achievement, dignity, and peace. On the other was an office of baffling perplexity, of acute difficulty, of risk to serenity of mind, to future, to health. The only light which shone on the assignment to the Philippines was that of opportunity to do work for the Filipinos which would be of untold and permanent benefit to them.

circuit judgeship, and you may never have another chance of going on the Supreme bench; but we need you.”

“All right,” came Mr. Taft’s answer,



CHARLES PHELPS TAFT, MR. TAFT'S YOUNGER SON

*From a photograph—copyright, 1908, by Waldon Fawcett, Washington*



ROBERT ALPHONSO TAFT, MR. TAFT'S ELDER SON, WHO IS A SOPHOMORE AT YALE

*From a photograph—copyright, 1908, by Waldon Fawcett, Washington*

modestly but resolutely. “I’ll go!”

One day, not very long ago, there was a conference in the White House. In the mean time Judge Taft had again put by an opportunity to become a justice of the Supreme Court, had succeeded Mr. Root at the War Department, and, with his old chief, had become one of the three most powerful factors of the Roosevelt administration.

“We need you in the islands,” said the Secretary of War, in the tone of one who focuses a responsibility clearly before another. “You will have to resign your

The subject of the conference was the President’s plan that the decrees of the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the amendments to the Interstate Com-



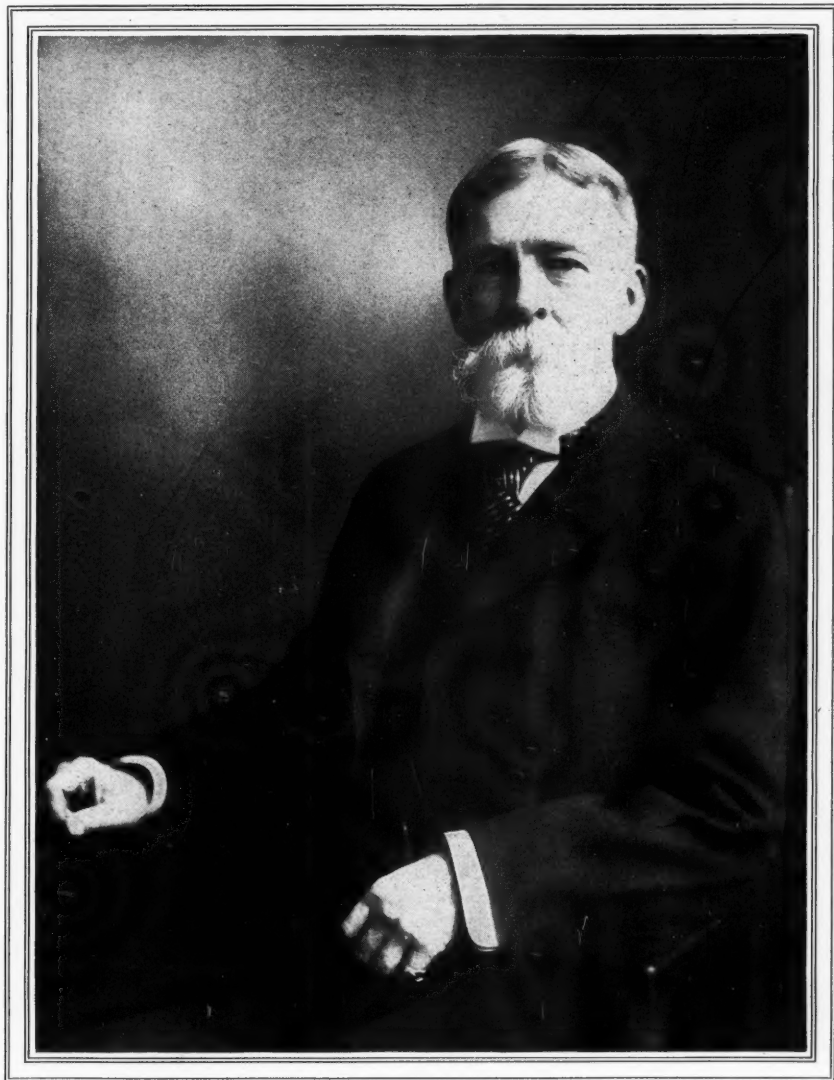
MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT, WHO WAS MISS HELEN HERRON, OF CINCINNATI, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO MR. TAFT IN 1886

*From a photograph—copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

merce Law then pending, should not be subject to supercession by any court inferior to the United States Supreme Court. Those who took part in the talk

your Cabinet two of the first half-dozen lawyers in the country. Why don't you ask their advice?"

"I have," was the laughing reply. "I



CHARLES P. TAFT, MR. TAFT'S HALF-BROTHER, OWNER AND EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR

*From a photograph by Benjamin, Cincinnati*

were Theodore Roosevelt and Senator John C. Spooner.

"Senator, I want your advice as a lawyer," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"Why, Mr. President, you have in

have, and I can't get them to agree with me!"

Those two of the first half-dozen lawyers in the country, Taft and Root, never did agree on that point with the Presi-

dent. The former, at first the less assertive, hung to his position so tenaciously, withal so good-naturedly, that finally, instead of his being swung by

bulldog was sent to the Senate, to swing the Republicans there who thought as the President had thought. He did it. These two stories, both of which are



JUDGE HOWARD C. HOLLISTER, OF CINCINNATI, ONE OF MR. TAFT'S OLDEST AND CLOSEST PERSONAL FRIENDS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Benjamin, Cincinnati*

Theodore Roosevelt, it was the President who was swung. The three agreed that there should be in the new law no question of the power of the courts. Then this curious mixture of mastiff and

strictly true, reveal William H. Taft in two attitudes—one, that of yielding not only private opinion but also personal comfort and political prospects to the judgment of others; the other, that of



prevailing over a man who held all the admiration and confidence which one big nature can give another. But underneath them lies the same principle—the fact that government is very largely a matter of men.

If Taft should be elected to the Presidency, then, what sort of men are likely to be in charge of our government? It is a fair question. If it is to be answered, it must be without partizanship, with good temper, with complete frankness.

First, a word as to the man himself.

One has a better understanding of Taft when one goes to see him on business. It has already been told, in a recent article in this magazine, how he laughs, and how you laugh, and how you are friends from the start. But it was



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CLARENCE  
R. EDWARDS, CHIEF OF THE  
DIVISION OF INSULAR  
AFFAIRS

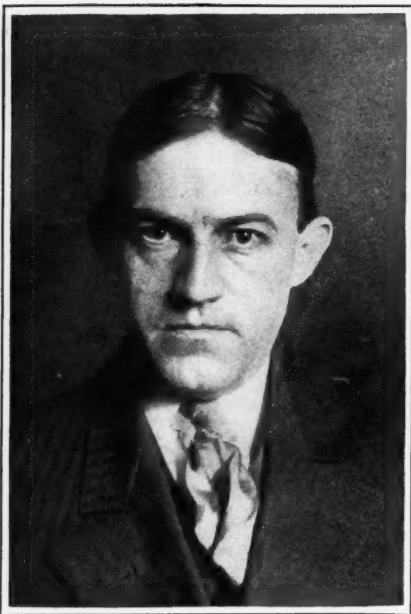
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MAJOR-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL  
STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

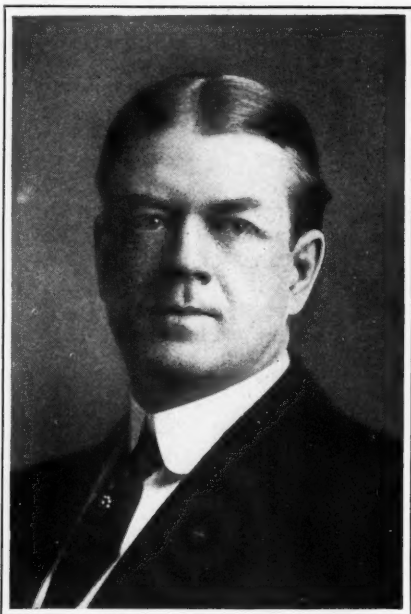
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not told that he has a manner of listening to you of which his closest friends say he is wholly unconscious, but which inspires in you the firmest confidence in his honesty. It is that of one who genuinely wants to get your judgment and the information upon which you base it. There is a mightily effective compliment in it, and he who can resist it is sterner than most of us; but it is a manner no man could act, least of all "Bill" Taft.



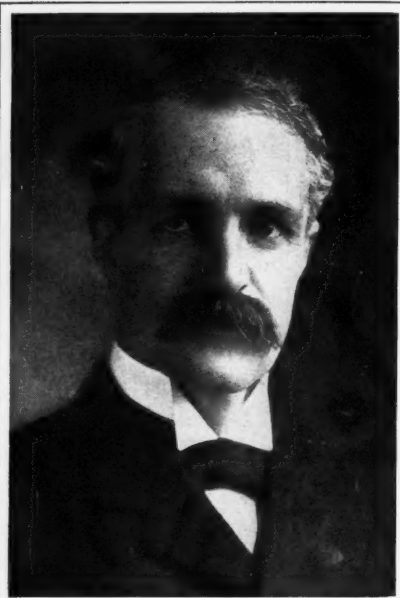
FRED W. CARPENTER, MR. TAFT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS

*From a photograph—copyright, 1908, by Waldon Fawcett, Washington*



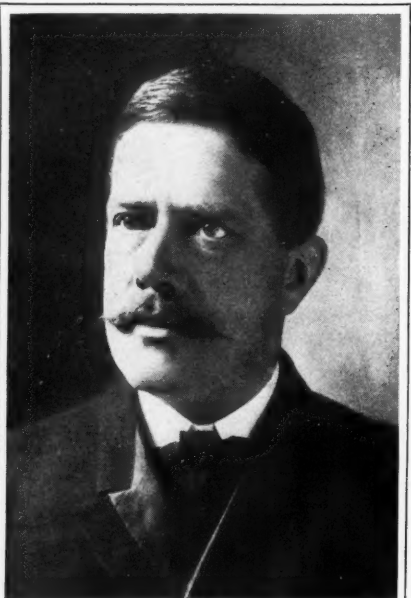
FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

*From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*



GIFFORD PINCHOT, CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*



HENRY M. HOYT, SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

*From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

Even a casual visitor would not think Mr. Taft quick to decide. Pack-horse as he has been ever since he came to Washington, his mental processes are as deliberate as were those of Grover Cleveland. Cheerfully carrying his load, no matter how heavy, he is yet thoroughly careful of every ounce of it. Sometimes, when the burden of it is almost intolerable, and even he might bend under it, there comes first a twinkle in the eyes, then a smile, and then a whole-souled, rumbling laugh that sweeps all worry aside for everybody assembled in the room.

Another quality not to be perceived from the index of the offices Mr. Taft has held is that of a dignity which suits every occasion, and yet does not preclude good-humor from any. He learned the figures of the rigodon, a formal old Spanish quadrille, while on the way to a function in Manila, and did more to disarm mistrust of Americans by dancing them with the wife of a prominent Filipino than could have been done with a hundred manifestoes. He laughed, and every one in the hall laughed with him, as he danced; but no one thought the governor any the less imposing for the incident, not even the form-loving natives. On the golf-course, on horseback, in the street-car, behind his desk at the War Department, his spontaneous and kindly humor is everywhere close to the surface and quick to bubble over.

Of course there is another side. No man can achieve by good-nature alone. Those who remember the punishment inflicted on a civil engineer who had abandoned his post at Panama will know how resolute Mr. Taft can be in giving a man his medicine. We all heard the sentence, so to speak, in that case; but not all of us knew that the breach of trust, as Judge Taft saw it, had been committed after a promise of "life-long devotion," an acceptance of the commission as "a life work." It was the same spirit which moved Mr. Taft to impose a sentence of thirty-two years' imprisonment on the man who stole sixteen thousand dollars of Philippine money, and to send to prison for long terms every one of the sixteen men who

thought to make their colonial offices so many dens of thieves.

#### MR. TAFT'S CLOSE FRIENDS

What kind of friends would such a man gather to himself through such a career? Who are the men on whose affection, as well as their judgment, Mr. Taft would naturally rely if elected next November?

Here is a list of those on whom several of his associates have agreed as not probable office-holders, necessarily, or men who would distribute offices, but as Mr. Taft's warmest friends:

Theodore Roosevelt; Elihu Root; Charles P. Taft, his brother; Judge Howard Clark Hollister, of Cincinnati; Judge Horace Harmon Lurton, of Nashville; Major-General James Franklin Bell, chief of the General Staff; Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the Division of Insular Affairs; General Luke E. Wright, now Secretary of War; Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee; George Von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General; Henry M. Hoyt, Solicitor-General; James Rudolph Garfield, Secretary of the Interior; William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President; Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Fred W. Carpenter, Mr. Taft's private secretary.

Another group of men held in high esteem, but not associated so closely with Mr. Taft, might include:

President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale; Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court; Arthur I. Vorys, the present Republican manager for Ohio; General Robert Shaw Oliver, Assistant Secretary of War; Gifford Pinchot, chief forester; Senator Warner, of Missouri; Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York; Colonel William R. Nelson, proprietor and editor of the *Kansas City Star*; Daniel H. Burnham, a member of the District of Columbia Parking Commission; Father John Augustine Zahm, provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross; Silas McBee, editor of the *Churchman*; Dr. D. D. Thompson, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article will be followed, in the October number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, by a paper entitled "If Bryan Is Elected to the Presidency."

president of Columbia University; Dr. Seth Low, who was Dr. Butler's predecessor at Columbia and subsequently mayor of New York.

#### ROOSEVELT'S RELATIONS WITH TAFT

Of the relations of Theodore Roosevelt to the new administration, should Mr. Taft be elected, there has been no little speculation, though it diminishes as one nears the communities that know the candidate best. It is charged that Mr. Taft would prove—to put it bluntly—a “me too” President. There are two good reasons why this need not be feared. One reason is Theodore Roosevelt; the other is William H. Taft.

These two men have held and expressed different opinions, more than once—chief and aide though they were. One instance has already been given. Another was in regard to the dismissal of the negro troops who are alleged to have “shot up” Brownsville, Texas. Mr. Taft was in Japan when the affray occurred, but he made opportunity to suggest a plan of action more deliberate than that which was adopted. His cable despatch reached Washington too late, and, being a good subordinate, he did not attempt, later, to disavow responsibility for the dismissal of the troops “without honor.” But the two men still hold to their differing opinions.

It is enough of an answer to this suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt would dominate Mr. Taft to say that not even Mr. Roosevelt could do it. But it should be noted that not only has the President no desire to attempt such a participation in his successor's administration, but he has carefully announced a plan to hunt big game in Africa, departing from Washington without even returning to the White House after the ceremony of inauguration. Nevertheless, it is to be expected, of course, that Mr. Taft will sometimes seek and always obtain freely whatever help his close friend and ardent admirer now in the White House can give.

Many people have inquired whether Elihu Root will serve in the Taft Cabinet. He is almost sure to do so, if the Republican candidate has his way. There is probably no man alive for whose judgment Mr. Taft has more respect, or

whose friendship he prizes more highly. But Mr. Root makes large sacrifices by staying in Washington—sacrifices of money, of associations, of peace of mind. Being Secretary of State is not an easy job, and Mr. Root has not always been able to make Congress see the need for the diplomatic and consular reforms he has so much at heart. In any event, however, whether he continues in office or resumes his law-practise in New York, he will yet be in close touch with Mr. Taft.

#### “BILL” AND “CHARLEY” TAFT

The affection between “Bill” Taft and “Charley,” as they call each other, is unusually intimate and deep. The editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* is fourteen years older than his better-known brother, and his bearing toward him is distinctly that of an elder boy toward a younger. It was “Charley” who took on himself the hustling after the nomination which “Bill” refused to do, who chose Mr. Hitchcock as manager of the campaign before the convention, who even forgot his interest in the Chicago “Cubs,” of which he is chief owner, to “boost Bill.” The judge named one of his sons after his big brother, and that is only a sign of the tenderness with which the two regard each other.

Judge Hollister and Judge Lurton are perhaps Mr. Taft's oldest friends. With both he has long been associated at the bar. The first-named was his boyhood “partner,” went to Yale in the same year, began the practise of law with him, and has kept up the intimacy without a break. “Hol,” Mr. Taft calls him, and when they are together their talk is half laughter. The friendship with Judge Lurton was knit closely by Mr. Taft's service on the circuit bench in Nashville. All three men are excellent lawyers, they hold to much the same opinions on mooted questions of law, and they exchange views frequently. Since Mr. Taft has been stationed in the capital, the two others have made occasional visits there.

#### THREE ARMY FRIENDS

The other men in the list of Mr. Taft's closest friends have become so



through association in Washington. General Bell and General Edwards are thorough army men, but would be distinguished among the members of any profession for their knowledge of government, their breadth of view, and their power of administration. General Wright and Mr. Taft served two years together as members of the Philippine Commission, and as the Tennessean succeeded Mr. Taft in the presidency of the commission, he has now also succeeded him as Secretary of War. All three of these experienced soldiers have the manner rather of business men trained to the control of great corporations than of officers in command of troops; but the first two have helped to develop the American army into the most efficient command of its size in the world, and to make our colonies in the Orient the expression of the American conscience; while General Wright now has, and probably will continue to have, if Mr. Taft is elected, supervision over both those enormously important tasks.

#### A RISING STAR IN POLITICS

Mr. Hitchcock has been called a "live card-catalogue." He is that, and more. He has earned every step of his advancement by virtue of thorough system, of accurate knowledge, of literally tireless industry. There were two reasons why he worsted his competitors so badly in the campaign for the nomination—he got on the ground first, and he knew the ground best. The newspapers are fond of calling him a sphinx. The only respect in which he differs from any other college-bred Massachusetts-reared, well-groomed young American is that he is genuinely diffident; and that quality, not an ostentatious secretive-ness, is the explanation of his failure to talk freely to the reporters. Away from them, and out of the public eye, he has genuine magnetism to draw men and substantial conversation to hold them.

The others of the first group are all young, all desk-trained, of the new type of department chiefs, whose watchword is system, rather than of the old, whose shibboleth was politics. Mr. Hoyt is not only a lawyer of unusual ability, but a man of the readiest sympathy. Mr. Garfield is as good a tennis-player as a

bureau chief, and he excels in both lines. Mr. Loeb, the far-seeing, joined forces with "Charley" Taft, and was a potent ally of the Taft boomers. Mr. Winthrop was a Taft selection for governor of Porto Rico, and is now a Roosevelt selection for Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Carpenter was summoned by cable to Manila on the recommendation of some one who knew his trustworthiness as a clerk in a San Francisco law-office. He has been—quietly, undemonstratively, uncommunicatively—Mr. Taft's Man Friday ever since.

#### MEN OF KNOWN PRINCIPLES

You could sound these men—and those of the second group as well—and not disclose among them all a noteworthy difference of opinion as to the policies which will govern their common friend if he shall be elected President next November. They have had ample opportunities of learning his views. No man has written himself down more copiously—in decisions from the bench, in speeches, in state papers. Concurrence in his opinions, almost as much as admiration for the man's sense of duty and moral courage, has brought them into the circle which would now and in the future uphold his arms.

The merest glance at the work they represent will indicate the trend of their thought. They are clean-government men, civil-service-reform men, tariff-down-to-the-difference-in-cost-of-production men, respect-for-the-courts men, against-special-privilege men. They are thorough believers in the Roosevelt ideals and the Roosevelt policies, with the car of state under control. A thousand platforms could not make them different. They have been leaders in developing the public understanding of these things. From Theodore Roosevelt down to the least man named—which ever he may be—they believe that Mr. Taft, more than any other whom the Chicago convention might have named, promises the longest step forward for the causes to which they have given their allegiance.

That is the spirit behind the men who will be the chief influences in the American government if William H. Taft is elected to the Presidency.



## THE HUNGER TEST

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BARE POLES," "THE ADMIRAL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

WHEN cold and hunger have possession of both sides of the door; when one's toil brings no return save weariness; when the shadow-wolf haunts the hearth, long-jawed and hollow-flanked—then is the test of a man's courage.

The horror of these conditions came, one winter, to Nick Cormey, of Squid Cove on the Labrador—and he failed in the test. His failure was not due to a lack of natural courage, but to the activity of his imagination. The eyes and fangs of the wolf were as real to his anxious vision as flesh and bone that can be touched with the fingers.

The shore ice lay firm along the aching coast, a full two miles in width; so there was no help to be looked for from the sea.

"Maybe some deer be winterin' back in the woods," said Nick.

He stowed on the kammutik his sleeping-bag, his gun, and a little food for himself and the three dogs, kissed the woman and the child, and started inland; but he felt no hope of success, even at the commencement of his journey. It was out of all reason to expect to find any caribou in the nearer woods; for, in winter, the herds of that country move westward, beyond the distant hills, in search of food and shelter. And Nick Cormey knew that there was not food enough, either for himself or for the two at home, to bridge the time required for the longer journey.

Nick Cormey followed the hopeless quest for two days; and despair was always at his elbow, running on the snow like a shadow. He saw no sign of game. The dogs, maddened by hunger, were either sulking or fighting continually. On the morning of the third day,

while he was eating his scrap of breakfast, and wondering bitterly if he should push farther inland or return to Squid Cove empty-handed, he heard the sound of voices. Then two men, walking on rackets, and a loaded sledge drawn by six dogs came into sight around a spur of woods.

The men with the six-dog sledge proved to be a stranger named Dr. Scovil and a half-breed Micmac from Wellington Harbor. The doctor told Cormey that he had come to Labrador as an officer of the British Northern Mission Society, to bring help to the fishermen of that coast, and that his newly established headquarters were at Wellington Harbor. He was now on his way to Wreck Islands, with provisions and medicines for the people there; but he assured Cormey that his assistant, Dr. Scott, who had remained in Wellington Harbor, would look after his case. He gave Cormey a note for the other doctor, authorizing him to treat the fisherman from Squid Cove with liberality.

Even as Nick Cormey turned his dogs back toward the coast, a twinge of his old enemy, rheumatism, gnawed in his loins. Within an hour from that first warning, the pains were so severe that he was forced to remove his rackets from his feet and lie on the sledge. In his crippled condition he had not full command over the dogs; but after three days and two nights of agony, he crawled from the sledge and beat on the door of the cabin with his mittened hands. The woman helped him in, very tenderly, without a second glance at the empty sledge.

"What be the trouble with Davy?" he asked, looking toward the bed in the corner.

"He be taken bad," whispered the woman, brokenly—and then she hid her face in her hands.

"An' look 'e here!" cried the man, with a sob in his voice.

He gave her the piece of paper that, but for his helplessness, would bring them food and healing. Then he cried out against the blindness and bitterness of life, and cursed his pain-racked limbs for their uselessness.

The sight of her husband's despair

lifted the woman's spirit above its own grief. She comforted him with tenderness of hand and voice; and at last he was calm enough to explain to her the meaning of the written message. When she understood it, she cried out her gratitude to God and called upon the saints to reward the goodness of the unknown doctor. Nick looked at her with wonder, and with a light of reviving hope in his eyes.

"I be goin' to Wellington Harbor first thing in the mornin'," she said. "'Tis a fair path, an' only sixteen mile. That good doctor will give me medicine for ye an' Davy, an' bread an' molasses an' tea. May the saints crown him!"

"But the dogs, Kate!" replied Nick, stifling a groan for the agony in his legs. "They be worse nor I ever see them, girl. Them two huskies be like devils. Sure, 'twere all I could do to master 'em. Cap'n, he be the only beast i' the team ye can trust."

"I'll go out now, an' feed 'em a full half o' the caplin that be left—an' t'other half afore we start in the mornin'," replied the woman fearlessly.

Nick could not sleep, so torn was he with pain and black fear; and little Davy, who was suffering from general weakness brought on by cold and lack of nourishment, whimpered through half the night. So the woman took no rest, but tended and comforted them until dawn. Then she carried in a great store of fire-wood, and cooked a mess of the last scraps of fish and hard bread in the cabin.

She fed the last of the frozen caplin to the three dogs. Nick tried to crawl from the cabin, to harness the team for her; but he got no farther than the threshold, and was then near to fainting with the pain.

"Nay, boy, ye must not fret," said the woman. "I'll tend to the dogs, never fear!"

"But for that fool Peter Sprowl a livin' on us all last summer, sure ye'd never have to make the trip at all," he cried. "We give him the good medicine for his chest, an' he et a full quintal o' fish!"

By this time Kate was ready to harness the dogs and set out on the journey. She wore Nick's coat and cap and

mittens, and held her rackets in one hand and the great dog-whip in the other.

"'Twould not be Christian to grudge what we give to that poor unfortunate," she replied. "Keep yer heart up, Nick, dear, an' tend well to Davy. I'll master them huskies, never fear; an' even if they do act bad, sure I'll be back afore midday to-morrow. I'll be to Wellington Harbor long afore sundown, an' the dogs'll get a good feed there."

"If ye'd lay me on the sledge, maybe I'd get to the harbor," said Cormey.

"'Twould be yer death, boy," said the woman.

She harnessed the three dogs at last, but was forced to lash the two huskies severely before she could win control over them.

## II

NICK crouched beside the bed whereon little Davy lay in troubled slumber. His spirit raged stupidly within him, like a caged animal. He tried to quiet himself to sleep. He closed his eyes, but no rest came to either mind or body. What were the dogs doing now? Were



AT THAT MOMENT THE HUSKIES BROKE INTO OPEN REVOLT



they running quietly, or threatening Kate with rebellion?

Why had God struck his great muscles useless in the hour of bitterest need? Why was Peter Sprowl, who had neither wife nor child, spared to go

mail-bags safely. No, he could think of Peter only as the worthless idiot who had eaten the food that should have fed Kate and the child.

For a few miles the dogs traveled steadily. The sledge ran light over the



FOR A LITTLE WHILE THE IDIOT WAS A MAN AGAIN

light-foot over the snow, at every whim of his foolish wits? He forgot how Peter had once been a mail-carrier—and at times believed himself still to be one—and had lost his sanity during a great storm of wind and snow, in which he had wandered, alone and without food, for days, finally bringing in his

wind-packed snow, and the sky was clear. Captain, who was in the lead, was a typical Newfoundland sledge-dog—black, heavy of barrel and leg, broad of forehead, and blunt of muzzle. His hair was short, but remarkably thick and stiff, and he looked as if he could stand a great deal of hunger or physical

punishment. His small, honest eyes were brown, and contained no cross-lights and uneasy glintings.

The other two dogs were Labrador "huskies" — big, long-limbed, long-jawed beasts, with long, tawny coats and plumed brushes, and the untamed blood and spirit of the wolf in their hearts. They had a sinister way of looking aslant at things, out of their yellow eyes.

A third of the journey was covered pleasantly enough, the runners whispering softly along the snow, the sun overhead like a clear, colorless window in the pale blue of the sky, the white levels of the barrens glistening westward to the tinted hills, and eastward to the curving cliff-edge and the empty sea, close at hand. The sunlight had a glow in it—and only ten miles ahead waited medicines for Nick and Davy and a sledge-load of provisions. The woman sat dreaming of her return, the whip quiet in her hand.

Suddenly the sledge came to a standstill. The woman looked up, quickly, in time to see the huskies turn and face her. It was a daunting vision of white fangs, eyes like fire, jaws like blood, and bristling manes. Well she knew the danger! They had no fear of her, for it was Nick who had always worked them and disciplined them—and now, hunger-mad, they did not care for the great whip. In their wolfish minds they remembered how, when they were pups, one of them had bitten Kate's hand, and she had cried out at the pain. In that first second of the threatening danger the fate of a young lad of Null's Cove flashed into her brain. Sheer, physical terror numbed her for a second; then, like a prayer from the surrounding silence, the thought of Nick and Davy came to her.

With a sharp cry of command, she sprang from the sledge and raised the whip. At that moment the huskies broke into open revolt. One of them leaped straight at her, in a tangle of traces. Quick as thought she shifted her hand on the whip and struck with the short and heavy stock of it. The blow fell on the shoulder of the murderous rebel, and by a side-step she escaped his snapping jaws.

"Cap'n!" she cried. "At 'em, Cap'n!"

But she need not have called to him, for the black dog understood and was already in action, struggling with one of the huskies in a tangle of leather thongs. They were both on their feet, the black dog with a sure hold on his antagonist's furry neck, the huskie twisting and biting. They made no noise beyond a dull sound of slobbering and heavy breathing.

The beast which the woman had struck on the shoulder sprang toward her again; but the trace held him to the fighters, and he fell short. Turning, he dashed upon Captain; and under the double attack the black dog went down, still with his teeth in the first husky's neck.

Then the woman forgot all fear of the white fangs and flaming eyes, and, running close, she struck again and again with all her might, placing every blow on some portion of one or other of the huskies. If the fight had been entirely in her own interest, it is doubtful if the whip-stock would have been plied with much vigor or effect; but the realization that three lives required her success doubled her strength and fired her to a high but sanguinary fury. There were Nick and Davy in the cabin at Squid Cove, needing food and medicine and her return; and here, in the middle of the tearing, twisting fight, was the brave black dog! So, in fighting for three, it was as if she possessed the courage of three; but her blows and her voice seemed only to increase the fury of the dogs.

### III

SUDDENLY, as if by magic, Peter Sprowl appeared beside her. Without so much as a glance at her, he stood and stared at the struggling dogs. His eyes were dull and his lips weakly parted. Kate Corney clutched him by the arm.

"Peter!" she cried breathlessly. "Oh, Peter, help me!"

"Them dogs do be fightin' bar-b'rous," he said without looking at her.

Then rage and the desperation of fear swept over the woman like a storm.

"Ye great gawk!" she screamed.

"Would ye stand an' watch 'em fight an' tear, an' never lift a hand? Will ye see the black dog killed, an' me tore to pieces, an' little Davy die for want o' food?" She shook him furiously. She forced the whip into his hand. "Master the dogs!" she shrieked. "Beat off the huskies! Will ye not stir a hand for the woman who fed ye?"

"They do be fightin' cruel," he murmured, looking stupidly at the whip in his hand.

"O God, give him a flicker o' human feelin'!" cried the woman.

At that, as if Peter had heard her voice for the first time, he suddenly turned and looked at her with a sort of pitying wonder.

"Sure, Kate, I'll master the dogs for ye," he said. Then he slipped his rack-ets from his feet and sprang into the fight.

Peter Sprowl was a big man, and in his day he had been a great hand with dogs. Now, uttering terrific yells all the while, he kicked and slashed and pulled at the struggling beasts. For a little while the idiot was a man again, with the old mastery and the old knowledge of things clear as day in his mind; and soon the great jaws ceased their snapping and tearing, and the wolf-fire died down in the hearts of the huskies.

Peter, after clearing the tangles from the traces, stood before the woman with a light of honest satisfaction in his face.

"Where be ye p'intin' for?" he asked. "For Wellington Harbor. An' ye'll come along, Peter, or maybe the huskies 'ill turn on me again," she replied pitifully.

"Sure, I be bound for the harbor meself, for the mail-bags. I'll team the dogs for ye, Kate," he replied.

Already his eyes were dull as slate again, and his shoulders stooped like those of an old man.

The dogs were sore and bleeding, but not seriously injured. Captain seemed as fresh and willing as at the time of starting from Squid Cove, though one of his eyes was closed and his flanks were wet with blood. The two conquered huskies, with drooping brushes and lowered manes, showed nothing of the spirit that had so recently driven them to revolt; and soon the sledge was moving steadily forward over the wind-packed snow.

The western sky was red when the sledge came to a halt before the cabin in which the new mission had established its headquarters. The dogs immediately lay down and began licking their wounds. Peter Sprowl looked at the woman with a kindly but vacant smile.

"'Twas a great trip we made, altogether! Now gimme a hand with the mail-bags," he said. His eyes were expressionless and wandering, and his lips weakly parted.

"God bless you—an' pity you!" whispered the woman softly.

### THE MOTHER TREE

ALL through the long, hot summer days

The mother tree tended the leaves of green—

Rocked them to sleep on her breast serene,

Loving their fluttering, playful ways;

Washed them with dew while they softly slept,

Gave them to drink when the heavens wept;

Nourished them, too, and warmed them through

In the heat of the bright sun's rays.

But autumn came, and the leaves were grown;

The mother tree shivered—the nights were cold;

Gone were the blossoms of pink and gold;

The wind sang shrill in a monotone.

Her little ones needed a warmer bed,

So sadly she dressed them, yellow and red,

And laid them to rest on the earth's warm breast,

While she braved the ice alone!

Mary Roberts Rinehart

# THE NICKNAMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

BY LYNDON ORR

NICKNAMES may generally be divided into two classes—those that imply a certain affectionate familiarity, and those that are intended to convey at least a shade of opprobrium. In either case, if they are to “stick” and to pass into general use, they must have some quality of sense or sound which pleases the fancy or tickles the ear. They are often alliterative; sometimes they are quaint, grotesque, or laughable. Furthermore, they must convey at least an exaggeration of a truth.

England and America are the countries where nicknames flourish more widely than anywhere else in the world. Schoolboys have a perfect genius for inventing nicknames; and the Englishman and the American are, in many respects, very much like schoolboys of a larger growth. Furthermore, in these two countries freedom of speech has always existed; so that even the most exalted personages may be spoken of and written of under a nickname without danger of prosecution.

As a matter of fact, nine times out of ten the nickname is an almost indispensable passport to the outer courts of fame. Until a statesman has won a popular nickname, and is generally known by it, it can seldom be said that the people at large have begun to think about him seriously.

Our American nicknames afford an infinite variety. Sometimes in a single epithet they condense and crystallize the most important phase in a man's career. They seldom repeat themselves or suggest one another, save with two exceptions. Popular usage is very apt to apply the name “uncle” to a public favorite; and again, a nickname is often prefixed by the adjective “old.” This

last is usually a half-affectionate way of rounding out a title, and it need not have any reference whatever to the actual age of the individual.

Of this fact President Eliot once gave an amusing illustration in one of his off-hand speeches. It will be remembered that he was only thirty-five years of age when he was called to the presidency of Harvard—a mere infant, as compared with most of his predecessors in office. Long afterward, when Dr. Eliot was well on toward seventy, he told the following story:

I find that lapse of years does not necessarily age the president of a university. Soon after I was called to be head of Harvard, I happened to pass two undergraduates in the college yard, and I overheard one of them say to the other:

“There goes old Eliot.”

Thirty years later, I happened again to be crossing the college yard, and came rather suddenly upon a group of students who were engaged in some sort of altercation. As I approached, a stillness fell upon them, and I heard one of them remark hastily to another:

“Look out! Here comes Charlie!”

## THE NICKNAMES OF THE PRESIDENTS

It was owing partly to his personal dignity, and partly to the more formal tone of the time, that President Washington received no nickname of the jocosely familiar sort. During his life he was spoken of by Americans as “The Father of his Country,” and this peculiarly Roman title suited admirably his austere and lofty personality. It has endured down to the present day, and will undoubtedly continue to be his so long as the nation which he founded shall endure.

Neither Adams nor Jefferson received

a popular nickname; and though Madison was very unpopular in New England, the Federalists, who hated him, were content to speak of him simply as "Jimmy" Madison. The head of the state was still immune from the verbal horse-play which even in England gave to George III the unofficial title of "Farmer George." Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams, likewise, were not known save by their actual names. But when Andrew Jackson was inaugurated the tide of democracy was rising high, and this popular favorite, who was called in formal speeches "The Hero of New Orleans," had been dubbed by the soldiers who followed him "Old Hickory."

A relative of his, Mr. Waldo Jackson, has recorded an anecdote which shows that the general liked his title, and also that he possessed a good deal of natural tact. It appears that the captain of a company which served under Jackson at New Orleans had, for some reason or other, been dubbed by his men "Captain Flat-Foot." The captain was a good deal of a martinet. When this nickname came to his ears he went to General Jackson and spoke of the matter with some indignation, whereupon the general remarked:

"Really, captain, so long as these fellows labor with so much energy and fight with so much courage, we officers must overlook a little harmless chaff. Why, captain, they call me 'Old Hickory,' and if you like my title better than yours, I'm quite willing to exchange with you."

Whereupon it is said that the captain retired, quite placated, and rather proud of being known as "Captain Flat-Foot."

It has been noted that the name "Old Hickory" was really a sort of growth. First, some soldier observed that the general was "tough as hickory." Then he was styled "Hickory," and at last the affectionate adjective "old" was prefixed, giving him a name which is quite as well known as that which he received at birth.

President Jackson's successor, Martin Van Buren, had a variety of nicknames. He was the antithesis of Jackson in every way, being subtle, urbane in manner, a master of political intrigue, a great party manager and schemer. Furthermore, he

was short of stature, while Jackson towered high above other men. Van Buren was viewed in various ways. Every one ascribed to him extreme sagacity; yet even his followers recognized a touch of slyness in his nature. At first he was spoken of familiarly as either "Matty," or "Little Matty." Then, because of his skill in politics, he was known as "The Little Magician," and at last, rather picturesquely, as "The Fox of Kinderhook"—Kinderhook being the place of his birth. In the famous campaign of 1840 his opponents styled him "Little Van"—a name that figured largely in a popular song of that time, which had as its refrain:

Van, Van, Van is a used-up man,  
And with them we'll beat little Van!

Van Buren's successor, the first President Harrison, lived only a month after his inauguration; but during the campaign which had elected him he had won the popular nickname of "Old Tippecanoe," given him because of his victory over the Indians in 1811, on the Tippecanoe River, where the so-called "Prophet," brother of the famous chief Tecumseh, with several thousand of his warriors, was overwhelmingly beaten.

President Tyler won no nickname, nor did President Polk; but President Taylor, who defeated the Mexicans so gloriously at Buena Vista, had been dubbed by his soldiers "Old Rough-and-Ready," because of his primitive, yet effective, mode of fighting. As a shorter name, he was called affectionately "Old Zach." It will be remembered that he, like President Harrison, died early in his Presidential term. President Fillmore, who succeeded him, achieved no nickname that is remembered, nor did President Pierce.

There were not many popular qualities about President Buchanan; yet during the campaign which elected him, he and his running mate, John C. Breckinridge gave an alliterative name to their ticket. Nowadays the name Buchanan is usually pronounced "*Bew*chanan," whereas Mr. Buchanan himself gave it the Scottish pronunciation, according to which the first syllable is sounded as if it were "Buck." In the campaign of 1856, his partizans, as they marched in procession, cheered continually for



"Buck and Breck"; and afterward the President was still sometimes called "Old Buck."

#### LINCOLN, THE RAIL-SPLITTER

The nicknames given to Abraham Lincoln show a curious evolution. His fame at first was wholly local, and the voters in Illinois, who knew the man, called him either "Honest Abe," or, if they were opposed to him, "Old Abe." Then the story went about that at one time he had made his living by splitting walnut-trees into fence-rails. This appealed to the popular fancy, and at the time of the nominating conventions in 1860 he became known as "The Rail-Splitter," or, more fully, as "The Rail-Splitter of the Sangamon."

At the Republican State convention held in May of that year, Mr. Lincoln was seated on the platform as a spectator. Suddenly the doors of the hall were opened, and Lincoln's cousin, John Hanas, entered, bearing two weather-beaten rails supporting an inscribed banner which declared that these rails had been made by Lincoln in 1830. A tremendous uproar followed this exhibition, and Lincoln was called upon to address the convention. He did so in a single characteristic sentence:

"I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure that I have made a great many that are just as good."

Rails and rail-splitting figured largely in the campaign which followed. Many persons saw something typical in them. A Lincoln delegate wrote:

These rails were to represent the issue in the contest between labor free and labor slave; between democracy and aristocracy.

After Lincoln became President and grew in popular favor, his supporters began to call him "Uncle Abe"; and toward the end of the war the greatness of the man resulted in a nickname which combined affection with a touch of dignity, for at last he was "Father Abraham." Many a time, as fresh troops passed through Washington, streaming past the White House on their way to the front, Mr. Lincoln would come out upon the veranda to watch them; and then there would go up from the ranks

a mighty shout, and the regiments would burst forth into the swinging cadences of the war-song of that time:

We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand more!

#### THE PRESIDENTS SINCE LINCOLN

President Johnson's unfortunate régime pleased no one. Lincoln's successor was universally spoken of as "Andy" Johnson, almost always with a shade of disapproval or contempt. President Grant, on the other hand, had a number of nicknames. Because of his demand for the unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson, he was styled "Unconditional Surrender Grant," the first two words happening to begin with the initials of his Christian names. During the campaign of 1864, when his soldiers were mowed down by thousands at Cold Harbor and in the Wilderness, his critics gave him the name of "Butcher Grant." In his Presidency there were persons who professed to think that he was intending to establish a military despotism, and these wrote and spoke of him as "The Man on Horseback"; but this last name was taken up as a title of honor by those who remembered how in the time of battle he had been literally a man on horseback, directing the armies that fought their way to victory.

President Hayes had no lasting nickname. President Garfield, for a time, was styled "The Ohio Tow-Boy," because in his childhood he had worked upon a canal. The Democrats, however, gave this matter a different turn and styled him "The Mule-Whacker." Mr. Cleveland won no permanent nickname. President McKinley was called during his first campaign "The Advance Agent of Prosperity"; but this was too long a name to be used in conversation, and hence it appeared only in the mouths of public speakers and in the columns of the newspapers. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, has universally been known as "Teddy"—an abbreviated title which always denotes liking, and never disrespect. Dogs, horses, and toy-bears by the hundreds of thousands have been named "Teddy." The name is at once a sign of popularity, and in a subtle fashion it has done much to make the President popular, by bringing him, as it

were, into the inner circle of almost every American home.

#### NICKNAMES OF OTHER STATESMEN

To enumerate all the nicknames of all conspicuous American statesmen would fill a small volume; and therefore many must be passed over here. But, going back to the early days of the republic, one recalls the brilliant orator and party leader, Henry Clay. He was not, as many suppose, a native of Kentucky, but of a place called the Slashes, in Virginia, where the early death of his father compelled him for a time to shift for himself. Removing to Kentucky at the age of twenty, he soon plunged into politics, and was first described by his admirers as "The Mill-Boy of the Slashes," because of the legend that he had at one time worked in a mill. It was not long, however, before he was sent to Congress, and there he headed the party which forced the United States into a war with England. On account of this he became widely known as "The War-Hawk." After the war was over Clay still remained the leader of the militant young democracy, whose inspiration came from beyond the Alleghanies. Hence, his friends now called him "Harry of the West." His untiring efforts to maintain peace between the North and the South led him finally to be styled "The Great Pacifier."

Clay's contemporary and close friend, Daniel Webster, was in like manner known as "The Great Expounder" by reason of the famous speeches in which he interpreted the Constitution. But Webster had also a terser nickname, which was given him because of his personal appearance. His hair was very black, his face was swarthy, and his great, dark eyes glowered beneath cavernous brows; so that he was widely spoken of as "Black Dan."

Other leading men in Congress of the same period had popular titles. Among them was Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, at one time Senator and at another time Cabinet minister, who was styled "The Salt-Boiler of the Kanawha," because while a boy he had been engaged in the salt-works on that river. This particular form of title was quite popular for

a time, probably because it showed that its bearer had worked his way up from a humble position to one of eminence; but when Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, one of the organizers of the Republican party and the first Republican Speaker of the House, was styled "The Bobbin-Boy," the thing became somewhat absurd, and it was slyly ridiculed by James Russell Lowell in one of his essays.

Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, was a strong advocate of the use of specie instead of bank-notes, and in consequence received the name "Old Bullion"; just as Senator Thurman, of Ohio, because of his dignified and portly appearance, was often called "The Old Roman." Stephen A. Douglas, who defeated Lincoln for the Senatorship, but who was himself defeated by Lincoln for the Presidency, was styled "The Little Giant," owing to his enormous physical and mental strength combined with a diminutive stature.

When Mr. Blaine was a boy at school his classmates used to call him "Nosey," from the prominence of that feature; but the sobriquet did not follow him in later life. After the famous nominating speech of Colonel Robert Ingersoll at Cincinnati, in 1876, Mr. Blaine became "The Plumed Knight," and remained so to his countrymen forever after. Some of his associates in Congress had peculiar nicknames. The Speaker of the House, Schuyler Colfax, afterward Vice-President with Grant, had a peculiarly formal smile with which he greeted every one—a smile which, like Napoleon's, was never visible above his mouth. In consequence, some one happened to twist his first name into "Smiler," and "Smiler" Colfax he remained. Vice-President Henry Wilson, whose real name was Jeremiah Colbath until he had it changed by the Massachusetts Legislature, was the son of an Irish laborer and began life in a shoe-shop, so that his popular title was "The Natick Cobbler." W. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, by favoring high protective duties on steel and iron, acquired the name of "Pig-Iron Kelly"; Samuel S. Cox, because of a very flowery article which he once wrote, and because of his initials, became to the public "Sunset Cox"; Senator Daniel W.

Voorhees, of Indiana, for his high-flown oratory and his manner of swaying while he spoke, was styled "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash"; and Speaker Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, ruled the House of Representatives with such an iron hand as to be spoken of everywhere as "Czar Reed."

Senator W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, while chairman of the Democratic national committee, once despatched a sort of cipher telegram to a colleague, which read:

Send me seven more mules.

His political opponents suspected that there was in this something savoring of political corruption; and from that time on Mr. Barnum was known as "Seven-Mule Barnum." William S. Holman, of Indiana, who served in Congress for twenty-four years, had a mania for objecting to all public expenditures, and thus gained the sobriquet of "The Watchdog of the Treasury." Another veteran of Congress, Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, who set in motion the free-silver agitation, was at first styled "The Father of Free Silver"; but later a briefer name was given him, and men began to call him "Silver Dick."

Of living statesmen who are still active, there are not many who have acquired nicknames. Perhaps the best-known instance is that of Senator Tillman, who is still spoken of as "Pitchfork Tillman," a name by which he was universally called in 1895, when he was a candidate for the Senate in South Carolina, and promised his constituents that if elected he would thrust his pitchfork into President Cleveland's ribs. Mr. Bryan has practically outlived his earlier nickname. When he first entered politics he was very young, but immediately made a reputation for eloquence, so that he was styled, partly in derision and partly in admiration, "The Boy Orator of the Platte."

There have been any number of "uncles" in our political history, the name being a sort of good-natured prefix given to any politician who is popular. Thus, the first Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Rusk, was called "Uncle Jerry," and Mr. Hanna, "Uncle Mark," just as Speaker Cannon is now styled "Uncle

Joe." After a statesman has retired from active politics, popular usage designates him as a "sage," as when Horatio Seymour was called "The Sage of Deerfield," Mr. Greeley "The Sage of Chappaqua," and Mr. Tilden "The Sage of Greystone."

#### NICKNAMES OF SOLDIERS

In the War of the Revolution one or two generals acquired nicknames which lasted them throughout their lives. Chief of these was General Wayne, whose reckless daring at Monmouth and Stony Point won for him the title of "Mad Anthony." The Mexican War, as we have already seen, gave General Taylor a nickname. His contemporary and rival, General Scott, received another, not, however, for his valor, but from his passion for military display, which won him the title of "Old Fuss and Feathers."

Soon after the Mexican War, Captain John C. Frémont, afterward Republican candidate for President in 1856, led exploring expeditions over the Rocky Mountains, so that he came to be called "The Pathfinder." Perhaps he won more real popularity by eloping with Miss Jessie Benton, the daughter of "Old Bullion," and during the Presidential campaign of 1856 a favorite slogan of the Republicans was, "Vote for John and Jessie!"

The Civil War was prolific in military nicknames. General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, as everybody knows, won the prefix "Stonewall" by his dogged stand at the battle of Bull Run, just as General George H. Thomas became known as "The Rock of Chickamauga" from the obstinate defense that saved the Union army from probable annihilation on that bloody day. General McClellan was familiarly spoken of by his soldiers as "Little Mac," and General Sheridan was "Little Phil." The Southern cavalry commander, J. E. B. Stuart, had his initials run together, and was commonly called "Jeb Stuart." The men who followed General Lee sometimes called him "Uncle Robert" and sometimes "Marse Robert." General William Tecumseh Sherman, during his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, was always "Uncle Billy" to his men;

but in the army generally he was often spoken of as "Old Tecump." General Hooker, who was a glutton for battle, though he lacked coolness and discretion, was known as "Fighting Joe"; just as at a later period Admiral Evans won the name of "Fighting Bob" by defying the whole Chilean navy with a little American gunboat at Valparaiso, in 1891.

In the war with Spain, the late General William R. Shafter, who took the city of Santiago, was an officer much given to violent speech, roaring out his orders with tremendous emphasis; and this gave point to the title of "Old Bull Shafter," which the men of his command conferred upon him.

General Albert J. Myer is best remembered as having established the Weather Bureau at Washington in 1873. He had already been a signal officer during the Civil War, but was little known outside of the army. When, however, the Weather Bureau began issuing reports with a prediction for the weather of the next day under the head of "Probabilities," the public took it up in a spirit of playfulness and humorously styled the general, "Old Prob." This amused him; but it is said that his successor was sensitive on the subject, for he, too, continued to be called "Old Prob." The result was that the daily prediction was thenceforth labeled "Forecast," instead of "Probabilities."

#### MARENEMA, THE KING'S DAUGHTER

By the star-bejeweled water  
In the starlight I am dreaming  
Of my star, the king's lost daughter.

See! She rises from the water  
With her hair unbound and streaming,  
And her blue eyes fixed in dreaming.

Marenema, my king's daughter!  
Art thou real, or but seeming  
To be there upon the water?

Vanished—Ah, 'twas but the gleaming  
Of the star-bejeweled water!  
She is dead, and I am dreaming.

For a sea-god crept and caught her—  
Marenema, my king's daughter—  
For his queen beneath the water.

With her hair unbound and streaming,  
She is somewhere 'mid the gleaming  
Of the star-bejeweled water.

Nor with wealth or tears or slaughter,  
Though 'twere spent until the teeming  
Of its flood were like a water—

Like the golden water gleaming,  
Or a wine-red river streaming—  
Shall the king bring back his daughter.

Myriad stars lie mirrored, gleaming  
In the star-bejeweled water;  
But forever from all seeming

Passed, like a dead star from beaming,  
Marenema, my king's daughter,  
Is no more—I am but dreaming!

*Herbert Wyndham-Gittens*

# THE ART OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

AUTHOR OF "MODERN ARTISTS"

A DISTINCT sense of chivalry—more sincere, perhaps, than subtle or passionate—has always characterized the American's attitude toward the gentler sex. Its origin is, of course, social. It clearly dates from those arid days of struggle and hardship when the frail creature was a heroic partner in the early settlers' dangers and perils—when she was, indeed, almost an exotic in this crude and newly conquered land. The fact that woman is to-day less of a rarity, and has not hesitated to assert all the prerogatives of her sex, may tend to efface that feeling of romantic protection with which she was once surrounded. And yet, if so, such a catastrophe would doubtless prove but momentary; nor is it by any means certain that the program of female emancipation has seriously impaired man's available fund of instinctive adoration. It cannot be charged that the modern artist, at any rate, is less susceptible than formerly to the multiple appeals of gracious womanhood, for decidedly there is at present no dearth of distinguished feminist painters.

Considering the exalted station woman occupies in this country, it is only appropriate that, beside such men as Shannon and Lavery in England, and Blanche, Gandara, and La Touche in France, there should rank an American artist whose versions of latter-day miss and matron are no less delicately exquisite and discreetly effective than the ablest efforts of his foreign colleagues. There should be scant hesitation in proclaiming John W. Alexander our foremost painter of women. The novelty, the vivacity, and the unquestioned beauty of his achievement are their own vindication.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Alexander is not a portraitist pure and simple. He is rather the author of a series of feminine improvisations which are unique in the field of modern art. Through native gifts and the concurrence of circumstance, he has evolved a manner that is wholly individual. In the early days his work was so much of a departure as to seem almost an affectation, but even a cursory study of his development brings with it convincing proof of the man's sincerity and earnestness of purpose.

However significant his portraits of women may be, it should nevertheless be borne in mind that Mr. Alexander is not exclusively a feminist in art. He has painted numerous masterly and restrained likenesses of men; he is a mural decorator of uncommon quality, and has even essayed sculpture; yet the most sympathetic phase of his talent is undoubtedly that in which woman pre-empted the post of honor. Essentially pictorial in its proclivities, the work of John W. Alexander celebrates in full, sweeping lines and subtly modulated tints the myriad caprices of the high-bred woman of to-day. This art is, above all else, the esthetic expression of contemporary femininity. It is an innately complex and aristocratic product. A generation or so ago it would probably have been impossible for a painter to find, here in America, these softly rich accessories or these mysteriously seductive beings who dwell amid irreproachable interiors. In catching their favorite gestures and poses, in depicting their precise allure and atmosphere, Mr. Alexander has added a hitherto unpublished chapter to the social as well as the esthetic treasury of his country. Considering what he



has accomplished for the cause of native art, it can hardly be without interest to see how, despite every obstacle and through incessant effort and dis-

left orphan, and from the outset was forced to make his own way amid surroundings which were anything but congenial or propitious. Cared for by his



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HERMAN DURYEA, OF NEW YORK

*From the painting by John W. Alexander*

cipline, he has finally attained a portion of that beauty which has always been his inspiration.

#### ALEXANDER'S EARLY LIFE

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1856—the year in which Sargent opened his eyes upon the mellow richness of Florence—John W. Alexander was early

grandparents, he was sent to the public schools, but the thirst for a more progressive sphere of action led him, at the age of twelve, to seek a position as messenger-boy with the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. It was not long, however, before his personal attraction, and his inveterate habit of sketching on the backs of telegraph-forms, enlisted the

interest of the president of the company, Colonel Edward Jay Allen, who forthwith adopted and educated the embryo painter.

Wishing, beyond everything, to be-

partment, then in charge of Charles Parsons, upon whose staff were such rising luminaries as Edwin A. Abbey, Charles Stanley Reinhart, A. B. Frost, and Charles G. Bush. There was, of



JOHN W. ALEXANDER

*From his latest photograph by Curtis Bell, New York*

come an artist, and desiring to be independent of further assistance, the lad next decided to try his fortune in New York. He had already executed a few crayon sketches, and, deciding that illustration was to be the stepping-stone of his onward march, he accordingly presented himself to the Harpers' art de-

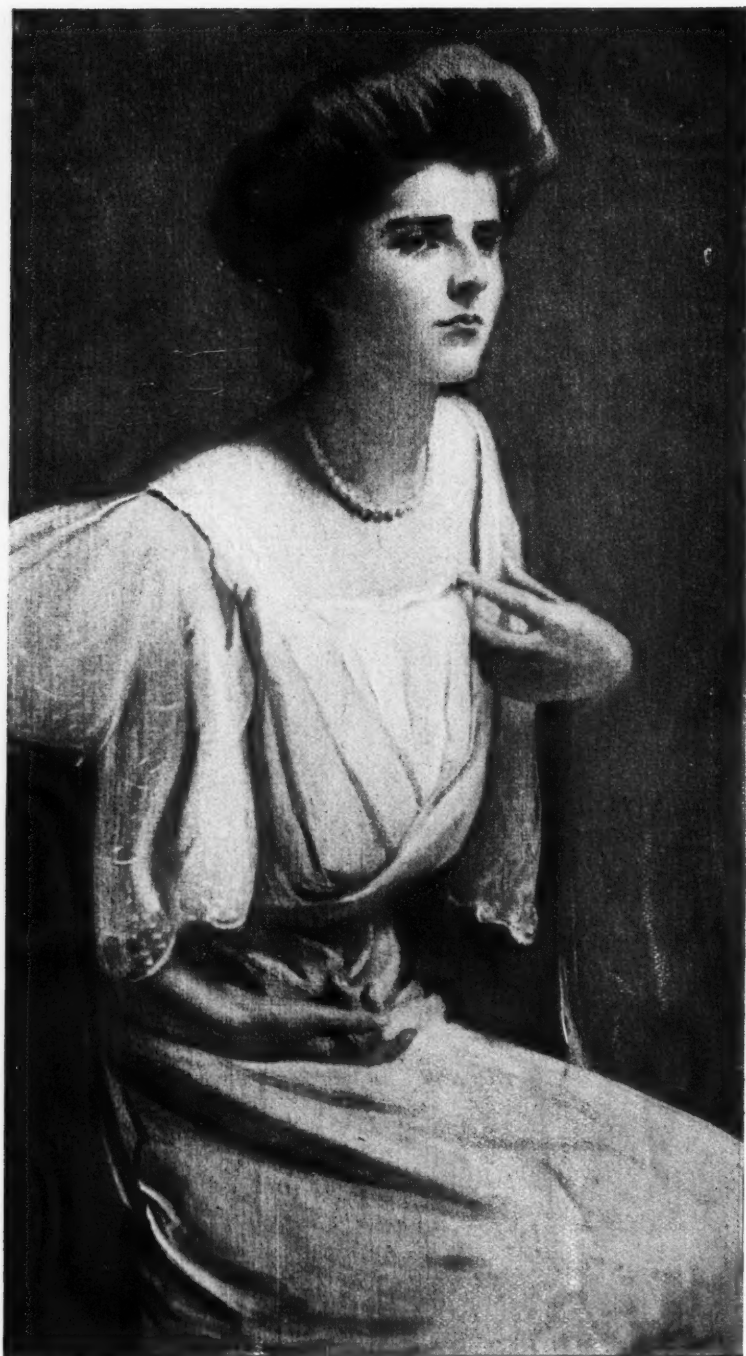
course, no position for the unknown tyro, "except," said Parsons, in jest, "that of office-boy." Without a moment's hesitation the undaunted young Pennsylvanian said he would begin in that capacity, and, true to his word, reported for duty the following morning.

It was eight long months before the



PORTRAIT OF MISS B.

*From the painting by John W. Alexander*



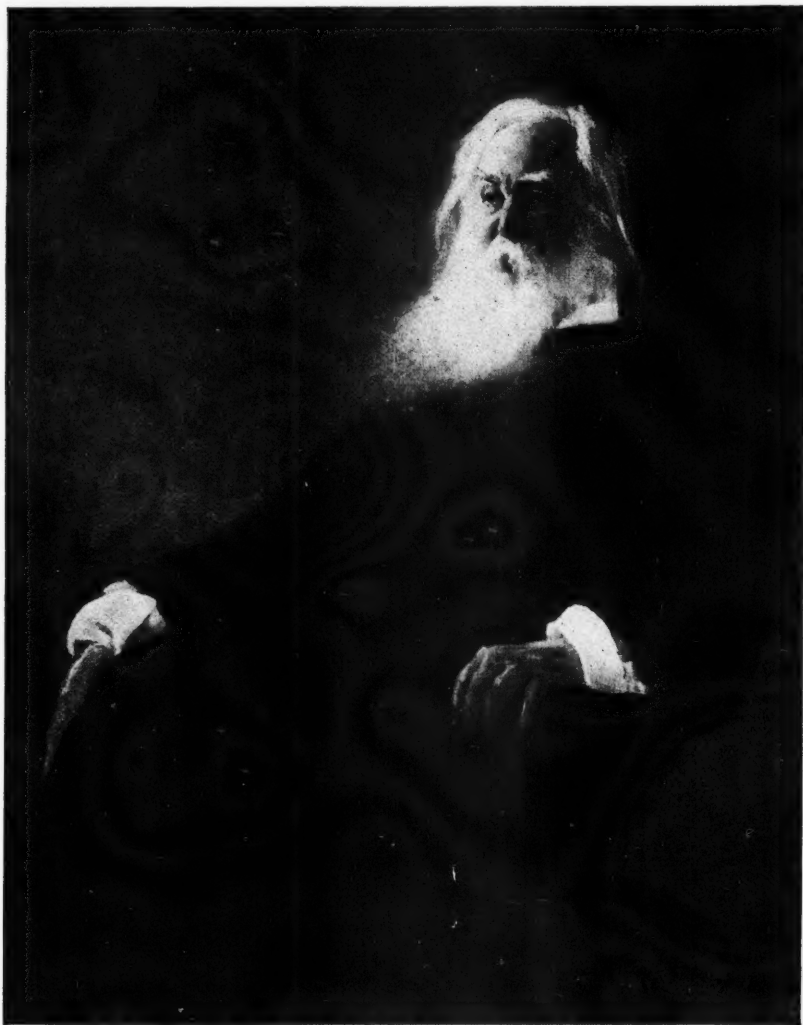
PORTRAIT OF MISS RYERSON, OF CHICAGO

*From the painting by John W. Alexander*

future painter was permitted to turn his hand to any sort of art work, but in the meantime he had made a reputation for promptness and general

and was only liberated by a lethargic watchman after having beaten a lusty tattoo upon the street-door.

For three years Alexander remained



PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN, "THE GOOD GRAY POET"

*From the painting by John W. Alexander, owned by the Metropolitan Museum, New York*

efficiency which it is said that no successor has to this day been able to obliterate. On one occasion he was so busy putting things to rights that, quite unawares, he was shut in among the winding stairways and dark catacombs of the Franklin Square establishment,

with the house of Harper, acquiring an invaluable knowledge of illustration, and evincing so much ability of a higher nature that both Abbey and Reinhart advised him to go abroad and study painting. It was in the summer of 1877 that the young man, with a gross



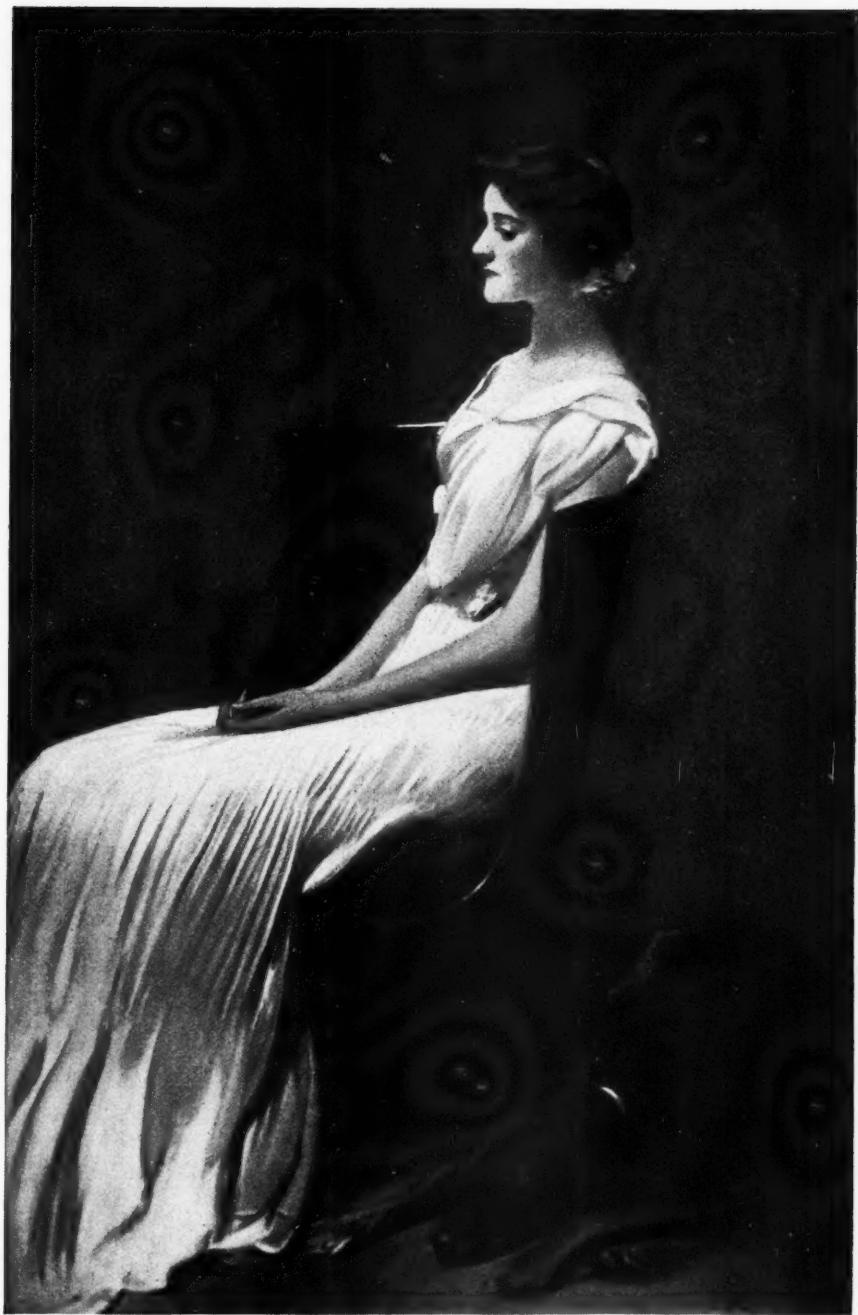


"THE SISTERS"

*From the painting by John W. Alexander*

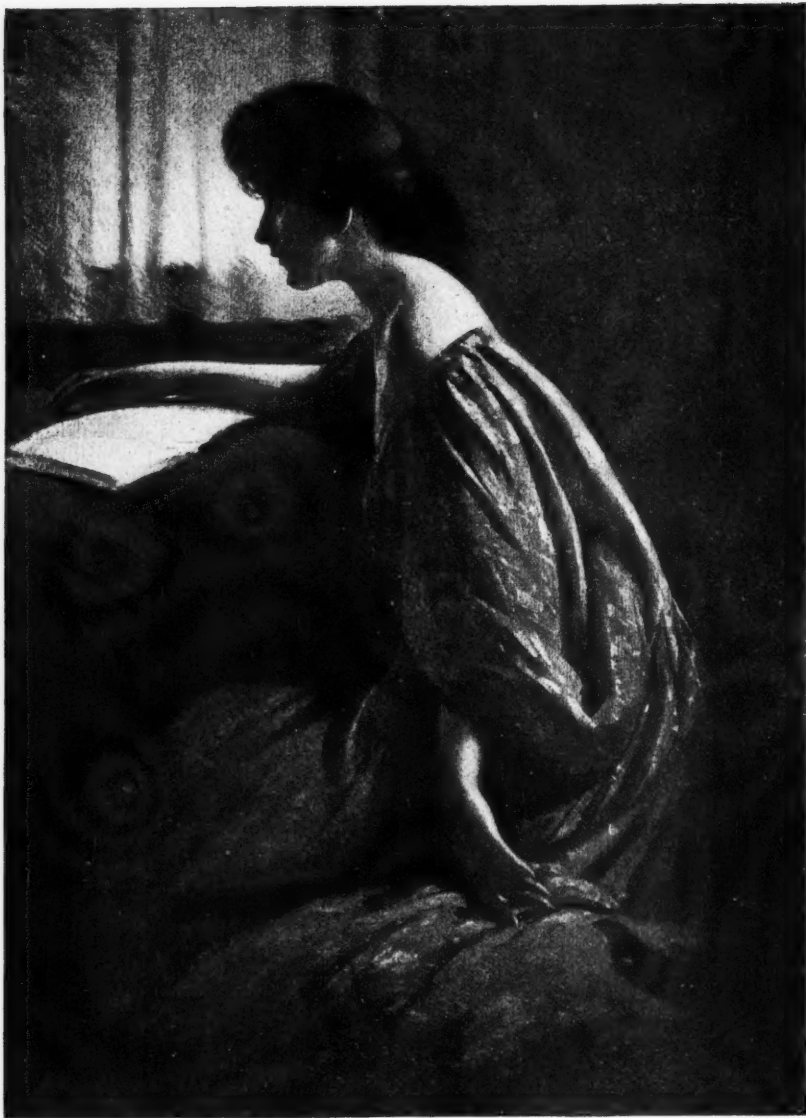
capital of three hundred dollars, and with Albert G. Reinhart, a brother of Charles S., as traveling companion, set sail for Paris. Homesick and speaking not a syllable of French, they stopped but a short time in Paris, making their way almost immediately to Munich, which promised cheaper lodgings, better instruction, and an opportunity for Reinhart to utilize what proved upon their arrival to be an infinitesimal knowledge of the German tongue.

Although he had arrived in Munich with the intention of pursuing a systematic course of study at the Royal Bavarian Academy, it was not Mr. Alexander's fate to become in any sense a product of the schools. The smooth, painstaking handling and dark, sooty coloring then in vogue did not appeal to his fresh, untrammelled spirit. After a few weeks under the sympathetic eye of Professor Benczur, he packed his modest kit and joined the more frugal



PORTRAIT OF MISS DOROTHY ROOSEVELT, OF NEW YORK

*From the painting by John W. Alexander*



"A QUIET HOUR"

*From the painting by John W. Alexander, owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts  
From a Copley Print, copyright, 1903, by Curtis & Cameron, publishers, Boston*

and congenial artist colony at Pölling, a village in the highlands of Upper Bavaria. It was there, in the company of Frank Duveneck, J. Frank Currier, Joseph DeCamp, and other fellow countrymen, that Mr. Alexander may be said to have made his real start on the road which was to lead toward as-

sured success. They all lived together at a simple inn situated near a picturesque old *kloster* dating from 1400, and painted whatever pleased their fancy. The friendly counsels of Duveneck and Currier were especially valuable to the newcomer, whose progress was distinctly encouraging, and who

was not a little surprised to find, at the end of the year, that some drawings which he had made while at the Academy had won for him the coveted Student's Medal.

After a couple of seasons among the bucolic scenes of Pölling, with occasional visits to Munich, the painter crossed the Alps to Italy, where he divided his time between Venice and Florence. While in Venice he made the acquaintance of Whistler, who was then executing his incomparable series of etchings under the auspices of the Fine Arts Society of London, and who at intervals gave the younger man the most gracious and complimentary criticisms. In Florence he was fortunately able to add to his slender stipend by teaching drawing, chiefly to resident American students.

These were, on the whole, eager, acquisitive years of apprenticeship, in no degree academic, yet filled with serious effort and accomplishment. Fearing, however, that he might be tempted to stop too long abroad, and still retaining memories of the wholesome activity of his own land, Mr. Alexander at length wisely turned his steps homeward, arriving in Pittsburgh the proud possessor of a distinguished foreign accent and a flowing artist's mustache. As such assets utterly failed to convince his townsfolk of his abilities as a portrait painter, or to secure him the scantiest of orders, he determined once more to evoke the verdict of New York.

#### IN NEW YORK AND ABROAD

It is unnecessary to follow, topographically, the subsequent migrations of John W. Alexander other than to add that he lived and worked for the ensuing ten years mainly in New York, having his studio at first in the old German Bank building, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and later in the famous Chelsea, in West Twenty-Third Street. He painted chiefly portraits, those of Dr. Holmes, Dr. McCosh, and Walt Whitman being among the most important of his commissions. In the middle eighties he again went to Europe, this time to make a series of drawings of notable publicists and literary men of the day,

such as John Morley, Browning, Stevenson, and Alphonse Daudet.

An indefatigable worker, and never over strong, he was again obliged, in 1891, to seek respite abroad, spending his summers at Le Pouldu, near L'Orient, on the Brittany coast, and his winters in Paris. With the return of health he proceeded closely to identify himself with French art and life, and many and delightful were the gatherings over which Mr. and Mrs. Alexander presided at their home in the Boulevard Berthier, and later in the Boulevard Malesherbes. It was a decade before he finally returned to his native shores, not, this time, obscure and unrecognized, but having meanwhile attained the highest distinction in his chosen calling.

The progress of John W. Alexander toward an ever closer approximation to his artistic ideal, though beset with difficulties, has been logical and consistent. The man's nervous equipment is singularly flexible and sensitive. There is something of the physical frailty of Whistler in his making, and, as with Whistler, his vision has year by year grown at once more responsive and more exclusive. In that memorable version of Whitman, which, after having been rejected by the Society of American Artists, was almost immediately purchased for the Metropolitan Museum, there are echoes of the Munich manner in the liberal use of pigment and the deliberate subordination of light and shade. But in that trio of full-length impromptus entitled "Portrait Gris," "Portrait Noir," and "Portrait Jaune," which were easily the feature of the Champ de Mars Salon of 1893, all trace of the early method had disappeared. In every essential they represented the Alexander of to-day, the fertile pictorial lyrist of all the later work—the feminist to whom no secrets of costume, no nuances of contour or of mass, remain unknown.

It is possible during the interval of his illness, when for months he could not touch brush to canvas, that Alexander's artistic faculties underwent a species of sublimation, that what he lost in robustness he gained in refinement. In any event, from that time onward he

began to achieve his results with a minimum of effort, to draw freely in long, caligraphic strokes, delicately voluptuous spirals, and marvelous reversed curves. The entire history of artistic endeavor shows nothing comparable to the man's intimate mastery of rhythm, and few indeed are the painters who display an equally harmonious and appropriate command of tonal gradations. His line has something of oriental simplification, something of the boldness of the modern poster, and not a little of the restless sinuosity of *l'art nouveau*. Yet each separate element has been assimilated and made thoroughly personal. Except in certain frankly experimental attempts, you invariably feel an underlying sense of control. His effects are daring, but at the basis of finished portrait or rapid sketch is visible a concise and rigorous regard for decorative pattern. It seems at times as if the human equation were less important than the solution of some purely esthetic problem; and still, for so consummate a craftsman, character continues to hold its own despite an almost bewildering technical facility.

#### A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN

The Paris triumph was in large part duplicated in New York, when, two years later, Mr. Alexander sent over to a portrait exhibition of the National Academy of Design seven subjects, each different in treatment, yet each typical of a style which had clearly found its inevitable expression. They were all studies of women; all were painted on coarse-grained tinted canvas, and with that fluidity of handling which has since become associated with the artist's work wherever it has appeared. It was quite as obvious to his own countrymen as it had been to the Parisian public that here was a man who had something new to say, and that, in such compositions as "The Piano" and "Repose" he could enunciate it with a distinction and a poetic impress which seldom failed to captivate the most casual onlooker.

It was, indeed, small wonder that, whether they appeared at the Munich or Vienna Secessions, at the Salons of Paris, or the current American ex-

hibitions, these pictures should have been received with acclaim and have been awarded a constant succession of medals and prizes. Beauty of outline, charm of coloration, and instinctive propriety of treatment were seldom absent. And, furthermore, there were here no conventional poses or attitudes. The dignity of the continental tradition and the fresh, crisp touch of a newer manner were eloquently fused in everything that came from those tireless brushes.

It was not until ten years after what may virtually be called his New York debut that Mr. Alexander again demonstrated to America the measure of his power in portraiture and in less formal endeavor. He had, of course, exhibited regularly at the various annual shows, but on no such scale as his display at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in the spring of 1905, when twenty-six canvases were placed on view.

Unquestionably he had in the interim deepened and broadened an art which at the outset was somewhat partial to a rapid transcription of exterior effects. He had let his fancy wander into an ethereally sensuous realm where he encountered "Pandora" and "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," and where vaguely Rossetti-like beings bent over masses of flowers or drew mellow tones from violin or 'cello. He had also proved his versatility in the field of still-life and landscape, and had added to his gallery of masculine likenesses the forceful and penetrating "Thaulow" and "Rodin"; but, beyond doubt, an even higher level had been reached in the portrait of Mrs. Alexander and kindred subjects wherein the characteristic grace and spirit of American womanhood were his avowed motives.

The "Mrs. Alexander" has since been followed by numerous canvases of a kindred nature, now more, now less explicit. And though definite portraits, such as those of Miss Ryerson, Mrs. Herman Duryea, and Miss Dorothy Roosevelt, lack nothing in the way of modish finish, it is rather such studies as "A Rose," "Peonies," and "A Quiet Hour" that reveal Mr. Alexander in his most congenial atmosphere. It is here that the spontaneity of his fancy, the incessant variety of his invention,



and all those subtler elements of taste which come to him so naturally, find happiest play. Designed with easy surety, and painted thinly on the famous Alexander canvas, these casual glimpses of the inner soul as well as the outer self of American maidenhood stand quite alone in the annals of our art. Now brilliant and sparkling, now subdued and tapestry-like, they each imprison some special and intimate moment in the existence of the subject under consideration. Esthetically irreproachable, they are also accurate, both socially and psychologically. There is no attempt to make more of a given theme than the situation calls for, to impart to any particular feature an unwarranted significance. It is not a little to the painter's credit that he has been both modest and sagacious enough to let each effort arouse its own legitimate response. The accent of inherent beauty, coupled with concise observation, has been deemed sufficient.

#### THE KEYNOTE OF ALEXANDER'S WORK

In all his work John W. Alexander is courageously modern. The art of Sargent goes back in a sense to the vigor of Hals and Raeburn; that of Shannon recalls the gracious period of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney;

but the art of Alexander, like that of Whistler, looks forward into a fresher world of pictorial imagery. It is, moreover, only consistent that we should find in the younger man something which even the painter of "Rosa Corder" and "Lady Archibald Campbell" did not invariably employ, and that quality is an almost perfect candor of impression. Although manifestly hyperesthetic, no mental inwardness colors Alexander's vision. The frankness of a new civilization is in his work. The stately parade of official portraiture has been outlived, and the brooding consciousness of transcendental days forgotten. Everywhere one feels the throbbing vitality of a young and vigorous race, a race to whom beauty appeals with all the zest of a recent and priceless discovery. Aside from an insistent novelty of manner, it is this note which the work of John Alexander oftenest sounds. It reaches you in countless ways and from a thousand varied color chords in gown, background, or bit of still-life.

And, lastly, this art is a distinctly typical expression. The eclectic taste, the high-keyed nervous organism, and the alert directness of the nation are each reflected in these refined, inspirational canvases, these fantasias upon American femininity.

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#### THE DAGUERREOTYPES

At nine o'clock, with lamp in hand,  
The maiden aunt climbs up alone  
To rest, beneath the cottage eaves  
Whence all her foster-sons are gone.

But first, from out an ivory box  
She draws a sheaf of likenesses—  
Daguerreotypes and ambrotypes—  
And bids good night to each of these.

She kisses first the nephew's cheek  
Who ran at seventeen to sea;  
And next his steady brother tall  
Who settled in the West country;

And then the artist gone to France;  
And last—a tintype of small price—  
The apprenticed boy from the town farm;  
And him, I think, she kisses twice.

*Sarah N. Cieghorn*

# DESMOND O'CONNOR

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"  
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

LOUIS XIV—no less autocratic in private matters than in affairs of state—has ordered a marriage between the young Vicomte de Louville and Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, a royal ward. This is a grievous blow to Margaret's cousin, Gaston de Brissac, who, being desperately in need of money, wishes to marry her for her fortune. He tells her that M. de Louville loves another—one Marie Corbeau, the daughter of a washerwoman; and the viscount admits the charge when Margaret, in disgust, taxes him with it. The countess thereupon resolves to defy the royal command, preferring death to such a union.

De Brissac has a Bavarian servant, Otto Scharting, whose skill in scheming is superior to his own; and at this man's suggestion he helps Margaret to escape from Paris, together with her attendant and foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn. The two women find refuge in Bruges, which city, a little later, is first captured by the French and then besieged by the allies.

Part of the garrison of Bruges is the Irish contingent in the service of King Louis. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of this regiment, happens to see the young countess at her prayers in the church of St. Agnes, and falls desperately in love with her, not knowing who she is. He makes a confidant of De Brissac, who is also an officer of the garrison. Gaston, in hope that O'Connor may marry his cousin, and that her fortune—forfeited by such a defiance of the king's order—may pass to himself, resolves to help the impetuous young Irishman. Preferring not to figure openly in the matter, he suggests that O'Connor should seek assistance from a soothsayer, Dr. Sidonius, with whom Otto Scharting has influence. He also advises the countess to consult this same astrologer; and as a preliminary to further maneuvers he sends Scharting to carouse with O'Connor's old retainer, Sergeant Quirk, and extract any information that can be secured.

## VI

AT the sign of the Two Swans, Cornelius Quirk, full sergeant in the Irish Brigade, was seated at his ease, belt loosened, feet on chair, regaling a knot of choice companions with his experiences in love and war, and with the glories, past and to come, of his native Ireland. The glasses stood empty, for the last sou the company could muster had been spent, and an appeal to mine host for another bottle on credit had proved unavailing.

They were in merry mood, notwithstanding, for the good liquor in which the last toast had been honored still hummed in their heads, and the sergeant,

ever fertile in expedients, held out hopes of a further supply.

"Wait till my little Trudchen comes along!" he said. "She'll niver lave her gallant sergeant thirsty, no more nor he'll lave you, boys, while he has a piece to change. An', *begorra*, when I have," he continued, casting a black look at mine host, who stood eying the company from the end of the room—" *begorra*, when I have, I've a notion I'll transfer me patronage to the Golden Fleece, for this ould landlord is no better nor a curmudgeon an' a skinflint. Yes, I mane you," he said, addressing the host in a formidable bellow; "an' for two pins I'd skiver ye with me bayonet an' sarve ye up trussed an' ready to roast like one

o' them geese on yer dingy ould sign-board!"

"*Plait-il, monsieur?*" inquired the landlord, advancing. He chanced to be a Frenchman and had understood no single word the sergeant had uttered.

"Plate of eels!" groaned the latter. "Don't be afther mentioning the like in this den of starvation. Ah, if I was only back on the banks of the Shannon it's the fine platther of that same I cud put out o' sight for me dinner this minute!"

"But about Miss Trudchen, now," suggested one of his companions. "D'ye think, if ye went afther her, she'd be afther findin' a crown or two in her purty little pocket?"

"*Arrah*, let him alone!" said another, who thought he knew the best way to spur the redoubtable Con Quirk to effort. "Where would the likes of her find a crown these hard times, any more nor ourselves?"

"Is it Trudchen?" shouted the sergeant, sitting up in his excitement. "Sure her father's a burgher of this blasted ould town, and has a strong-room full of doubloons an' ducats; an' whenever one rowls out from under the dure, me purty Trudchen whips it up an' comes runnin' to me with it—an' glad o' the chance!"

"Then why don't ye go an' see if one hasn't rowled her way this mornin', sergeant, *avic?*"

"Well, for one thing, the ould man has no taste," replied Con. "He'd as soon see the divil around his place as me; an' there's strict orders agen annoyin' the burghers. An' for another thing, there's an ould wizard with a beard like a goat lodges over his shop, an' he set a skileton afther me an' chased me out the last time I was in it."

The company crossed themselves piously.

"A skileton! The saints be about us!" "*Musha*, but that's the black magic entirely!" "Small wonder this is a hungry town, an' the likes o' that in it!"

These and similar exclamations ran round the circle. Con lay back in his chair enjoying the sensation he had made.

"So I'll just wait here a while an' see if the girl comes," he said. "If she gets it, she'll bring it; if she doesn't, she

can't. Anyhow, she'll do her best, an' sure angels can do no more."

"It's a poor thing, this," another of the Irishmen remarked. "Shut up in a dirty town, with little to ate, an' less to drink. It's not besieged we ought to be, but fightin' out in the open. This is no work for the brigade!"

"Will ye whisht?" cried Con. "No work for the brigade, isn't it? Why, the best work iver they done was in a siege. Maybe ye niver heard tell of Cremona?"

"Aye, but that was different," urged the other. "The inimy bruck in an' fought in the streets."

"*Begorra*, they'll break in here afore long, unless things take a turn for the better," replied Con; "an' maybe then ye won't fancy it so much. I was in Cremona. I don't think any of the rest of yez were," he added, glancing with disdainful pride round the circle.

"Tell us about it, sergeant, *avic*," they cried in chorus.

"I'd sing yez a song about it, if I had a drop to wet me whistle," he answered. "The Lord be good to me, and send luck to Trudchen!"

At this moment Otto Scharting entered the inn. He appeared surprised at seeing Con, and greeted him warmly, speaking in English, for he was a man of many tongues.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Quirk, I am enchanted to have met you! It is long since we shared a bottle. In a good hour shall it be now?"

But the stanch old sergeant was true to his comrades.

"I am drinking with these gentlemen, Mr. Scharting," he answered. "All good fellows—gentlemen of the Irish Brigade."

"And they will join us, will they not?" responded the Bavarian, bowing in acknowledgment of this general introduction. "Landlord, glasses round, and quickly, please."

He was annoyed, since he foresaw that little of De Brissac's two pistoles would remain to his share if this thirsty crew must be satisfied. But the invitation was extended, to all appearances as freely as it was accepted, and he flung a gold piece on the table with an air.

"To King Louis, gentlemen!" he cried, raising his glass.

The toast was honored with vociferous cheers, for Louis was well beloved in the brigade.

"Now, sergeant," an Irishman shouted, "the song ye promised. That drop should have loosened yer pipes."

"One more toast an' I'm primed," replied Con, holding out his glass to be refilled.

"Niver say it twice, honey," cried the former speaker. "Here's to Cremona, and them that fought there, be the same living or dead!"

The exulting cries and stamping of feet with which this sentiment was received echoed to the rafters. Otto drank with the rest, but he scowled darkly as he did so. He had not come here to listen to songs. A long interview with Sidonius lay before him, and the day was slipping away.

"Mr. Quirk," he whispered, "I am anxious to converse with you in private. Will you come across to the Golden Fleece and join me in a fresh bottle? I will tell the landlord to see that these gentlemen have all they require."

"Aftther me song, ye devil ye," replied Con in convivial mood. "Sure I promised it them, an' ye wouldn't make a liar o' me!"

And while Otto lay back in his chair, sullenly resigned, Con Quirk, in a powerful basso voice, chanted the following rude lines to the old Irish tune of "Garryowen":

When the Frenchmen were houlding Cremona's ould fort,

An' Eugène with his Austrians thundered outside,

It was then that the garrison boys had the sport,

For the fightin' was purty, it can't be denied.

For we had the pick of the whole array,

The bravest boys from the dear ould land, An' we drank all night an' we fought all day,

For both was plenty, ye understand.

So remember, whenever the drinkin' is done,

When the last glass is filled an' the reckonin' paid,

Give three cheers for the leaders in frolic an' fun,

An' a health to the boys of the Irish Brigade!

When Eugène, bad cess to him, thought by a trick

To surprise the ould town in the dead of the night,

When the drums beat the reveille sudden and quick,

D'ye think the brigade wasn't ready to fight?

While the French were harnessing *point d'appui*

An' gettin' their small-clothes off their shelves,

The Irish lads in their *robes de nuit*

Were dressin' their ranks instead of themselves.

So remember, whenever the drinkin' is done, When the last glass is filled an' the reckonin' paid,

Give three cheers for the leaders in frolic an' fun,

An' a health to the boys of the Irish Brigade!

The Austrians laughed when they saw us advance,

With nightshirts all flyin' and bayonets fixed;

But I tell ye the Irishmen led them a dance As soon as the nightshirts and uniforms mixed.

So we proved that night what the whole world knows,

An' we taught Eugène in a brace of shakes—

Ye may catch a Paddy without his clothes, But he's ready to fight when he awakes.

So remember, whenever the drinkin' is done, When the last glass is filled an' the reckonin' paid,

Give three cheers for the leaders in frolic an' fun,

An' a health to the boys of the Irish Brigade!

The air was familiar to nearly every one présent, and the concluding chorus was thundered forth with a volume of sound that caused passers-by to pause, and collected a little crowd round the door of the tavern.

Otto, fidgeting in his impatience, scarcely waited for the echoes of the cheering to die away ere he plucked Con by the sleeve and urged him to withdraw from the company. But the sergeant was in no haste to depart.

"Arrah, what's yer hurry, man? Don't be so anxious to lave plisant company an' good liquor. Maybe ye've a stave yerself that ye'd oblige the boys with."

"No, no," persisted the Bavarian. "I have no songs and but little leisure.

There's as good wine as this at the Golden Fleece, and whisper—it is in the interests of Captain Desmond O'Connor, of your regiment, that I crave your private ear."

"Oh, faith, that's another story," said the sergeant, rising. "To sarve Master Desmond, Con Quirk would go through fire an' water any day, let alone a bottle or two of good wine."

And, disregarding the remonstrances of his companions, who tried to stay him, he left the inn with the Bavarian.

## VII

DR. SIDONIUS sat in his room above Van Twiller's shop, awaiting the arrival of the clients he had been told to expect. He made an imposing figure, wrapped in a robe of black velvet, figured with the signs of the zodiac in gold and silver. His snowy beard fell below his breast. His pale and ascetic features told of late vigils and deep study, but his black eyes, as clear and bright as those of a young man, seemed to flame from beneath his heavy white eyebrows. On his head he wore a skull-cap of silk.

The room in which he sat was large, but not lofty, paneled in dark oak, and filled with objects which the doctor needed in his studies, or employed to impress his superstitious visitors. A brazier, in which a few embers were glowing, stood in one corner. From the low ceiling depended the stuffed form of an immense crocodile. A human skeleton, cunningly articulated with wire—the same with which he had so terrified Sergeant Quirk—occupied a niche near the window.

The place was littered with vellum-covered books and parchment scrolls. On the table before the doctor stood sundry alembics and crucibles of various sizes, as well as vials and bottles carefully stoppered; and at his left hand a considerable space was occupied by a large globe representing the celestial sphere. The whole room was carefully arranged to cheat the senses of the ignorant or credulous.

The doctor himself was seated at the table, studying the notes with which Otto Scharting had furnished him. He had lost an hour of the morning in dealing with his host, Van Twiller, who had

come to pester him with questions as to the fate of Bruges—a subject in which, as Sidonius had often informed him, the stars took no interest whatever. The seer had once ventured a prophecy concerning the outcome of a battle, and the result had well-nigh proved fatal to him. He indulged no more in such perilous vaticinations.

Just now he was seeking to make up for lost time, and to assimilate all the information in his power concerning Margaret of Anhalt and the man whom she had bewildered by her beauty.

A tap at the door caused him to look up, and in response to his invitation a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little Flemish girl timidly entered.

"If it please your worship," she said, "a lady is below, desiring speech with you."

"'Tis well. Conduct her hither," replied the sage, slipping the notes he was studying beneath some papers on the table.

The old man's voice was rich and resonant, and harmonized well with his venerable appearance.

Trudchen Van Twiller—for it was the burgher's daughter—did not withdraw. On the contrary, she took a few hesitating steps forward.

"May it please your worship," she faltered, "can you tell me anything of my lover? I sought him yesterday in his usual haunts; he knew I was coming, and yet he was not there."

"Think you the stars concern themselves with the loves of a foolish little maid and a roystering soldier of the Irish Brigade? Begone, and usher in the lady."

"Holy Virgin!" muttered the frightened girl as she made toward the door. "He knows all about Con and me. I trust he will not tell my father!"

"Stay!" The deep voice halted her on the threshold. "What is this lady's name?"

"She would give none, worshipful sir."

"No matter; let her enter."

The next moment the Countess of Anhalt, whose heavy veil could not altogether hide her fears, stood before the astrologer. He regarded her in silence for a brief space, without rising.



"You are welcome, Margaret, Countess of Anhalt," he said at last.

"You know me, then?" she exclaimed, and the tremor in her voice betrayed the agitation she felt.

"Eyes that read the secrets of the heavens cannot be blinded by the shallow mystery of a veil," answered Sidonius severely. "Remove it!"

Tremblingly, Margaret unveiled. He pushed a chair toward her, into which she gladly sank. She felt as if her limbs were failing. The girl was terrified.

"Often of late," the old man resumed, "your star has come within the field of my researches, and I have gleaned intelligence that may interest you. The Vicomte de Louville has left Paris. He has joined the army."

"You know the viscount, then?" Margaret ventured.

"Do not imagine that any influence which bears on your destiny can be hidden from me. I have made it my study. Your life is a tangled skein, and such interest me. I expected you this morning."

"Till yesterday I had never heard of you," she answered, much impressed; and then, fearing lest this formidable man might find a slight in her words, she hastened to add: "I am living in seclusion, seeing no one, hearing nothing."

"Yet your star was shining through yonder casement on this table last night, and I expected you ere noon to-day," said the astrologer. "Why have you come?"

"I—I hardly know," she faltered. "One told me yesterday that you were wise and great; that you could read the stars and foretell the future. I doubted, but I came, for I am in sore straits."

"And now?" he asked.

"I doubt no longer. Your knowledge of the affairs of a stranger such as I am seems incredible."

"I will tell you more. You sought me by the advice of a French officer, a kinsman, by whose aid you effected your escape from Paris in the dress of a page."

"It is true—all true," she murmured in amazement.

"And now, inquire of me what you will."

"Learned sir," she began timidly, "I would fain know whether I shall escape a certain peril that threatens me."

"You refer to your marriage with M. de Louville?" Sidonius questioned.

"That, and its alternative danger—the vengeance of King Louis."

"You call these alternative perils. Avoiding the one, you rush upon the other. Which do you dread most?"

Margaret's mouth set and hardened.

"Rather than wed M. de Louville I would end my days in a convent," she answered with conviction.

"No cloister is dark enough to hide you from Louis," said the astrologer.

"Then, if I refuse to obey him, my fate will be—"

"The Bastile, or worse."

Margaret buried her face in her hands and rocked back and forth as she sat. Presently she looked up. The astrologer's eyes were still fixed on her, and they seemed to dart veritable flames. She moved uneasily under his regard.

"Is there no escape?" she wailed.

"Can the stars suggest nothing?"

"You are now asking of the future," Sidonius slowly replied. "Long nights and laborious days are the price man pays for such knowledge as he can wrest from the reluctant stars."

"I do not ask you to labor unrewarded!" cried Margaret eagerly. "If I might venture—" She laid a purse on the table. Sidonius took it up and poised it in his hand. He was evidently pleased with its weight, for a faint smile flickered for a moment across his face. Then he laid it down and turned to Margaret again.

"Ask then, lady," he said. "Such little knowledge as I have is at your disposal."

"I ask if there is any way in which I may avoid the double danger that threatens me."

The astrologer closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. Minutes passed, and still he did not move. The countess watched him with an anxiety that was akin to terror.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet; his form seemed to dilate, his wonderful eyes glowed with prophetic fire. She thought him inspired.

"I see a strange man from a distant land," he cried, and his deep voice filled the low-ceiled room with sound. "He is gallant, handsome, and debonair. His

locks are black and his eyes are blue. His sword is keen and ready, and his courage is high; his face is like the eagle's, and he carries his head erect, giving his foes look for look, for he fears no man; but his heart is tender and filled with a great pity for the helpless and suffering. He utters strange words in a strange tongue. He speaks to you of love—nay, turn not away in that hour, for in him lies your sole hope. As you answer him on the day he woos you, so shall your fate be!"

Sidonius sank back in his chair, as if exhausted. Margaret was on her feet, pale and quivering.

"And I—shall I love him?"

"Ask your own heart," Sidonius replied in low tones as if his strength was failing. "Ask your own heart on the day when he speaks. And now, *madame*, I have told you all I can. Suffer me to lead you to the door." But before Margaret could adjust her veil he stopped her. "One question more. Were you ever in love?"

"I!" she cried with a little hysterical laugh. "Surely the stars which have told you so much of a maiden's destiny can reveal to you so much of a maiden's heart?"

"Not so," he said gravely. "The stars are fixed and constant in their courses, and deal with fates as steadfast as themselves. If I sought to probe the fancies of a woman's heart, it is not of the stars I should ask counsel, but of the winds."

He held the door open for her to pass out, but as she approached it voices were heard on the stair below.

"I will ask Dr. Sidonius, valiant sir, but indeed he is engaged at the moment."

Trudchen was speaking, and a man's voice replied:

"'Tis almost noon, and I will see him before the sun mounts higher or the stars shift, if indeed the stars move in broad daylight. Enough for me if the wizard be in his den. I care not who is there besides." A young and active footstep sounded on the stairs. Sidonius closed the door.

"Here comes one who will not be withstood, and he must not find you here," he said. "With your permission, lady," and he opened a door concealed

in the paneling of the wall, disclosing a small cabinet. "This is your horoscope which I have cast. Occupy yourself by studying it. You shall not be detained long."

He thrust a roll of parchment into Margaret's hand, and motioned her to enter the cabinet. Then, closing the secret door, which shut with a snap as of a spring, he turned in time to confront the intruder.

"Enter, Desmond O'Connor!" was the astrologer's greeting.

"You know my name, it seems," said the Irishman, pausing in the doorway.

"I know all that concerns you," replied Sidonius gravely, "save only by what right you have forced your way to my room unannounced."

"If you know me so well, an announcement were words wasted," replied Desmond. "This is the hour I was bidden to call on you, and they wouldn't let me in—told me you were absent and busy and ill, so I just stepped up for myself to judge which particular lie might be the truth."

"You are prompt to seize an opportunity," said the old man. "Indeed, your face tells me as much."

"Faith," the other answered lightly, "a soldier had need be ready to grasp a chance in times like these, for he may be killed twice before he gets another, and 'tis little good telling the future to a dead man."

"You have not come here to inquire about your future," replied Sidonius in a severe tone. "You have been smitten by a pretty face and seek to find the owner."

"Holy St. Patrick, how did he guess that?" muttered O'Connor, falling back a step. Then he continued, aloud: "You're partly right, only it's not a pretty face—the like are as common as blackberries in September. 'Tis a beautiful face—the face of an angel; and if I thought I'd meet it in heaven, I'd confess me this very day, and then go and get killed before I'd time to lay fresh sin on my soul!"

"We will come to that—the question of the lady, I mean," said the astrologer. "But first, have you brought a fee?"

"Ne'er a sou," replied Desmond lightly; "and if it's to be a ready-money

transaction, I may as well say good-by now, and leave here as wise as I came. Pay is in arrear; and as for booty, no one I kill ever seems to have a denier in his pocket!"

"Well," said Sidonius, smiling benignly, "I will break my rule in your favor and grant you credit. As it chances, I take an interest in you."

"That's very kind of you on so short an acquaintance," remarked the soldier; "but it's nothing to the interest you'll take in me when I owe you money. There was an old tavern-keeper in Paris that never could abide me living, yet he wept like a seal when I was reported dead, and all because I owed him a demipistole."

"That is not the only score you owe."

"Don't rake them up," laughed Desmond. "Maybe you know the list of them, but I don't. Sure a poor soldier has few pleasures, and why shouldn't he take them when they come in his way?—which mayn't be at the moment his pockets are full."

"You have been a favorite with the sex, I perceive," continued Sidonius, regarding him curiously.

"Ah, doctor, you make me blush," replied O'Connor in a bantering tone. Then, falling suddenly serious, he went on: "But it is about a woman I came to ask—a woman or a saint, I'm not sure which. There may be something in your art; you may guess or know things hidden from me. I don't ask you about my past—that's over and done with. I don't ask you of my future—I can take care of it, or it must take care of me. But I do beg you, old man, if the knowledge I am seeking lies under those gray hairs, for God's sake, out with it! No paltering, no tricks, or it may be the worse for you. Now, her name?"

"Margaret, Countess of Anhalt," answered the astrologer, without a second's hesitation.

The young soldier took the name as if he had received a blow.

"Oh, a great lady!" he cried, and fell back a pace or two. Then he straightened himself. "Well, it can't be helped. Greater than she have loved humbler than I am. Where does she live?"

"She is even now in this city," answered Sidonius.

"Gramercy for your information, since I saw her here but yesterday morning. And though I well believe she is an angel, I doubt me her wings are grown enough to carry her free out of Bruges leaguer."

"Since you have seen her, why inquire of me?" asked Sidonius.

"I saw her but once, for one brief, tantalizing moment. That is all, except in my dreams," Desmond ended sadly.

"Would you see her again?" the astrologer questioned.

"Aye, wizard, produce her if you can!" shouted the young man. "I will gaze once more, though my immortal soul were the price!"

He staggered back while speaking, as if the daring words he had uttered had brought on him a doom. For Sidonius had cast a handful of herbs into the brazier, and touched unseen the spring of the secret panel, and Desmond thought he beheld a vision.

Shimmering through the smoke that mounted from the brazier, now half seen, now fully revealed, he saw Margaret. She sat facing him, framed in the black wainscoting as a picture is framed, seemingly in the very room he stood in. Her fair head was bent over a scroll that rested in her hands; but as he gazed she looked up, and their eyes met. Then the smoke thickened, and he saw her no more.

Dashing forward, he beat on the paneling where she had been, but the dull oak only gave back the sound of his blows. Margaret had vanished. Breathless, he faced the astrologer.

"Where is she? What have you done with her?" he panted. "Bring her back!"

Sidonius shook his head.

"You know her name; you have seen her face. I can do no more for you."

Pale as ashes, and staggering like a drunken man, Desmond O'Connor stumbled from the room.

## VIII

MARGARET sat with her foster-sister in the garden that sloped from the back of her little house down to the banks of the canal. It was a humble lodging for the Countess of Anhalt, but she found it sufficient. It meant rest, and such peace

as she could hope to find amid the disturbances of the time and the uncertainty of her fortunes.

The air thudded and shook to the incessant peals of the cannonade, sometimes distant as the besiegers fired from their emplacements, again close at hand as the artillery of France replied from the ramparts. But they were well accustomed to these sounds, and the most thunderous discharge barely caused either of the young girls to raise her eyes from her embroidery.

"*Madame*," Anne said presently, "what is to become of us if Bruges falls? Each day, it seems to me, the guns without there sound nearer and nearer."

"I do not know," answered the countess. "It will make but little difference to us, I fancy. I am well used by this time to be taken and retaken, and so should Bruges be ere now."

"But what if the city falls by storm and escalade?" urged Anne. "We are so unprotected and alone. There is none to guard us—none even to ask what has become of us if we disappeared in the smoke of the burning town."

"There may be such a one, child," replied her mistress. "Nay; there will be such a one, if there be any truth in the stars."

"Ah, the astrologer!" cried the maid. "He has told you something of the future—of our fate. Will Bruges fall, did he say?"

"Nay, I never asked him," the countess replied. "My little self is of more importance to me than all Bruges; and of myself he told me much."

The other dropped her frame and leaned forward, full of excitement.

"Nay, go on with your work, Anne. Whoever may wear this embroidery, be they English or French, let them see that our Flemish skill has survived our Paris schooling. Take your eyes off my face, or I will tell you nothing."

Under this threat, Anne resumed her employment, and the countess continued:

"He is a wonderful man, this Dr. Sidonius. He has eyes that burn like flame into your very heart. There is no secret place left where you can hide a thought from the fire of those eyes."

"The saints defend us!" murmured Anne, and blessed herself.

"All my past, all my future, lay before him open like a book. He knew all my troubles; he knew the danger wherein I stood, and to what shifts I had been driven to avoid it. He read my inmost soul, and he spoke me wisely and kindly withal."

"He promised you a champion—at least, you hinted so much," ventured Anne.

"Ah, now you touch the most wonderful thing of all," replied the countess. "It seems I am to love a soldier."

"A soldier!" the other cried. "Oh, but I am glad. A good blade! That is the only trusty bulwark in times like these. You are to love a soldier!"

"At least, he is to love me. I cannot call to mind if the doctor said I was to return his passion; but he will love me. That is much."

"What is his name?" Anne whispered.

"He did not tell me."

"Then how are you to know him?" was the natural inquiry.

"Sidonius gave me a description in such detail that I cannot mistake him," Margaret replied. "More than that, I have seen him."

"Seen him!" gasped Anne. "Oh, *madame*, but this is strangely interesting. Go on, go on!"

"At least I have seen something—whether a man in the flesh or a mere vision, I cannot be certain. It befell thus. I was alone. The learned doctor had sent me into a room apart, while he dealt with some importunate intruder. While I waited, I was conscious of a fragrance floating round me—overpowering, intoxicating. I raised my eyes, and I saw him."

"In the room with you?"

"Nay, I cannot tell," said Margaret doubtfully. "It was as if his figure formed itself out of the wreaths of smoke that floated before me."

"And you were alone?"

"As I tell you."

Anne drew a long breath.

"And it was thus you saw this soldier? Was he handsome?"

"Nay, I can scarcely say."

"Did he speak—or you?"

"The thing passed like a vision," the countess answered. "And yet he was

as truly there before me as you are at this moment, Anne."

They fell silent, each trying to disentangle some shreds of reality from the magic which neither dreamed of doubting.

As they sat thus, buried in thought, a boat impelled by vigorous arms shot from beneath the neighboring bridge and approached the bank. Anne was the first to see it.

"Look, *madame*, look!" she cried, springing to her feet. "A boat! It seems to be coming hither."

The countess rose and glanced in the direction to which Anne pointed.

"It is surely coming here," she said. "Is that a soldier who rows it?"

"An officer! He wears the uniform of the Irish Brigade. Oh, *madame*, if it should be he!"

"I cannot see his face," the countess murmured. "Wait! He is turning his head. Oh, so soon!"

For as the boat touched the steps, she recognized in its solitary occupant the features Sidonius had caused to appear before her.

"I will go in, Anne," she fluttered. "I am frightened!"

"Nay, *madame*, stay and bid him welcome. God knows we need friends!" cried Anne.

She laid a detaining hand on her mistress's arm as the young Irishman sprang ashore, and, standing on the first of the steps which gave access to the parapet, uncovered and bowed with a gesture full of respect.

"Have I the honor of addressing the Countess of Anhalt?"

Desmond O'Connor stood poised as his leap had left him, hat in hand, with the westerling sunbeams full on his face—as manly a figure as ever gladdened a lady's eyes.

His were fixed on Margaret. She caught her breath and let her arm fall round her foster-sister's neck. In truth, she needed support, for her limbs were trembling.

"My name or my degree can be of little importance to you, sir." She began faltering, but the sound of her voice seemed to give her confidence, and she continued in more assured tones: "Let it suffice that you stand in the presence

of two unprotected women, who pray you, as you are a gentleman, to go your way and leave them unmolested."

"*Madame*," said O'Connor, still uncovered, "I am a gentleman, though a poor enough one, God wot, and if you command me to withdraw I have no choice but to obey; yet I pray you of your charity to suffer me to acquit myself of my duty before you send me hence."

"He speaks fairly," the countess breathed low in her attendant's ear.

"'Tis a courtly and gracious gentleman," Anne replied in the same tones. "In all fairness you cannot dismiss him till he have done his errand."

But Desmond did not await the issue of this brief colloquy. Love and war were the only pursuits he knew, and he was well aware that neither battles nor women are to be won by diffidence. In two bounds he had reached the top of the steps, and was approaching the countess with a fine assumption of respect and timidity.

"May I venture?" he said.

"Methinks you have ventured," Margaret answered with a displeasure that was more than half-feigned. "You seem to know me, but I—if I ever have seen your face—"

She broke off in mid speech, for the memory of her vision was strong upon her, and in truth she doubted for the moment if this stranger were not something more or less than mortal. But Desmond was prompt with his answer.

"If you have ever seen me you have but glanced at me—perhaps not even that. To me, *madame*, your face is different. The moon looks on many brooks, but the brook sees but one moon."

Margaret had been bred in a court where compliments were the common-places of conversation. O'Connor's manner restored her confidence, and she answered easily:

"At least, you have a name, sir?"

"At your service, as is all else I own. I am Desmond O'Connor, a soldier of fortune, captain in the Irish Brigade. I am a gentleman by birth; but since your lips have given me the title, I value it the higher."

"A strange man from a distant land!" The words of the astrologer came back to



her. She compared her visitor point by point with the description the old man had given, and found it to agree in every particular. Was he, indeed, her fate? Well, she might encounter worse. But her words were cold and measured.

"You seem to have wandered from the purpose of your visit, Captain O'Connor."

"By my troth, I have!" said Desmond.

Now was the moment to advance his pretext; yet, of half a dozen that he had concocted as he rowed up the canal, none seemed to suit the occasion, and the one he had selected he had forgotten. But his hesitation was but momentary, for he seldom lacked words.

"I must crave your pardon, fair lady," he continued, "and plead the privilege of my nation. For I am an Irishman, and must beg the indulgence to speak twice, lest my tongue obey not my bidding at a first command."

Margaret turned away to conceal a smile. She picked up her embroidery and entered a little arbor of yew clipped in the Dutch fashion. She paused as she reached it to fling her answer back.

"Consult your own convenience, sir, and let me know when your unruly tongue shall have reported for duty."

Desmond stood a moment nonplused.

"She hath wit as well as beauty," he muttered. "Who would have looked to find a divinity in Flanders?"

But his native assurance quickly came to his aid. After all the trouble he had taken to trace the fair lady of St. Agnes, he was not to be repulsed at the first check. He was determined to achieve some step in her favor ere he parted from her, and to that end he sought to dismiss her companion.

"See, my pretty one," he said, addressing Anne. "Have you a mirror in yonder house?"

"Surely, sir," replied the wondering maiden.

"Aye, how could I ask?" he ran on. "Eyes so bright as yours would never be content to take their beauty on hearsay." He detached from his hat a brooch, set with a small jewel, and offered it to her. "Within now," he said, "and pin your kerchief with this brooch. I am but a poor soldier, and I would the gift were

better for your sake; but take it, such as it is, to your mirror, and spend a full half-hour adjusting it to your liking."

He paused again and looked down into the girl's face, still rosy from the compliments he had paid her. She dropped a curtsy and took the bauble.

"Thank you, *monsieur*," she whispered.

"By St. Patrick," he said, "I think I am a changed man, and a very degenerate Irishman! Ere yesterday, I would have changed with a kiss the hawthorn bloom on your cheeks to the full blush of the crimson rose; but from this day forward my lips are not my own."

"I thank you, *monsieur*, both for the brooch that you have given and the kiss you have withheld," replied Anne demurely, and then she hastened indoors.

That this soldier—this lover destined by the stars—would win her mistress she never doubted, but it was necessary that he should have time and opportunity for his wooing, and these, so far as lay in her power, the girl was determined he should not lack.

"Time was, and not so long ago, when I was more niggardly of my gems and more spendthrift of my kisses," mused Desmond as he waited for Anne to disappear. "I must grow prudent, for my purse is empty now indeed, and it will be long ere I save kisses enough to pay my tavern score."

He approached the arbor, and stood leaning with one arm on the tree that framed the entrance.

"Fair lady," he said, looking down at the countess as she sat, "will you pardon this delay, and hear me? For I have much to say and but little time to say it."

"My time is yours, sir," she answered, raising her eyes, "and the occasion is of your own choosing."

"I fear it will not be easy to tell you half that is in my mind or ought that is in my heart without angering you," he said earnestly; "so, if what I say displeases you, will you acquit me by thinking it is but a blundering Irish tongue which is wronging an honest Irish heart? All I shall say and all I may do will be said and done with a single eye to your well-being and service, so help me Heaven!"

There was no mistaking the ring of sincerity in his voice. Margaret was moved.

"Say on, sir," she replied gently; "and if the thanks of one so helpless and perplexed be of any value to you, they are yours in advance."

"They are all I desire, *madame*. I would go to my death for a smile from you."

"When I do not like what you say, I am to lay it to your blundering Irish tongue, am I not?" she said with a sad little smile.

"Faith, *madame*, your memory is good and your wit ready," he rejoined. "I will try to keep guard and to offend no more. But to my purpose. You know the condition of this good city of Bruges?"

"It is desperate, I am told. Oh, why does not your commander surrender, and spare the poor people the horrors of an assault?"

"We have been ready to yield on terms," O'Connor replied; "namely, that the garrison shall march out with all the honors of war. This has been refused. Therefore, *madame*, we propose to cut our way out through this leaguer."

"Well, captain, and how will this affect me?"

"Thus. You must not be left behind, whatever happens. If we fail, we shall be flung back into the town, and the enemy are likely to enter with us. If we succeed, they will wreak their vengeance on the wretched inhabitants, incensed that we have escaped them. In either case, there will be rapine and massacre and nameless horrors."

"God help me! What am I to do?" moaned Margaret, covering her face.

"Trust to me. Nay, you may," he urged. "This plan lies in the future. We are not quite at that extremity yet. It may be that the marshal can relieve us. Will you trust me, if the worst comes to the worst?"

He paused for an answer, but none came.

"I am a stranger," he went on speaking impetuously, "but you will learn to know me better day by day. I will come here as duty permits. Think over what I have said; may I come?"

Margaret had risen, and the ardor of his pleading had carried both beyond the shelter of the bower. She looked around her, bewildered, carried away.

"Where is Anne?" she said faintly, missing her faithful attendant.

"I do not see her," replied O'Connor, affecting to scan the garden. "Likely she has stepped within. Tell me, fair lady, may I come?"

"I have none to advise, none to trust," she said, yielding.

"Trust me!" he urged.

"Well," Margaret answered slowly, "yes, you may come."

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. She did not withdraw it.

"To-morrow, then, dear countess!" he said, and was gone.

## IX

DE BRISSAC had not seen O'Connor since the day on which he had advised the young Irishman to seek counsel of the sage of Munich. It was not that he was not eager to meet the young soldier. He had called at the other's quarters, and had sought him in his usual haunts, but chance, as it sometimes will, delighted to baffle him.

Accordingly, it was with a joy by no means feigned that he espied Desmond coming from vespers at the church of St. Agnes. It had never occurred to Gaston to seek him in such a place.

"Well met, comrade!" he cried in hearty greeting. "It seems ages since I have seen you. And how have you sped?"

But Desmond questing, and Desmond with his quarry safely harbored, were two widely different people.

"As well as one may in a hungry town," he answered, affecting to misunderstand the other's meaning. "I have had dinner, such as it is, most days, and supper sometimes."

De Brissac's eyes narrowed. Had this Irishman repented the confidence he had extended, or had the fierce passion that flamed in him when last they met been but a fire of straw which in one short week had smoldered to ashes of forgetfulness? He must know more.

"Nay, you look indifferent well fed," he remarked, "and I judge from your light step and your clear eye that the

world goes well with you. Your love-suit prospers, eh?"

"My love-suit?" repeated O'Connor blankly; for he had his reasons for being none too communicative, not the least of which was a whispered caution from Anne. The girl's warning was ringing in his ears still. "Distrust M. de Brissac," she had said.

"Aye, man, your love-suit," Gaston insisted impatiently. "A few days since you could talk of nothing else, and now you answer me as if love could no more blend with an Irishman's nature than oil and water. Did you not find the fair one you sought? Was she not kind? Were the spells of the magician insufficient to reveal her identity?"

"You talk of a passion a week old as if it had been born but yesterday," O'Connor answered lightly. "Yes, I visited Sidonius and he revealed her to me, but the name he gave me was that of a great lady—far too highly placed for a poor devil like myself."

Gaston successfully disguised his eagerness, and said, with a fair assumption of indifference:

"And the name was?"

"Margaret, Countess of Anhalt," replied Desmond.

He bent as he spoke, and affected to be busy with the adjustment of his belt, lest the color that rose to his cheeks as he uttered the beloved syllables should be noticed by Gaston de Brissac; but there was a tremor in his voice which did not escape this keen observer.

"Margaret of Anhalt!" he cried in affected surprise. "Why, she is my kinswoman. And right glad I am," he continued heartily, "that she has caught the fancy of one like yourself, for no braver soldier, no gallanter man, marches in Louis's armies than you, O'Connor!"

Desmond was a young man, an Irishman moreover, and not insusceptible to flattery. This tribute touched him. He knew of De Brissac's kinship to the lady of his heart, for this topic, as well as many others, had been freely discussed between himself and Margaret during his many visits to the house by the canal. And when he named her to her cousin, he had confidently expected from the latter an outburst of anger at his presumption. Instead of this, he received com-

pliments and a warm welcome to his pretensions; in fact, an invitation from the lady's nearest kinsman to press his suit.

His first impulse was to extend a warm hand in acknowledgment of this gracious reception, and to open his heart unreservedly to this complaisant cousin; but Anne's warning was present to him still, and he kept his guard up. Till he saw more deeply into his meaning, he must continue to distrust De Brissac.

"You rate my poor merits too highly, *monsieur*," he said. "Your kinswoman is over highly placed for such as myself."

He saluted and passed on, leaving Gaston uncertain if O'Connor had ever seen Margaret save in that casual meeting in church; or, having seen her again, if his passion had survived the second meeting.

Of set purpose, De Brissac had refrained from visiting his cousin since he had thrown Desmond in her way, preferring to let the wheels he had set in motion roll on to their destined end without further interference on his part. But now that some obstruction, of what nature he could not guess, seemed likely to bring his schemes to a halt, he determined to see the countess and learn from her—less guarded, perhaps, than the soldier—what had happened since he met her last, and how the case stood as between her and O'Connor.

He was convinced that the latter had withheld much from him, for Sidonius had duly reported all that had passed in his apartment, but of aught that had transpired since then he was in complete ignorance. So, as was his custom in perplexity, he sought his lodging, meaning to take counsel with Otto Scharting. But the Bavarian was abroad, and Gaston was compelled to wrestle with his doubts in solitude.

Doublons or ducats had evidently come in Sergeant Quirk's way that day, for he was returning Otto's hospitality at the Golden Fleece. The bottles, empty and full, that cumbered the table bore witness that he was doing so in no niggard spirit.

"Dhrink is a good thing wherever ye find it," the sergeant philosophized in somewhat thick tones. "I'm not sayin'

that some liquor isn't better nor others—I'll name potheen, for one—but nothin' wet is what ye'd call bad. Exceptin' wather, bad cess to it!" he added as an afterthought. "That's only fit to sail ships in."

"You have reason, Mr. Quirk," agreed Otto, filling the glasses. "This is poor stuff, but what would you? We are besieged."

And indeed, gaunt, pinched faces were even now glaring hungrily at the door, for famine was tightening her grip on Bruges.

"Ah, would we were in Bavaria," the lackey went on. "There I would give you wine worthy of your palate, dear comrade. Time was when my father's table—but a truce to memories. What boots it to talk of those times?"

"Divil a bit of good at all," agreed Con. "They're there an' we're here, an' if this isn't the best in the house by what I'm payin' for it, the landlord ought to be hung out of his own window."

"I could display sixteen quarterings if I chose," boasted the Bavarian. "You have heard of Scharting?"

"Niver knew a man o' the name till I met yourself."

"Pshaw! It is a town; a garrison town of Bavaria, a very ancient city. My ancestors took their title from it, or it from them. I might prefix 'von' to my name, and I would, save that my present circumstances scarce warrant it."

"An', *begorra*, I might call myself O'Quirk if I had a mind," shouted Con, stirred to emulation; "an' I'd like to see any of yer 'von's' or 'de's' to aquil that as a title of nobility!"

"Yes," said the other in maudlin tones. "You are but a private soldier, good comrade as you are, and I am a cursed lackey!"

"Spake for yerself, *avic*," shouted Con. "I'm Cornalius O'Quirk, full sergeant in the Irish Brigade, the only corps that iver was nursed on gunpowther an' weaned on bayonets, an' I hate an Englishman an' despise a Protestant, an' I can't say better nor that."

"So your prefix, 'O,' is a title of nobility?" remarked Otto.

"Aquil to any an' superior to most," replied the sergeant.

"Then I suppose your captain, O'Connor, is noble in his own country?"

"Or any other!" responded Con loudly. "Noble? No, but it's royal he is—descended from the ould ancient kings of the land. Sure I sarved his father afore I went to the wars, and me ancesthurs his fathers afore him; an' d'ye think a man o' my birth an' breeding would condescend to be the sarvint of any common nobleman? He's royal, I tell ye!"

"And rich?" questioned Otto.

"Rich?" echoed Con. "Ye couldn't count his gold. Not that he has full control of it here," he hastened to add, conscious that appearances would not bear out his boast; "but it's there at home beyand, only waitin' till he's plazed to go and take it."

The Bavarian was silent for a moment, turning this statement over in his mind. He did not altogether credit it.

"Is he—your captain—in love with any lady here, think you?" he asked presently.

The sergeant set his elbows on the table, and answered with unwonted deliberation.

"Well, now, that's a quare thing that ye should ax me that," he said. "A week ago I'd have tould ye quick enough. The captain in love? Aye, with dozens. But these latter days he's changed somehow. Sometimes I'm afeard he's got religion."

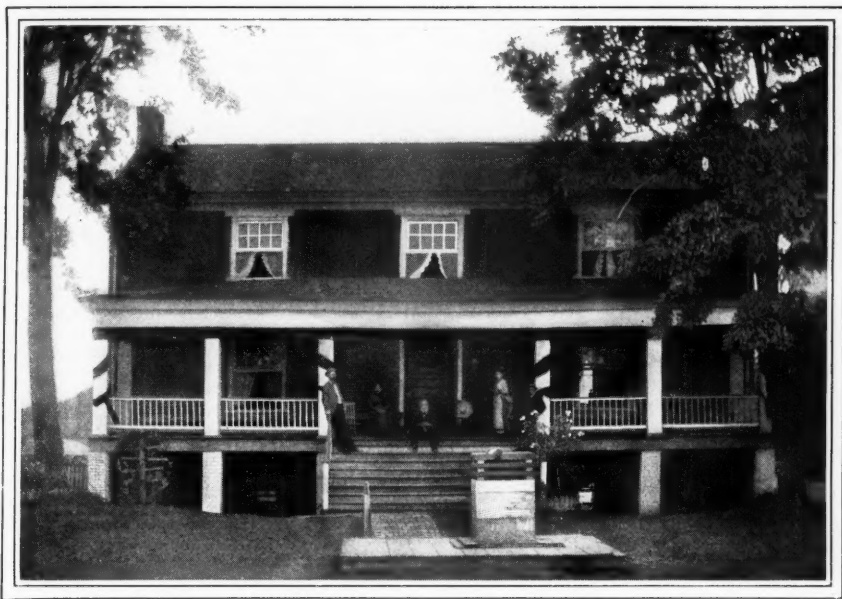
"It is not love, then?" queried the other.

"I dunno," Con replied. "Sometimes I think it is, an' sometimes I think it isn't. All I'm sure of is that he isn't the same. Niver a drop of liquor passes his lips, only what he takes in the way of natral nourishment. If he tunes up at all—an', mind ye, he has a voice would coax the birds off the bushes—it's some ould song ye might sing forinst a convent full o' nuns; an' he niver looks right nor left under his eye at a pretty girl, though he used to have a surprisin' scent for that same."

"It looks like love," persisted the Bavarian.

"*Begorra*, it does," assented Quirk gloomily; "an' if it is, I'm afeard he has it bad."

(To be continued)



THE MCLEAN HOUSE (NOW DEMOLISHED) IN WHICH, ON APRIL 9, 1865, GENERALS GRANT AND LEE MET TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

## APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY

BY T. D. PENDLETON

**F**EW Americans seem to be aware of the fact that the Virginia village that was the scene of one of the most momentous events in our history—Lee's surrender to Grant—is to-day practically a deserted place. A handful of people still live among the decaying houses of Old Appomattox Court-House, as it is now called; but the court-house itself was burned to the ground five years ago, and was not rebuilt, the seat of the county government being removed to Appomattox Station, which was rechristened as New Appomattox Court-House.

From the railway the traveler approaches this historic spot by a three-mile drive over a road of the red clay that belongs to so many Virginia landscapes, and from which no amount of familiarity can take the mental association of en-

sanguined ground. On Saturday, April 8, 1865, Sheridan's cavalry rode boldly over this same road to their last skirmish with the ragged and broken army of the South; but now log-cabins nestle peacefully in the bordering fields, and merry darky children overflow into the big outdoors. Soon the village straggles into view, and the pilgrim is on the ground over which two great commanders, mounted respectively on gray and blood-bay stallions, once rode to a meeting that stopped such a flow of brave men's life-blood as has scarcely been equaled in all the world's history.

The deserted houses of the old town are mostly grouped around the clump of young trees that marks the site of the burned court-house. One of the oldest and most interesting is the tavern, stand-



ing on the stage road between Richmond and Lynchburg. It was known in early days as Patterson's Stage House, and has fed and sheltered many a guest who helped to make history.

Mr. George T. Peers, aged seventy-five years, county clerk of Appomattox for forty-five consecutive terms, tells interesting stories of the old town, his memory harking back to the days when the horn

gloating word fell from the lips of the Federals, whose faces seemed to show sympathy as they watched the ragged Confederates give up their weapons. One Confederate band struck up as it retreated from the yard, but General Chamberlain sent an orderly to stop it. He was forestalled, however, by a similar message from a Confederate officer.

The house where Grant and Lee met



THE SITE OF THE FEDERAL HEADQUARTERS AT APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE,  
GENERAL GRANT'S LAST HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD

of the stage-coach at the top of the hill announced its approach, the long blast being followed by a series of toots, one for each passenger, to tell the landlord how many guests were coming.

At the end of the street stands Mr. Peers's residence. In the early days of April, 1865, he was a guest in his own house, his host being General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine.

"The general was an ideal host," said Mr. Peers. "He brought his own food with him, and thus my family tasted coffee for the first time in many months."

The Peers house was in the thick of stirring events. From its eminence one could see much that happened in the surrounding fields, and in its yard were stacked the arms of the Army of Northern Virginia. There was no cheering during the solemn ceremony, and not a

was the residence of Wilmer McLean, and it was chance that gave it immortality. On the morning of the surrender, General Lee met Mr. McLean in the road, and asked his advice as to the suitability of a neighboring house for a peace conference. McLean protested, and offered his own parlor. The two commanders met there at about one o'clock, and the conference lasted several hours.

The McLean house, though destined to immortality in history, met an ignominious end in 1893. Its owners projected a scheme of moving it to Washington, and to that end it was pulled down, each brick and timber being carefully numbered; but the financial panic of that year so impoverished the projectors that they abandoned the plan, and the remains of the building now lie upon the ground in neglect and decay.



# THE CZARINA AND HER DAUGHTERS



BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

WHEN the Princess Alix of Hesse married the Czar Nicholas II, she was one of the prettiest and most attractive of the minor royalties of Europe. She was a graceful girl of twenty-two, possessed of winning manners, a charming sense of humor, and tastes that were quiet and domestic. On being admitted to the Greek Church, as was required by Russian custom, her name was changed to Alexandra Feodorovna, so that she is now the Empress Alexandra.

She was wedded at a time when the Russian court was touched with gloom. The late Emperor, Alexander III, had died only a few weeks before. The new Czar Nicholas was entering upon his vast responsibilities with a sort of fatalistic feeling. There have since been many things to cast a shadow over her life. Her husband has been the object of frequent plots. On one occasion, as will be remembered, a saluting battery fired shell instead of blank charges, and the projectiles crashed through the pavilion where the imperial family were seated. The great empire itself has been humiliated in war by a nation which the Russians had despised. It has been often hinted, also, that the relations of the Czarina with the empress dowager are the reverse of cordial; though of late years the latter, who was once the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, has lived in seclusion at Gatschina, so that she and her daughter-in-law have had but few occasions for meeting.

All these and many other circumstances have made the married life of the once beautiful Princess Alix a life of seriousness. They have left their mark upon her face, which is to-day the countenance of a woman worn with care, anxious, and yet courageous. She has lost the rounded and graceful outlines which she had as a young girl, and her easy, careless look has given place to one of watchfulness. Nevertheless, she has found much comfort in her private life. Every one knows that she is a devoted mother. Her first four children were girls—a fact that caused much shaking of heads among the superstitious Russian populace; but since the little Grand Duke Alexis was born, four years ago, there has been no more talk of what at first seemed like a spell upon her marriage.

## THE FOUR LITTLE PRINCESSES

Her eldest daughter is the Grand Duchess Olga, a charming, merry girl, now nearly thirteen years of age. She is as full of fun as her mother was in childhood. Within the precincts of the imperial domains, she lives a happy child-life. She has the best of teachers—not those who merely administer instruction as if it were a sort of medicine, but clever people who talk to her and interest her in living things. Not long ago she wrote an imaginary account of a visit to the United States, which somehow got into print. It was read with great amusement, for it had a certain shrewdness and humor about it which made

EDITOR'S NOTE—The portraits accompanying this article are engraved from recent photographs by Boissonnas & Egler, St. Petersburg.

every one think of the writer with sympathetic pleasure.

The second daughter is the Grand Duchess Tatiana, now eleven years of age. Then come the Grand Duchess

nursery, and her German blood shows itself in her careful and thorough watch over her children's welfare.

The Czar himself is far less care-worn than the Czarina. Indeed, he almost al-



ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA, FORMERLY PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE

Marie, nine years old, and finally the little Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was born seven years ago. They are all very healthy, hearty girls, and the Czarina, their mother, watches over their studies and their play alike. She loves best the hours which she spends in the imperial

ways wears a jovial smile. He loves to take the little Grand Duke Alexis yachting, and to watch, like Tennyson's hero, all his youthful brood about his knee. In spite of the sensational stories that are told, there is perhaps more natural and spontaneous home life at the Russian

court than at any other in Europe, with the probable exception of the British royal household. The German imperial family is regulated with the machine-like precision that is the Prussian ideal of what is best. But in Russia, partly because most of the imperial children are girls, there is very little formality inside the private apartments of the Czar and the Czarina. Certainly there is no touch of the military stiffness which oppresses the German Kaiser's household. The

Czar is in no respect a martinet; and the Czarina, in the innermost sanctuary of the palace, is just a loving, watchful, tender-hearted mother.

AT TSARSKOYE-SELO AND PETERHOF

It is at Tsarskoye-Selo, or "Czar's Rest," that the Czarina and her children spend the greater part of their time. This is the place where sensational newspapers love to describe the Czar as "cowering in terror, and dreading to visit his



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE CZARINA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, BORN NOVEMBER 15, 1895

own capital." One would suppose from such descriptions that it was a huge bastioned fortress, with barred windows suggesting the gloom of a prison-house. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more unlike a prison or a fort. In about half an hour's journey from St. Petersburg, by train, one comes upon great

stretches of beautifully kept parks, through whose magnificent foliage there gleams the marble of snow-white pavilions. There are terraces and colonnades, and above them rises the palace, overlooking a broad lake fringed with foliage of vivid green.

The palace of Tsarskoye-Selo was

built by Catherine II, and architecturally it is of the style of the Italian Renaissance. Within its stately halls, ambassadors are received and ceremonious banquets given. It is not here, however, that the imperial family spend most of their leisure hours, but in a smaller residence, situated in another part of the same extensive park, and known as the Alexandrovski Palace. One is not surprised that the Czarina and her children prefer the loveliness of its exquisite landscape to their stiff and formal surroundings in the Russian capital. The climate of St. Petersburg is by no means healthful, and the functions of the court are very tedious to the Czar and his consort, both of whom are averse to excessive ceremonial.

No wonder, then, that they love far better the wooded park of Tsarskoye-Selo, or their quaint house at Peterhof, on the Finnish Bay, known as "The Farm." This last



THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, THE CZARINA'S SECOND DAUGHTER,  
BORN JUNE 10, 1897





THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE, THE CZARINA'S THIRD DAUGHTER, BORN JUNE 26, 1899

was actually, at one time, a peasant's home; and it is perhaps preferred by the Russian imperial family to any other of their abodes.

Only by chance did they come to learn how much pleasure may be enjoyed in the simplest abode. Several years ago the young grand-duchesses had an attack of the measles while staying in the palace at Peterhof. When they became convalescent it was necessary to disinfect and renovate the imperial nursery; and so, for a short time, they were taken to

this farmhouse, which was hastily put in order for them. They enjoyed their stay so greatly that each year since then they have returned to it and its quaint and unpretentious comfort.

Here there is a true simplicity, such as the dowager empress recalls in her old Danish home. During the short but warm Russian summer the children romp in the open air, riding, driving, playing tennis, and living very much as young English children live on the great country estates in Great Britain. In fact,



THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA, THE CZARINA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,  
BORN JUNE 17, 1901

with their daughters and their little son, the Czar and Czarina almost always use the English language.

The only thing that suggests disturbed political conditions is found in the regulations regarding the service of luncheon and dinner. Years ago, when Alexander II was alive, a mine was exploded under

the dining-room of the Winter Palace. Ever since then, it has been the custom for the imperial family to have their meals served in different rooms in alternation. A recent writer, who is familiar with the habits of the court, mentions the fact that a Russian general of high rank was not long ago invited by the Czar to an informal luncheon. Somewhat to the officer's surprise, he found the table set in the Czarina's dressing-room. Perhaps his face revealed his curiosity, for the little Grand Duchess Tatiana, with all the frankness of a child, remarked to him, rather saucily:

"I suppose that when dinner-time comes, we shall have it in the bathroom!"

Neither the Czar nor his family, however, seem to feel any particular anxiety, such as this custom would indicate. Nicholas enjoys himself immensely in playing tennis, in shooting game, in motoring, and sometimes in

pulling a boat. Indeed, when he is on the Finnish shore, his outdoor amusements, which are thoroughly domestic, remind one of the life that President Roosevelt has been accustomed to lead at Oyster Bay during the months when that place is the summer capital of the United States.

# THE EMPIRE AND MAGGIE HOGAN

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW," "DUNCAN MARBLE'S BLUFF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

THE pudgy old Spaniard filled the space between the curtains of Miss Hogan's manicure-booth, so that she could not see whether the barbers in the shop beyond were watching. She hoped they were, because she was proud of the way she had of demolishing this sort of person.

"I've seen your friend hanging around," said Miss Hogan languidly. "Tell him that I don't meet gentlemen without an introduction, and that you're fresher than lettuce salad, both of you."

"I have the honor," said the ambassador, bowing, "to assure our respect profound. And my gratitude," he added confidentially, and so retired.

"Well, what do you think of that?" sighed Maggie to herself. "Thanked me for turning him down! If the dagoes in this house aren't a regular show!"

The house was the little Hotel San Juan, on a down-town street in New York. Maggie had worked there for a month. She never held a job very long, and the reason for this she contentedly appreciated every time she used a mirror. It is difficult for a girl who looks like the Statue of Liberty to be popular with her fellow-laborers in a manicure-shop. Maggie was tall and strong and had glorious red hair. She made most girls resemble pallid dolls, and they knew it.

Mme. Tascheron, however, the owner of the San Juan, rejoiced in Maggie. *Madame* possessed a heart which at fifty years bubbled with the romance of fifteen, and Miss Hogan's beauty excited *madame's* most sentimental speculations. The landlady delighted to bask in the splendid presence of her manicure, purring like a cat and weaving elaborate love-stories about her.

Half an hour after the retreat of the Spaniard, Maggie received the summons of a bell-boy, locked her cash-box, marked the place in her novel with a nail-file, and obediently sought Mme. Tascheron. *Madame* quivered so that her desk-chair creaked faintly.

"Sit down—sit down!" she cried. "The door—close it! Here is something—a dream—a stage-play! I have for you an invitation!"

"From who?" said Maggie calmly, with more regard for her suspicions than for her grammar.

"From me!" said *madame*. "To dine! It will be at eight in my apartment. A gentleman the most distinguished—ah, a stage-play!" She closed her eyes and breathed heavily. "You will wear the black lace," she purred. "At eight! The diamond star I gave you for your hair of Titian! To dine! But Hogan? No, no, no! Another name, *chérie*. Let us have it, De Vivas. Hogan—no! De Vivas—yes!"

"Well," laughed Maggie, "anything to oblige."

"In my apartment!" said the landlady ecstatically. "A gentleman the most—at eight—ah, I am crazed, it is wonderful!"

When Maggie crossed the narrow lobby of the hotel to the street, she noted the elderly Spaniard with a younger man. The younger man was slender and swarthy, with curiously arched eyebrows, a sad mouth, and a chin which seemed to need a brace. She glanced steadily in the opposite direction as she passed.

"Oh, it'll all be proper and correct!" she soliloquized. "Even Billy himself wouldn't kick a bit, and I've simply got to stand in with the boss."

But Mr. William Keefe, of the United

States revenue detective force, could not object if he so desired, being absent on the Jersey coast. Maggie sometimes thought she would marry him; he had asked her, more than once.

Billy's photograph was on the bureau in her room at the boarding-house. Miss Hogan smiled carelessly at the portrait while she was dressing. Another photograph was perched near it—a picture of several hard-looking men grouped around a long cannon on a ship's deck. One of the men was Maggie's father, who died in Uruguay when she was a baby. She knew very little about her father; her mother had not lived long enough to tell her anything.

## II

THE black lace was bobbinet and the diamond star was rhinestone, but when Maggie wore them they became regal, and *madame* gasped with admiration.

"Hush—he comes!" said she.

The door of the private dining-room was swung open by the pudgy Spaniard. The chinless young man of the arched eyebrows took three majestic paces from the threshold and stood there, immovable and waxen. He vaguely reminded Maggie of a figure in the Eden Musée.

"Miss De Vivas," gurgled *madame*, with a succession of dipping curtsies, "the Dr. Saz!"

The pudgy one nodded morosely.

"Don Anabel," he said, "grant gracious that you permit to you to present the *señora*—the lady—the Miss De Vivas!"

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Anabel," said Maggie.

The doctor's form of introduction was not that taught at Professor Conlin's dancing academy, but she cordially offered her hand to the young man. He supported it on the back of his and touched it with his lips. Dr. Saz started, *madame* dipped and cooed, and Maggie giggled, for she was absurdly convinced that Don Anabel was not real. Mme. Tascheron ushered him to his chair; the doctor stood behind it solemnly while he sat down. Even Maggie was a trifle awestricken during these ceremonies, as if she were dining in company with a marvellous automaton.

"I am gratified," finally proclaimed

Don Anabel, looking at Maggie. "It is a happiness. I am happy!"

"That's good," observed Miss Hogan cheerfully. "Been long in New York, Mr. Anabel?"

"Six days I am in this nation," he answered. "My nation, he is a—a south place. I pledge to you, my miss;" and he sipped white wine which Saz poured for him.

"Well, I've never been south of Atlantic City," said Maggie.

"No!" exploded Anabel. "That is true. No!"

"Of course it's true," rejoined Miss Hogan tartly.

Upon her the young man riveted eyes which were not in the least those of an automaton, and he rapped his fish-knife emphatically against a plate.

"Not of the south, you—no!" he vociferated. "The south women—bah! The south women they are muddy, and thin like rail, and not up high—behold me, that they pig-sicken! I say what to you. In books is that Cleopottera, how that Cleopottera was muddy, and thin like rail, and not up high. So is the why Antony lost empire. If Cleopottera opposite! If Cleopottera big lady, white, of strength, with hair of fire—gold—ah, then Antony, he win! He win empire, all about it. I pledge to you, my miss!"

"Sure," murmured Maggie blankly, and raised her glass.

She did not know what his words meant, but the meaning of his eyes was plain enough. Dr. Saz glowered at her with sullen dismay, and *madame*, triumphant, pressed Maggie's foot under the table as the dinner progressed. With the coffee came a card for the doctor.

"From the Colonel Gunshannon," announced Saz eagerly.

"Let him ascent, then," vouchsafed Don Anabel.

Colonel Gunshannon ascended—a raw-boned, grizzled old fellow, with a soldierly mustache. He scowled briefly at the ladies and rubbed his hawk-like nose.

"Good or bad, my colonel?" queried Anabel darkly.

"Good," said Gunshannon.

"The time?"

"Next week."

"Praise the Heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Saz. "To affairs, I beg."

"For always, affairs!" grumbled Don Anabel, greatly displeased by the suggestion. "Ah, well, Miss De Vivas, I speak apart with you."

Saz and Gunshannon conferred in a corner, and Miss Hogan saw the doctor's head wag toward her, angrily and often. Therefore she smiled sweetly in response

"Well," said the colonel, "real names don't cut ice in my business, either. The fat doctor is near crazy—says you've lassoed his nobbs for keeps. Well, it takes the Irish! I don't savvy your game yet, but whatever it is, we'd better stick together, you and me. If us Irish stick together, all the ginnies in Anabel's two-



"I HAVEN'T ANY GAME,  
EXCEPT A BIT OF FUN,  
AND—OH, LOOK!"

to Anabel's rapturous torrent of unintelligible jabber.

"To-night, Colonel Gunshannon," commanded Don Anabel, "you shall her escort. *Au revoir*, my miss! Affairs for always is not."

Maggie protested that no escort was necessary for the two blocks to her boarding-house, but the colonel was, considering his years, strangely gallant. In the street he brought Miss Hogan close to him by compelling her to take his arm, and he studied her face with a shrewd grin.

"De Vivas, eh?" said he. "That's a fine name for a broth of an Irish girl, isn't it? De Vivas! What does it stand for? Duffy?"

"Never you mind!" retorted Miss Hogan jauntily.

by-four country will amount to about as much as so many rotten tent-pegs."

"Game?" asked Maggie, puzzled. "I haven't any game, except a bit of fun, and—oh, look!"

"Where?" growled Gunshannon.

She pointed across the street to an alleyway where a man was trying to hide behind an ash-can. Miss Hogan had a glimpse of the peculiar patch he wore over one eye. The colonel, and Maggie at his heels, darted to the ash-can with astonishing agility, but the man fled into the alley and disappeared.

"Come on—I'll help you catch him!" urged Miss Hogan breathlessly. "He was following us. Come on—we'll catch him!"

"By gorry, you're a nervy one!"



laughed Gunshannon, with a warm glance of admiration. "No mollicoddle about you, is there? Well, we'll leave that duck alone. Let's be walking on. He was trailing me for fair, I guess, but I'll fool him—you can bet on that. Is this your house? So long. Be nice to his nobs to-morrow—you know!"

"That's who?" inquired Miss Hogan. "Anabel," concluded Gunshannon. "Listen. He's the emperor. Urmeneta's been a republic three years now, but me and Saz and the rest are going to change it back. And listen twice. Anabel's imperial granddad let a French milliner run his ten-cent kingdom for him, and



"CON HOGAN—GREAT HEAVENS!" EJACULATED  
THE COLONEL

"Oh, I don't know who that little cigar-maker is at the hotel," disclaimed Maggie, "if you mean Anabel. And I don't care."

The colonel gave an incredulous sniff and stared at her.

"Is that straight?" he demanded slowly.

"Why, certainly," affirmed Maggie, jingling her latch-key.

Colonel Gunshannon whistled, pulled down the brim of his slouch-hat resolutely, and mounted the steps of the boarding-house to the shadow of the vestibule.

"Then I'll tell you," said he. "I've taken a shine to you, and I'll tell you for the good of the Irish. That little cigar-maker—you get out a big map of South America and find Urmeneta on it. Maybe Urmeneta'll be the size of a tack; but that's him, by rights."

that trick's in the blood. And listen three times. *Erin go bragh!*"

### III

THE finger-nails of the San Juan's guests were neglected for a week. There were stately drives, stately dinners, a stately box-party at a second-rate theater. Mme. Tascheron and Saz were always duly present, but Gunshannon was not again in evidence.

One morning Maggie had a note from the colonel, informing her that he would come to her lodgings in the afternoon. Maggie, out of respect for Mrs. Grundy, informed the people at her boarding-house that she was expecting her physician. The story was not altogether baseless, for Dr. Saz came with Gunshannon. The men sat on Miss Hogan's bed, which was primly disguised as a divan.

"This," began the colonel, "is an embassy. At least, Saz is. Speak your piece, doc!"

The doctor rose and orated. His piece was, in short, an avowal of Anabel's imperial devotion to Miss De Vivas and an offer to her of imperial and lifelong luxury if she would return with him to Urmeneta. Maggie blinked in consternation at Gunshannon, but the colonel, plainly ill at ease, bent all his intellectual energies to examining

"But we're not hardly acquainted," said Maggie helplessly. "I've never been alone with him in my life. How can I marry, when we're not hardly—and besides—"

Her astonished eyes wandered to Billy Keefe's photograph; but they saw it only for an instant. The tiny apartment seemed to spread out by a miracle into a brilliant hall, wherein jeweled women stood in dazzling rows before a tall goddess on a platform. Miss Hogan had witnessed a reproduction of Queen Alexandra's drawing-room in a musical comedy.

"Listen here," the colonel was saying. "I'm no saint, and I reckon you're not. You're scrappy, and Irish, same as me—always ready for something doing. Well, here's plenty, this revolution business. If we win, we win big. But it's up to Ana-



BELOW HER, A ROWBOAT BUMPED  
AGAINST THE WHARF LADDER

the pattern of the wall-paper. The doctor sat down again.

"He—he wants to—to marry me—is that it?" faltered Maggie.

Gunshannon considered the wall-paper with redoubled interest, and Dr. Saz rose again.

"His order is to say," pursued the envoy, "that to conquest his empire is to him nothing without to conquest the Miss De Vivas."

bel, really, and that means it's up to you, 'cause he's clean nutty about you. You're the only one now can key up the little cuss. If you hold off, he'll quit our job, most likely. We're going to try to sail to-night."

"To-night!" echoed Miss Hogan.

"And if we lose, we lose big," he went on grimly. "Without we produce that silly emperor down yonder, we'll lose big—in money and men's lives.

We're in too far. If Anabel backs out now, it's good-by, Bill, for his crowd. And as for me, it's my last chance. I'm old. All I've got is put on this throw of the dice. It's up to you. Say yes, won't you?"

Dr. Saz fluttered a memorandum-book importantly.

"For you, settlements in the money," he explained, "are of elegance. What you have in United States dollars, a year ten thousand, with a villa, a—"

"Where the devil did you get that photo?"

With his feet wide apart, Colonel Gunshannon was planted in front of the bureau, shaking a gnarled forefinger fiercely at Maggie. She moved her lips twice in vain; the interview was becoming over strenuous even for a Goddess of Liberty.

"Where'd you get the photo of that gang?" blared Gunshannon.

"My father," Maggie quavered. "It's my—my father, there on the end."

"Con Hogan? Red Con? Cor-ant-ine Malachi Hogan—your father?"

Maggie nodded a timorous assent.

"Con Hogan—great Heavens!" ejaculated the colonel; and he plumped down on the bed so that Dr. Saz bobbed like a floating cork.

"The settlements are of elegance," muttered the doctor faintly.

"The curse of Cromwell to you and your settlements!" snarled the Irishman.

"Girl, girl, why didn't you tell me this?"

"I don't know," said Maggie, with an hysterical sob. "My father—he died—"

"He was shot against a stone wall in Montevideo," said Gunshannon, "with a bandage over his eyes. In the prison-yard it was, and me in a cell, waiting my turn. We were blanket-mates, me and Con Hogan, twenty-five years ago." He glared malevolently at Saz. "Come, move on," he snapped, "before I die with the black shame of this!"

He pounced upon the Spaniard and propelled him, squirming, toward the door.

"But Don Anabel!" the doctor panted. "But his answer!"

"When gentlemen friends ask me such questions," interjected Miss Hogan, "I answer them myself."

Gunshannon spun on his heel.

"See here," said he. "I'll do your answering. I'm running this shooting-match. Anabel's got a sallow runt of a fool queen in Rio, married to him by all the archbishops in South America; so you'll give him the frosty face, that's what you'll do, Kate—Maggie—Nora—what is it?"

"Maggie," said Miss Hogan. "But—oh!" Her cheeks turned to an indignant crimson. "What did you think I was?" she moaned.

"I didn't know you were Con Hogan's girl," replied Gunshannon curtly. "I told you I'm no saint. If I was, I'd change my trade. Move out, doctor—we've no more business here!"

"But the emperor will be in tumult!" Saz whimpered. "He will delay—abandon!"

"He can go," said Colonel Gunshannon, "to—"

The door slammed behind him. Maggie's immediate impulse was to cry as hard as she could. Instead of that, she looked at her father's picture. Standing next him in the group, she now recognized Gunshannon. Had it not been for the colonel's disclosure, she might have—her cheeks flamed furiously again. And her father's blanket-mate had saved her at the sacrifice of—what had he said?—his last chance. Maggie ran down-stairs to a landing where Gunshannon was groping in the dark.

She clutched the colonel's elbow. Saz stumbled half a dozen steps beneath them.

"I want to thank you," she whispered, "and wish you luck."

"That's all right," said old Gunshannon. "If we can only blarney his nobs into getting aboard that ship this evening without you—well, I'll lie to him like a house afire!"

Maggie, suddenly inspired, tugged off a bracelet.

"Give him this, colonel. He noticed it on me at the theater. Tell him it's a sign from me that I'll meet him on the steamer, or something—you know. That'll help."

"You bet!" Gunshannon pocketed the bracelet and grasped her hand. "So long, Maggie. Be good, for Con Hogan's sake."

"And I wish you luck," said she.

"C", we'll win, if we can get our guns and stuff out of the harbor to-night without those blasted United States detectives—"

"Here is it the entrance!" bawled the distant Saz.

From the vestibule Miss Hogan watched the colonel and the doctor turn the street corner. There was a letter for her in the mail-rack. It was from Billy Keefe, asking her to meet him at the Battery after sunset for an excursion down the bay.

#### IV

It was a pleasant evening in the open places along the water-front. The riding lights of ships at anchor wavered like hovering fireflies against the dull glow of the Jersey shore, and childish waves lapped sleepily the piles of the deserted little wharf where Miss Hogan loitered.

She was half an hour too early for her appointment with Billy Keefe at the Battery, farther south, and she had strolled aimlessly up West Street to the narrow wharf next a ferry-house. Maggie listened idly to the mysterious night voices of the bay. Sailors were at work on the deck of an anchored steamer, a disreputable tramp with yellow, smoking funnels. Miss Hogan heard chains clanking and saw occasionally the flare of a torch. Below her, a rowboat bumped against the wharf ladder, and two men in it murmured excitedly while they made fast.

"We ain't got time," said one.

"Hustle!" said the other gruffly.

"Did you pipe the old Irishman with the two ginnies on the bridge? And them boxes is the rifles, I know. Hustle!"

"Their steam's up," complained the first.

"So's the revenue-cutter's at the pier, yonder," was the reply. "Oh, I guess I'm a rotten ammytoor detective, hey? We'll make those brass buttons take notice, hey? And half the boodle—quick, now!"

An evil face, with a peculiar green patch over an eye, came into sight above the string-piece. Crouched behind a



"SOMETHING TO GO ON MY FINGER—  
MY THIRD FINGER, BILLY"

snubbing-post, Maggie remembered that it was a season when a woman's cry in the streets made mobs. The two spies were scampering across the wharf, but Greenpatch caught his foot in a rope, and fell. Miss Hogan was upon him in an instant.

"Help! Help!" she screamed, like a siren whistle.

"What the devil's this—lemme up!" sputtered Greenpatch, struggling in the grip of her strong hands. His companion stood by, paralyzed.

"Help!" screamed Maggie.

People ran from a dozen different directions; men dropped, seemingly, from the sky, and popped from the pavement. Four brawny police officers fought their way through the angry crowd to Maggie.

"That's the pair!" she said wildly.

"Aw, lynch 'em!" yelled a shrill-voiced boy, far back in the throng; and the cry was speedily echoed.

A young officer drew his revolver.

"Into the ferry-house!" ordered another. "Close the gate—that's the ticket! Wagon, Gus!"

"It's a plant—I never saw her," wrangled Greenpatch desperately. "I got to go—I got—"

"Shut up, you!" said the policeman. "Crooked or not, you're lucky to get to the precinct with that bunch outside ready to skin you." He contemplated Miss Hogan, obviously impressed. "Don't be nervous," he entreated.

"Thank you," said Maggie.

She wondered what he would think of her when she withdrew her charge, and how soon she must do it. Behind the fence of the ferry-slip, the prisoners were raving incoherently to the contemptuous policeman. A patrol-wagon clanged up to the gate, and with it there appeared a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in uniform, his clean-cut face white and frightened.

"Why, Billy Keefe!" cried Miss Hogan radiantly.

"Was just rubberin' 'round," blurted Keefe; "and—Maggie, for Heaven's sake! That you, Springer?"

"Good evening, Mr. Keefe," said the policeman.

"Tell the sergeant I'll bring the young lady to the precinct," Billy said. "Friend of mine—you know—want to get her out of this."

Mr. Keefe had a way of doing things. Soon Maggie found herself escaping by

a side entrance and walking with her lover toward the Battery Park. They halted in a secluded nook beyond the Aquarium, leaned on the iron railing of the sea-wall, and gazed at the purple waters of the harbor.

"That was a fierce business to happen to you," commented Keefe. "The dirty loafers!"

"They only scared me, Billy," said she. "Really, that's all. I was kind of ashamed to say so before the cops, but nothing ought to be done to 'em. It was an accident—honest. I needn't go to the police-station, or anything, need I, Billy?"

"Why, no," said Billy, wondering, "not if you don't want to. I guess I can fix it."

A disreputable-looking tramp steamer with yellow funnels churned slowly by them, outward bound. Miss Hogan drew closer to the young detective, and his hand searched her wrist timidly.

"I've lost it—that bracelet you gave me," she confessed. "I'm awful sorry. But—but—"

"But what, Maggie?"

"But you can give me something else when you like," said Miss Hogan. "Something to go on my finger—my third finger, Billy. I've lived by my lonesome long enough!"

### THE GIPSIES SINGING

"All of us, some time or other, hear the gipsies singing: over all of us is the glamour cast. Some resist, and sit resolutely by the fire; most go, and are brought back again, like Lady Cassilis."—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

THE wind is blowing warm and soft;  
The autumn sky is blue aloft,  
While near the earth white clouds are winging;  
And lo, I hear the gipsies singing!

The church-bells ring, the choir will sing;  
The narrow lane across the ling  
Is black with good folk churchward stringing;  
But I—I hear the gipsies singing!

The forest edge beyond the lea,  
Waving with green hands, beckons me;  
The joyous boughs afar are flinging  
The song I hear the gipsies singing.

Their tinkling train is on its way,  
My fancy follows, held in sway;  
But bells again are churchward ringing,  
And I—I've lost the gipsies' singing.

*Alice Spicer*



# LIGHT VERSE

## SUN AND SHOWERS

A DAY of sun and fleeting showers,  
Of sunlight smiling through the rain,  
And we who wandered gathering flowers  
Kissed and fell out and kissed again.

We caught the mood of fickle skies,  
Nor knew we mirrored nature's mood;  
You fled with laughter in your eyes,  
Then wept that I should be withstood.

And so we spent the livelong day,  
And tears and laughter followed fast,  
Until, beneath a rainbow gay,  
We banished tears and kissed at last!

*William A. Bradley*

## A STRANGE DISCREPANCY

HIGH living! What a wealth of things  
That short expression signifies!  
Rare dishes set for hungry kings,  
Birds, pâtés, wines, and dainty pies.

Rich vintages of costly sort—  
Ales, burgundies, and yellow fizz,  
Soft nutty sherry, fragrant port—  
Each harbinger of trouble is.

A constant rout from morn till night,  
And thence from eve till morn again,  
Self-given o'er to mere delight,  
With ne'er a thought for fellow men.

High living that! How strange, our tongue  
Makes "lofty" synonym for "high,"  
When lofty living's last among  
The things high lovers think to try!

*Blakeney Gray*

## BALLADE OF THE SUMMER GIRL

I AM sick of mountains and spa and sea—  
"Oh, autumn, come!" is my constant  
prayer.

Nothing is as it promised to be,  
And wistful maidens are everywhere.  
We pack piazzas, the beach, the stair,  
Eying a man, if but one appears,  
As children throng round a dancing bear—  
Where are the men of thirty years?

The college youth is a bore to me—  
His vacant laugh and his plastered hair,  
His English walk and his foolish glee,  
And the grass-green hose he loves to wear.

Oh, not for *him* are my shoulders bare!  
My smile is only to hide my tears,  
While all the while I would like to swear—  
Where are the men of thirty years?

I have climbed the hills and tramped the lea;  
On moonlight rides, in the ballroom's  
glare,  
At drive, at dinner, at dance, at tea,  
Only ubiquitous youth is there!  
The summer without a love-affair  
Savorless, useless before me rears,  
With no one to notice what I wear—  
Where are the men of thirty years?

## ENVOY

Ho! To the problem I have the key—  
They stay in town though the hot sun  
sears.

Next summer will find me there to see!  
Where are the men of thirty years?

*Kate Jordan*

## SHE SAID ME NAY

SHE said me nay, and yet, and yet,  
She drooped her head—ah, sad coquette!  
I wonder if 'twas nay she meant?  
The mantling blushes came and went;  
Her eyes with unshed tears were wet.

Dear, tender eyes of violet,  
Beshrew me, I am in your debt!  
Who knows? Perchance 'twas with regret  
She said me nay.

Else why in parting did she let  
Her glance cling once to mine? Beset  
Am I with doubt—so eloquent  
That fleeting glimpse! Ah, confident  
Am I that 'twas with some regret  
She said me nay!

*Celia Myrover Robinson*

## A MODEST LOVER

BEHOLD me, a man who is modest,  
As timid and shy as a dove!  
With a fair maiden splendidly bodiced  
I've fallen in love.  
Ah, how shall I tell my devotion?  
I brood on the subject for hours,  
But at last I believe I've a notion—  
I'll study the language of flowers!

A myriad ways of approaching  
 My angel I've conned in despair,  
 But no course of cramming or coaching  
 Will cause me to dare  
 By my lips let my longing be spoken;  
 My courage at dream of it cowers;  
 And yet this dread spell must be broken—  
 I'll study the language of flowers!

And then a bouquet I will send her,  
 With fond meanings freighted and fraught;  
 I know she'll respond to so tender  
 And fragrant a thought!  
 In speech I my passion can't dovetail,  
 And so, by the heavenly powers,  
 To give a sweet voice to my love-tale  
 I'll study the language of flowers!

*Sennett Stephens*

### ON THE SANDS OF FRANCE

[N a jaunty hat of chip—just chip, red  
 chip—  
 And coy little bathing-gown,  
 On the sands she came with trip and skip  
 to dip  
 Away at an olden town  
 In France—just France.

And she took a little dip—quick dip, shy  
 dip—  
 Quite near to that gleaming strand;  
 But just then she feared to trip or slip—  
 yes, slip—  
 So that's why she held his hand  
 In France—ah, France!

And to swim she thought she'd try—oh, try,  
 just try—  
 But crowds on the beach grew more;  
 So she asked with little sigh—ah, why, but  
 why  
 Is the sea so near the shore  
 In France—dear France?

Now she's thinking not of skips, nor dips,  
 nor slips,  
 But smiles in her bridal gown  
 As he kisses little lips, dear lips—yes, lips  
 Once met at that olden town  
 In France—loved France!

*Agnes I. Hanrahan*

### RELINQUISHMENT

TO Arcady let others go;  
 I do not seek the way.  
 I do not pine to wander through  
 Her meadows bright and gay.  
 Her wondrous joys let others take,  
 Her songs let others sing—  
 The songs with which the birds awake  
 The blossoms of the spring.

I care naught for her floral feasts,  
 Nor for the pleasures rare  
 With which each passing moment greets  
 The dweller over there.  
 There's much of bliss in Arcady,  
 And happiness prevails,  
 And all from wo and care are free  
 Within her pleasant dales.

Her mien is smiling all the time;  
 Her glance holds soft caress;  
 Her voice hath music of the chime,  
 And spangled is her dress;  
 And yet, despite her wealth of cheer,  
 Unenvied is her lot;  
 For I have that to hold me here  
 That Arcady hath not!

A floral feast in some one's eyes,  
 Pure bliss in some one's lips;  
 Care-freedom in the soft surprise  
 Of some one's finger-tips.  
 There's song enough in some one's voice  
 To fill the soul of me  
 With music that shall ne'er rejoice  
 The heart of Arcady.

*Carlyle Smith*

### MY DEBT TO FATE

[ THANK thee, Fate, that I am not the  
 thing  
 Crowned and enthroned and called by men  
 a king;  
 For I can eat  
 My bread and meat  
 Amid my little family group,  
 And wax not sick  
 From arsenic  
 Or prussic acid in the soup.

I thank thee, Fate, that no such things I own  
 As scepter, crown, and ermine robes, and  
 throne.

For I can hike  
 Along the pike  
 And mingle with the friends I meet;  
 Nor fear to go  
 Lest some one throw  
 The nimble bomb beneath my feet.

I thank thee, Fate, that no one says to me,  
 With lying tongue: "Long live your  
 majesty!"

And that same night  
 Brings dynamite  
 And calmly lights the fateful fuse,  
 By traitors sent  
 With vile intent  
 To blow my head off while I snooze!

*Allan D. May*

# THE THEFT OF THE DUDLEY DIAMONDS

BY WALTER HACKETT

AUTHOR OF "BY DEAD RECKONING," "THE SQUADRON OF THE AIR," ETC.

BY the very nature of his calling, many—nay, most—of the extraordinary exploits of Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime, have remained unrecorded. The fact that as a rule he was successful, and that the contemplated crime was not even attempted, left nothing to be told. This, however, was not true in every instance. Indeed, in some of his cases the surrounding facts were so remarkable that they are well worth narrating. Such, for example, were the circumstances of the now famous theft of the Dudley diamonds.

Of all of the essential incidents of that celebrated case I was an eyewitness. Indeed, it was a letter from me to my lifelong friend, Carleton Dudley, that made the affair possible. I wrote requesting the loan of a large sum of money. I had been caught in a falling market, and needed the funds early the following morning in order to save me from absolute ruin. The messenger who carried my note to Dudley returned with the answer that he himself would reply in person.

An hour or so later—it was then toward the end of the afternoon—a servant ushered him into my library, where I sat waiting him. He came forward at once, and shook hands with me. Then, thrusting his hand into his breast-pocket, he drew forth a worn, travel-stained chamois bag, and laid it on the table between us.

"Dick," he said, "I know that you, like everybody else, think that I am a rich man. Well, I'm not—or, at least, I'm not rich as many others are rich. Except for some investments which

yield me enough to live on, and no more, everything I have in the world is in that bag."

For an instant I looked at him in surprise; then, involuntarily, my eyes wandered to the shabby bag on the table. He saw my glance and understood it.

"No," he exclaimed quickly, "don't doubt me. I have spoken the truth. You shall see that for yourself."

With a quick gesture, he caught up the bag and emptied its contents upon the table; and I saw before me the most magnificent collection of diamonds that I have ever seen. They lay there, glittering and gleaming, and it seemed as if they absorbed every ray of sunlight that drifted into the room only to send it forth again with an added radiance.

I gazed at them spellbound, while Carleton Dudley watched me with an amused smile.

"They are the Dudley diamonds," he said at length, "one of the most celebrated collections of gems in the world. That is how my father, and his father before him, invested every dollar they could spare. Diamonds, you see, were their hobby. The collection was left to me under one condition—it was not under any circumstances to be dispersed. I may only dispose of it to some one who will keep it intact, and never have I been able to discover a purchaser who could afford to pay even a part of its value under such conditions. So you can understand that, even while I own gems worth more than a million, I am, nevertheless, a poor man."

He paused, but I was still too dazed to speak. I stood staring at the glittering jewels in silence. They seemed to fascinate me as the eyes of a snake fascinate a bird.

Presently Dudley came around the table and laid his hand upon my arm.

"But even though I am poor, I can still help you," he said gently. "Any bank will lend you what you need on such security, and it is yours to pledge as you see fit. That is why I have taken it from my vault to-day, for the first time in years."

In my gratitude I had turned and seized his hand, but his last words sent a shudder of alarm through me.

"Good Heavens, Dick!" I cried. "Why did you do it this afternoon? Why didn't you wait until morning?"

He looked at me in amazement. He had expected gratitude, and here I was taking him to task.

"I don't understand," he remarked coldly.

"Thieves," I explained. "What a prize for them! How shall we keep the things safely overnight?"

He laughed gaily.

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that," he said confidently. "No one knows that it was the jewels I took out."

"You are sure of that?" I questioned. Before he could reply, the telephone-bell rang sharply. I picked it up from the table. "Hello!" I called into the transmitter.

"Hello!" replied a heavy voice—a voice which, while it had no decided accent, was still markedly German. "Is that the residence of Mr. Richard White?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Vell," continued the voice, "is Mr. Carleton Dudley there? If so, I should like to speak with him."

"Who are you, please?" I asked.

There was a slight pause. Then the strange voice said:

"I am Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime."

## II

EVEN NOW I can remember the chill of fear that crept over me as I heard his answer. Afterward, Dudley told me that when I turned and handed him the

telephone, my face was as white as a sheet; but despite my agitation, I listened keenly to what he said.

"Yes," he began, in answer to a question, "I am Mr. Dudley. What? How do you know I took them out? Oh, it is your business to know such things! You say they are in danger of being stolen, and that you may be able to prevent it? How can you do so? Oh, that is your business, too. Well, hold the wire a moment." He put his hand over the mouthpiece and raised his face to mine. It was gray and drawn. "Dick," he whispered, "this man knows that I brought those jewels here. He says that they are in danger of being stolen, but that he can stop it, as his profession is the prevention of crime. He wants to come here at once. What shall I tell him?"

The sudden confirmation of my wild fears served to intensify them. It did not seem improbable that the diamonds might mysteriously vanish before our very eyes. Every possible precaution seemed worth taking; so I leaned forward and cried:

"Tell him to come at once!"

He did so, and laid the telephone aside.

"He says that he will be here in five minutes," he told me. "It surely is a very singular affair!"

A strange thought had flashed upon me.

"Suppose," I exclaimed hoarsely, "that this man himself—this Schmalz—is a thief?"

Dudley's jaw dropped, and he gazed at me stupidly. At last, with a quick, impatient gesture, he pulled himself together, and, sitting up, carefully returned the diamonds to the chamois bag. This done, he dropped the bag into a tobacco-jar that stood upon the table, taking pains to cover it with the tobacco. Then he looked at me with a smile.

"Even if he is," he said lightly, "he will never think of looking for them there. That hiding-place is too simple. There they will remain until morning, and you and I will take turns watching over them. Have you a pistol?"

"Yes," I answered.

Opening a drawer in the table, I pro-

duced the weapon. He leaned over and, taking it from my hand, examined it carefully.

"It's loaded, all right," he remarked with a smile as he slipped it into his pocket. "Now let them come."

Then we sat silently waiting. Presently the door-bell rang, and a moment later one of Dudley's servants threw open the door and ushered two men into the room.

Never have I seen so strange a pair. One of the men was very short and very thin, with queerly twisted legs and a face that oddly suggested a fox-terrier. The other was enormous—exceedingly tall and remarkably fat. He seemed like a perfect mountain of flesh surmounted by a misshapen head that resembled a pine-cone. His face was flabby and babyish, and his great round eyes peered stupidly from behind spectacles with lenses at least an eighth of an inch thick. There was something wrong with the circulation of his blood, which caused him to fall asleep even while he was speaking.

The little man was the first to advance.

"Mr. Carleton Dudley?" he said inquiringly as he glanced from one to the other of us. Dudley bowed. "And Mr. Richard White, I presume?" pursued the little man, looking at me. I also bowed. "Very good," he continued grandiloquently, much after the fashion of a "lecturer" in a dime museum. "Permit me, Mr. Dudley and Mr. White, to present Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime."

Dudley and I bowed once more. The mountain of flesh quivered. Then, after taking a quick, darting survey of his surroundings, he waddled across the room, seated himself upon a divan, gave an enormous sigh, and promptly went to sleep.

"I may add that I am Jonas Edge-wood," said the little man, "private secretary to Herr Schmalz. I believe that you wish to consult us personally, Mr. Dudley?"

"It was Herr Schmalz who asked for a consultation," retorted Dudley sharply; "but on so informal an introduction, and upon so grave a matter, I scarcely feel justified—"

He paused. The little man smiled at him calmly.

"Ah," he said, "I see. Even our knowledge of your removal of the magnificent Dudley diamonds has not convinced you of Herr Schmalz's ability to prevent their theft. Wait!" He crossed the room, and, catching hold of Schmalz's arm, shook him with all his might. His efforts scarcely moved the gigantic figure. It was not until he had bawled the preventer's name many times that the great, round eyes opened sleepily.

"Vell?" asked the mountain crossly.

"Mr. Dudley is not yet convinced," explained his secretary. "You will have to tell him more."

An expression like that of a disappointed baby's crossed Herr Schmalz's face, and he sighed ponderously. Then, with an obvious effort, he roused himself again.

"If the diamonds are stolen to-night," he said at length in his heavy, guttural, precise German-English, "they will be stolen by a middle-aged man about five feet seven inches tall, smooth-shaven, with a sunburnt face, a scar on the right cheek, blue-gray eyes, a high, broad forehead, and gray hair. He will have long, tapering hands, and will walk with a slight drag of his left foot. He will be dressed in shabby clothes, of what color I cannot say, but across the bottom of the back of the coat there will be a wide iron-rust stain. When such a man is about, take care of your diamonds; at other times they are quite safe. My fee is five hundred dollars, please."

With which the preventer of crime closed his eyes, and again went peacefully to sleep.

### III

I LOOKED at Dudley and he looked at me. Together, we burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Five hundred dollars! The whole affair was simply preposterous.

"All this is ridiculous!" exclaimed Dudley when he had recovered from his merriment.

The little man, who had stood watching us in silence, clutched the arm of the preventer of crime, and began wild-



ly shaking it once more. Again this proved ineffectual, and he was compelled to bawl into his employer's ear before he could awaken him.

"Vell?" asked Herr Schmalz acidly, as he blinked open his eyes. "Vat is it now?"

"They say you are ridiculous," explained his assistant.

A petulant look swept over the great flabby face, and for a moment it seemed that we were to be left to our fate, for the preventer of crime began to lift his heavy bulk. Apparently, however, the attractions of the soft divan were too seductive. After an effort or two, he permitted himself to sink back comfortably among the pillows, turning meanwhile a look of sulky disapproval upon Dudley.

"You say I am ridiculous, eh?" he said. "Vell, you are a fool! You would rather wait until the jewels are gone to find out who stole them, instead of finding out beforehand who could steal them and guarding them from him—eh?" He paused and waved a fat hand in the air. "If I tell you that one and one make two, you say I am ridiculous," he went on; "but if I show you the figures on a blackboard, and add them before you, then it is that I am a genius. A detective deduces for you the personality of a criminal after a crime has been committed, and you say it is marvelous; I do so before, with the same material, and you say I am an idiot. I am not an idiot, but a scientist. What I told you was not ridiculousness, but science. For every word I spoke there was a reason—a good reason. Listen!

"I told you that the thief would be shabbily dressed, with an iron-rust stain upon the bottom of the back of his coat. I said that because, in order to steal them, he would first have to know that you had removed them from the deposit-vault. Therefore, he was watching the door of the bank. To stand directly in front of the bank and watch would attract attention; so he must have watched from across the street—and across the street from your bank is Trinity churchyard. A well-dressed man could not stand in front of Trinity churchyard without attracting atten-

tion, so I said that he was shabbily dressed. You have not been to the bank for a long time, and probably he has waited all that time. Waiting is hard work. Naturally, he would lean against the fence to rest himself. The fence is iron; it is a very old fence, and the rain has rusted it; it would stain his coat. There you are—simplicity itself, is it not?"

He waved his hand once more, and blinked with satisfaction at this convincing demonstration of his own powers. Then he continued:

"I told you that the man would be of middle age. Nothing has ever been published about the Dudley diamonds, so he could not have learned of them in that way. The only time they were ever publicly exhibited was at a convention of diamond-cutters in Amsterdam, some twenty years ago. That is how he must have become acquainted with them. Only the gild of diamond-cutters were permitted to examine them on that occasion; and no man is allowed into the gild until he is past his twenty-fifth year. Therefore, this man must be forty-five, at least. He cannot be much more than that. No man has ever committed a daring robbery, as this would be, after the age of fifty-two—statistics will tell you that.

"I said that he would limp with his left foot and have a scar on his right cheek. No man has quitted the diamond gild of Amsterdam for twenty years, except to die or to be imprisoned for theft. Those that were imprisoned had their left legs chained to a ball and their right cheeks cut. He will be sunburnt, because waiting for you all summer in front of Trinity churchyard would cause him to become so. He will have blue-gray eyes, because only a man of exceptional daring would conceive such a reckless crime, and men of exceptional daring always have blue-gray eyes. He will be about five feet seven inches tall, because that is the only sized man who can work over a diamond-cutting table in Amsterdam; and I am satisfied that we shall find that at one time he worked there, for the reasons that I have already given. Moreover, only an expert diamond-cutter could safely dispose of the plunder, so

only such a one would attempt to secure it.

"The thief will have gray hair because of his privations in prison. No man could go through them and reach the age of forty-five without his hair turning gray. He will have a high, broad forehead, because that indicates high intelligence. Only a man of high intelligence will discover that you have hidden the jewels in that tobacco-jar. Only men of high intelligence are familiar with Poe and his theory of safely hiding a thing in the most conspicuous place possible. Only a man with long, tapering fingers could manage to extract them while you and your friend were here watching. But brush the tobacco off your sleeve. It is significant, when none of the pipes have been smoked today. It is not well to make it too easy for him."

He stopped abruptly, and peered at Dudley through his thick lenses. There was an odd quality in the look. It reminded me curiously of a child that has spoken its piece, and is waiting to be praised. Dudley stared back at him in silence. The other's discovery of the hiding-place of the jewels had disconcerted him. Finally Herr Schmalz spoke again.

"Do I get my fee?" he asked pathetically.

"But, my dear man," protested Dudley, "why should you get it? All you have said is, I admit, logical; but it is all imagination. We do not know that there is any such person as you have described. Indeed, it is almost certain that there is not."

"Imagination?" fumed Herr Schmalz. "Imagination? No! It is facts—absolute facts. Here you are with a pistol in your pocket—I can see the outline of it—waiting for a burglar, and suspecting every man you see. I tell you the one man to watch for. He may not exist at all, but if he does, he is the one man to fear. I prove that I am right, and you say it is nothing but imagination. Bah!"

Dudley was about to answer him, but a cry that was wrung from my lips made him pause. I had glanced idly out the window, and seen there a man standing and gazing intently at the

house. He was a middle-aged man, about five feet seven inches tall, with a sunburnt face and a scar on his right cheek. His eyes were blue-gray, and piercing. His hat was pushed back on his head, revealing the fact that his hair was gray and that his forehead was high and broad. His clothes were shabby. At every point he tallied with the imaginary description of Herr Schmalz.

At my cry, Dudley sprang to my side. Silently I pointed to the man. One glance showed him what I had seen. For a moment he stood looking at the stranger, his face white as paper, his hands trembling. Then, suddenly, he raised his hand and tapped upon the window-pane.

The sound attracted the man's attention. He looked up at us, and Dudley beckoned him to enter. With a nod, he turned and started to mount the steps. As he did so I cried aloud again, *for he limped with his left foot, and across the bottom of the back of his coat there was a huge stain of iron-rust!*

#### IV

For a moment I stood there, white and sick; then I turned toward Herr Schmalz. His head was on his breast, and he was peacefully snoring. He had fallen asleep again. His secretary sat silently beside him. Even as I looked upon them, the strange man entered the room. He crossed directly to where Dudley stood with his hand on the pistol in the pocket of his coat.

"Well?" asked the stranger gruffly. "What do you want?"

"If it comes to that," retorted Dudley sharply, "what do you want?" The man gave him a keen, shrewd glance.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," replied Dudley, "that I did not like the way you were watching this house, and I want to know why you were doing so?"

The man reddened, and glanced about him as if seeking for some means of escape. In doing so, his eyes fell upon Herr Schmalz.

"Well," he said at last, "if you must know, I was watching to see what that old swindler's game was."

As he spoke, he raised his hand and pointed to Schmalz. His answer aston-

ished both Dudley and myself. Before either of us could speak, the secretary, with a cry like a maddened beast, sprang at the stranger.

"Swindler!" he screamed. "Swindler! You swine, I'll teach you!"

The sudden onslaught took the man by surprise, but in an instant he had recovered, and was fighting like a madman. Before Dudley or I could prevent it, the two had made a circle of the room, turning over chairs, knocking down pictures, creating endless havoc. At last, however, the stranger's strength proved too much for the little man, and he managed to bend him back over the table, where he proceeded calmly to choke him. It was not until Dudley drew his revolver that he could be forced to desist. Then, sullenly, he released his hold on the well-nigh unconscious secretary.

While I helped the unfortunate combatant over to the side of the employer whom he had so strenuously defended, and who was still, despite all the noise, peacefully sleeping, I heard the man say to Dudley:

"What would you have me do? Didn't he attack me?"

"Get out of here, you brute!" cried Dudley through his clenched teeth, his revolver still pointed at the man. "Get out of here, quick, do you hear?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and, turning, left without a word. Dudley and I gazed at each other.

"Nice party I've given you, Dick," he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Then he stopped short, while his eyes grew wide with fear as he looked at the table. I followed the direction of his gaze, and started in alarm. The tobacco-jar had vanished!

Everything went black before me, and I felt myself reel backward. Then came a blessed relief. It was Carleton Dudley's voice.

"I see it, Dick," he said. "It's under the table—they must have knocked it off in the scrimmage."

I looked and saw it. Stooping down, I took it in my hand. It seemed wonderfully light. Quickly I thrust my fingers into the tobacco. There was nothing there. The jewels had gone!

"Good Heavens, Dudley," I cried, "they are not here! He must have secured them while he held the secretary there down on the table!"

He turned and sprang to Herr Schmalz's side, shaking him roughly and roaring out his name. The preventer of crime awoke with a start.

"Vell?" he queried crustily. "Vas iss?"

"The man you warned us of has come," cried Dudley, "and he has got the diamonds!"

Herr Schmalz gave a self-satisfied grunt, and leaned back comfortably.

"Vell," he said, "didn't I tell you so?"

#### NEVER AGAIN

I WILL sing with you, I will jest with you,  
I will dance with you down the year;  
But trudge a day on a dreary way?  
Never again, my dear!

I will feast with you when lights flare high  
And the hall is warm with cheer;  
But share a crust in a garret's dust?  
Never again, my dear!

I will laugh with you while lips may laugh,  
And jest while your ears may hear;  
But take your wo and your tears? Ah, no—  
Never again, my dear!

For the gold of the heart is given once—  
Yes, once, and but once, I fear;  
And a true love slain comes back to reign  
Never again, my dear!

*Theodosia Garrison*



MR. CARNEGIE AT WORK IN HIS STUDY AT SKIBO CASTLE

## ANDREW CARNEGIE AND HIS HOME IN SCOTLAND, SKIBO CASTLE

BY MORRIS BACHELLER

THERE are many multimillionaires in our days, and each one is noted for some especial thing. Of Mr. Andrew Carnegie it may be safely said that he is the multimillionaire who has managed to extract the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from his money. This is not merely because he has given away more than any other rich man of modern times, although as a giver he is—with the possible exception of John D. Rockefeller—in a class by himself, his benefactions already amounting to about one hundred and fifty million dollars.

His enjoyment must be due rather to the fact that in giving he has shown imagination and originality; and this is because he has never allowed the pursuit of money to become the one controlling factor of his life.

Few men have worked so hard. Few men have brought to bear such intensity of application to the task of conquering a way for themselves from poverty to affluence. But, all through the struggle, Mr. Carnegie has reserved some portion of his time and thought for others, and for himself as a human being. Unlike so

EDITOR'S NOTE—The illustrations accompanying this article are engraved from recent photographs taken at Skibo by Arthur Ulyett, London.



SKIBO (PRONOUNCED "SKEEBO") CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH TERRACE—ON THE TOWER FLIES MR. CARNEGIE'S FLAG, WHICH SHOWS THE UNION JACK ON ONE SIDE AND ON THE OTHER THE STARS AND STRIPES

many captains of industry, he has kept the play instinct alive, and therefore his capacity for pleasure and for wholesome recreation has never become atrophied.

#### MR. CARNEGIE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Nine years ago he condensed his life philosophy, to which he gave the name of "The Gospel of Wealth," into a few significant sentences. He said:

There are only two courses for multimillionaires to follow. Some may feel that although they have plenty to retire upon, they have very little to retire to. Many men who give up business become very unhappy. They have not cultivated other sources of pleasure or of occupation. In this case, men do not own the millions, but the millions own the men; and the multimillionaire is nothing but a slave.

Two years after Mr. Carnegie had said this, he himself became an example of one who not only had plenty to retire upon, but who had also a great deal to which he might retire. When, in 1901, he sold the great steel industry which he

had created with such keen sagacity and such untiring patience, and accepted four hundred millions in five-per-cent bonds as an equivalent, he was by no means a man who had "not cultivated other sources of pleasure or occupation." The public did not come to know him very well until the nineties; yet as far back as the time of the Civil War he had figured actively in national life as well as in finance. In association with Colonel Thomas A. Scott, he had directed the military railway and telegraphic system of the United States government in the Eastern States, thus rendering a very great service to his adopted country.

Even then, too, he had begun to cultivate a keen interest in many things outside of the day's work. He studied social questions; he read largely; he cherished the acquaintance of men of letters no less than that of men of money. In a perfectly unostentatious way, also, he was free-handed and generous, and practised a large hospitality. Thus, for instance, when Matthew Arnold visited America,

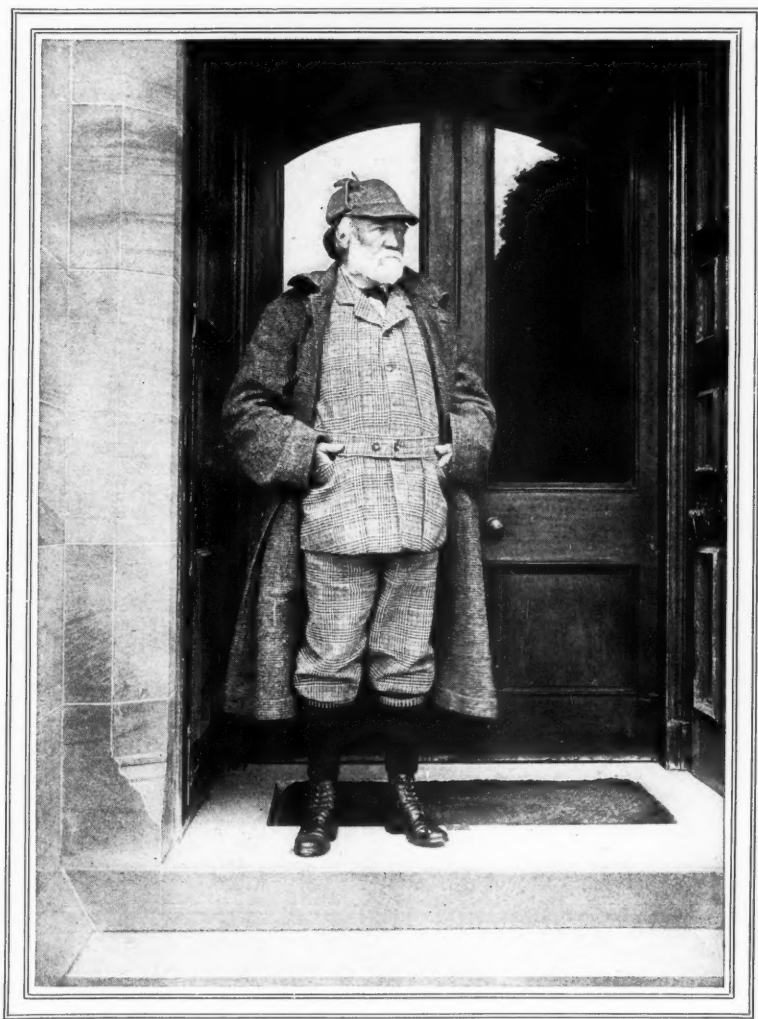


in 1883, Mr. Carnegie happened to cross on the same steamer with him. The great ironmaster, at that time, had no domestic establishment in New York, and yet he wished to offer some hospitality to Mr. Arnold. He mentioned casually to

gie's guests, an invitation which Mr. Arnold accepted.

#### AN ORIGINAL PHILANTHROPIST

Here is only one small instance of the thousand ways in which this unique mas-



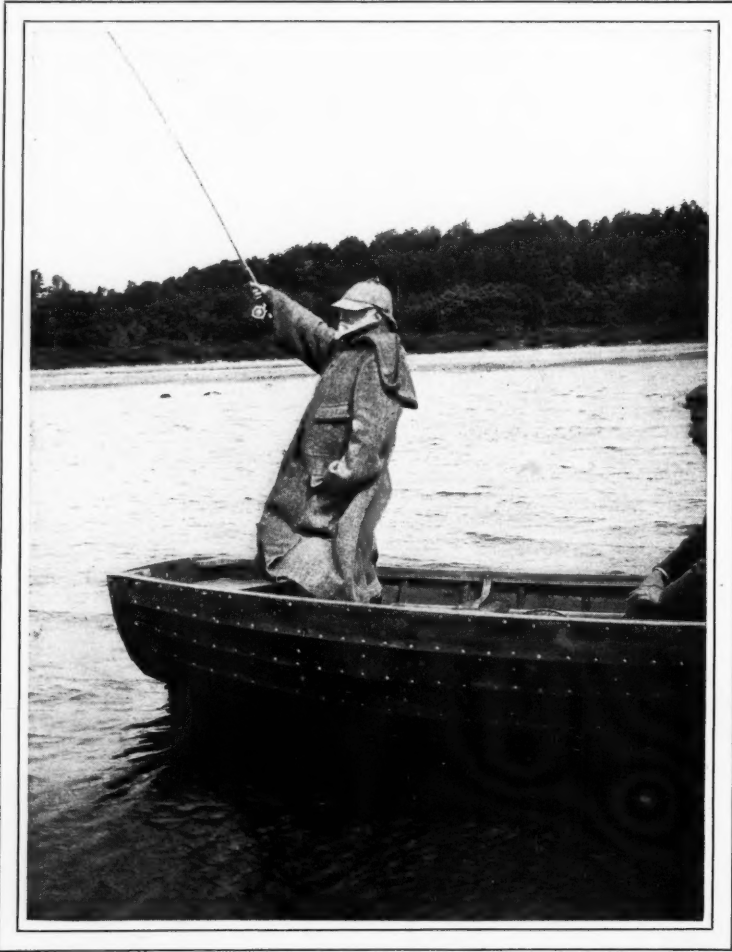
"THE LAIRD OF SKIBO"—MR. CARNEGIE AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF SKIBO CASTLE

the latter that an entire suite in one of the best-appointed hotels in New York was at his service throughout the whole of his stay in the United States, and that he would be conferring a favor if he and his daughter would occupy it as Mr. Carne-

ter of millions has made it plain that with him money has never been an end in itself, but always a means to attain some other and higher end. And just because he has never allowed himself to fall into a mental rut, he is sure to be remembered

when other men, even richer than he, shall have been forgotten. Others have endowed universities, but Mr. Carnegie's imagination leaped to a conception that was more original. When he gave ten

millionaire, it is likely, would have thought of building the superb Temple of Peace for The Hague Tribunal. Surely, no other would have come forward and offered to pay the United States govern-



MR. CARNEGIE AS A FISHERMAN—THE LOCHS AND STREAMS OF SKIBO HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY STOCKED, AND ARE AMONG THE BEST FISHING-GROUNDS IN THE HIGHLANDS

million dollars to establish the Carnegie Institution for original research, he created something which is to the universities what the universities themselves are to the colleges, and what the colleges are to the ordinary schools.

There is also, at times, a touch of the romantic and the picturesque in the objects for which he has given. No other

ment the sum of twenty million dollars in order that the Philippines might be a self-governing country. Others have founded a library or two; Mr. Carnegie has founded a hundred. One may regard his Hero Fund as slightly whimsical, and yet it reminds us of something which our country lacks, and which the older countries have—that is to say, a recognized means

of rewarding and publicly honoring gallant deeds. All these, and a score of other things, Mr. Carnegie would never have dreamed of doing had not his philosophy of life led him to cultivate the play instinct. It is this which gives elasticity to his mind, and which has kept him young in spirit and alert in action at the age of seventy.

#### THE LAIRD OF SKIBO

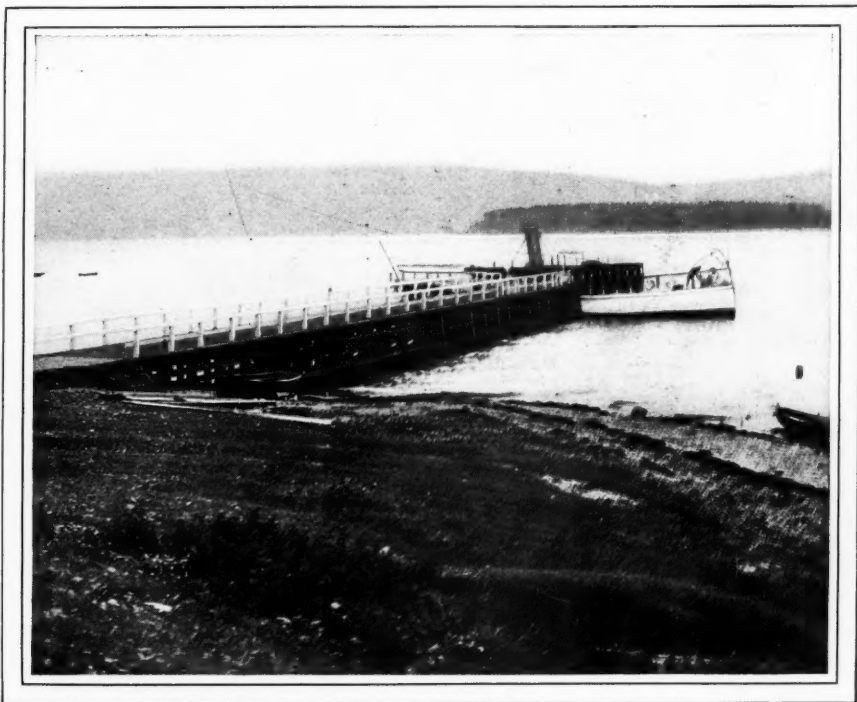
It is at Skibo Castle that Mr. Carnegie gives full play to his fondness for getting out of life all that it has to give. He once said: "I just count the days till I get back to it again"; and no wonder that he feels so. Here he has everything that can appeal to the vein of romance which runs through his nature. And here, too, although a most ardent American, he feels a keen Scottish pride in the land where he was born.

The flag which flutters from the main tower of the castle is very characteristic of the owner. On one side of it is worked the British Union Jack, while the other

shows the stripes and stars of the American national standard. There is something of the same odd, but pleasing, blend of nationalities in the customs of the castle. The bagpipes summon his guests to breakfast, much as in the days of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*; and Mr. Carnegie's head piper might have been the head piper of *Fergus MacIvor*; but the breakfast itself will have many American dishes, and the appointments of the castle represent the latest devices for comfort which can be found in the palatial cottages of Newport. The only omission, for a long time, was a smoking-room; for Mr. Carnegie not merely dislikes tobacco himself, but is said to object to its use by others. He has lately, however, conceded to the lovers of the "great god Nick o' Teen" a sanctuary where they may offer incense.

#### THE COUNTRY OF MACBETH

Skibo Castle lies at the very north of Scotland, in Sutherlandshire, not far removed from the supposed site of the



MR. CARNEGIE'S STEAM-YACHT, THE SEA BREEZE, MOORED AT HIS PRIVATE PIER ON DORNOCH FIRTH

castle of Dunsinane, from whose battlements *Macbeth* beheld the approach of Birnam Wood. The building, as it stands to-day, is a splendid pile of baronial architecture, built in the early Scottish style. It is approached by a beautiful



MR. CARNEGIE'S PIPER, WHO WAKES THE LAIRD OF SKIBO EACH MORNING BY PLAYING THE BAGPIPES UNDER HIS WINDOW

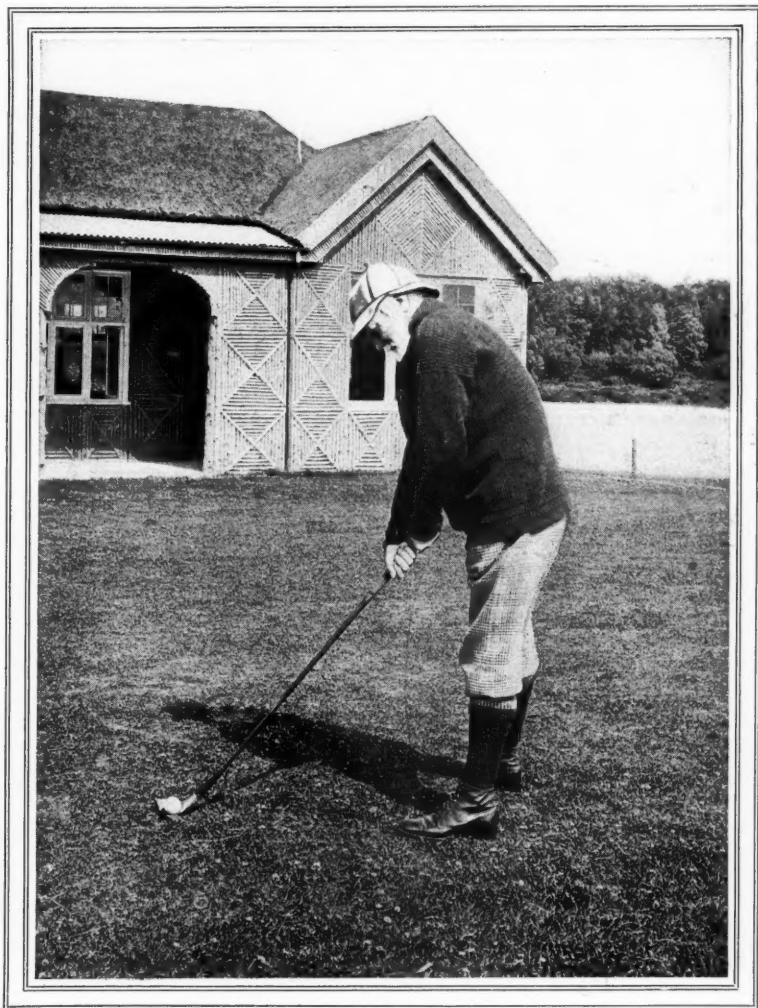
arcade of ancient trees, some of which are said to be more than seven hundred years old. In the neighboring woods and heaths are still to be found great stone circles and pillars set up by the Picts who roamed there in the days before Julius Caesar set foot on British soil. Some ten years ago, in a granite knoll west of the

castle, there was discovered a quantity of weapons and ornaments, belonging to the Bronze Age, which were pronounced by antiquaries to be more remarkable than any others yet unearthed in Scotland. There is a piquant contrast between these suggestions of the remote past and the golf-links, the salmon-ladder, the fine stables and dairy farm, the conservatories, the electric plant, and the flashing motor-cars that roll up and down the avenue.

In days gone by, Skibo was an abbey, and served as a residence for the Bishop of Dornoch. About the year 1400 it came into the hands of the Grays, a branch of the Grays of Gray and Kinfauns, in Perthshire, an ancient house whose name is found on many pages of Scotland's history. After the tenure of the Grays, which ended about the middle of the eighteenth century, it was owned by Sir Patrick Dowall; and it subsequently passed through the hands of various proprietors before its acquisition by Mr. Carnegie, about fifteen years ago. The estate extends in one direction for about eight miles, and in another for nearly twenty. It comprises, in all, more than thirty-five thousand acres, with its gardens and ornamental terraces, its crofts and farm lands, its woods, its trout-brooks, and its rugged mountains.

When Mr. Carnegie first acquired the castle it was in bad repair, and had none of the comforts and conveniences which modern life demands. Its bold nakedness, as it towered above its ancient trees, suggested the stronghold of some medieval baron. One might have expected to hear the winding of horns, the clash of a descending drawbridge, and, from its walls, the clangor of buckler and cuirass. Within it there still remained one of the barbarous man-traps which may have closed greedily upon human limbs two or three hundred years before.

Mr. Carnegie, however, wrought a marvelous transformation in the place. A touch of the ancient sternness was retained, yet in such a way as not to repel, but to attract. The rear of the castle was entirely demolished, and then an army of men, under the judicious direction of architects and contractors, enlarged the castle until it was far more imposing and spacious than it had ever been before. It houses with perfect ease



ON THE SKIBO LINKS, IN FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE—GOLF IS MR. CARNEGIE'S FAVORITE EXERCISE, AND HE HAS CONSTRUCTED AN EXCELLENT NINE-HOLE COURSE AT SKIBO

not only the thirty or forty servants who are attached to the place, but large parties of distinguished guests who are entertained there during the summer and autumn season. Even so, and when a whole family comes to Skibo, its members have an entire suite of apartments to themselves, with the same privacy and comfort which would be theirs in their own home.

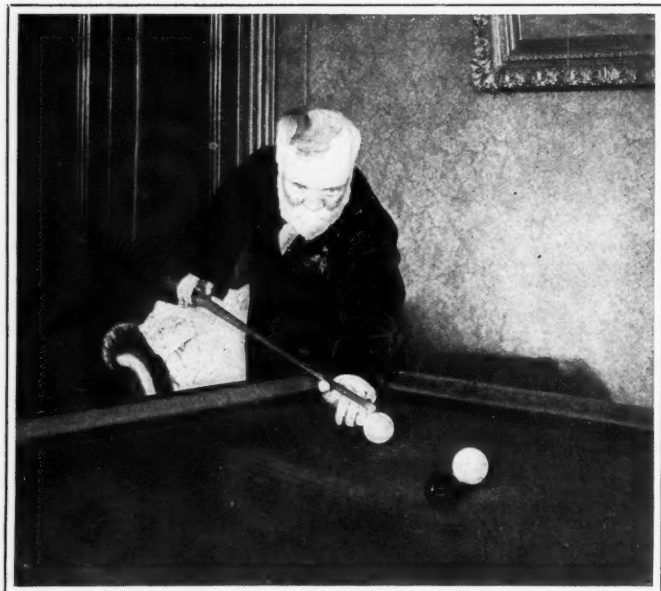
In the autumn every year there is a great dance to which Mr. Carnegie, after the patriarchal fashion of the old

Highland lairds, invites all his retainers and every crofter on the Skibo estate. More than once, too, he has entertained from a thousand to fifteen hundred of his tenants and their neighbors at an outdoor fête.

#### DAILY LIFE AT SKIBO CASTLE

Many very wealthy men, when they retire from business, break down from the mere reaction. Having had so much to do, the necessity of doing nothing makes them miserable. But with Mr. Carnegie,





IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT SKIBO CASTLE

it was only an exchange of one form of activity for another. At Skibo Castle this is quite as true as anywhere. Not an hour of his day is unoccupied. He rises early, goes through so much of his voluminous mail as his secretary sifts out for his personal reading, and then, in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, he is out to get the full enjoyment of the world of sun and sky and water. At one time, he is on the golf-links, handling the implements of the game with the deftness of a native Scot. Again, he will take his yacht, which is always lying ready at the pier, and will steam out on Dornoch Firth. Still again, in a small

can scarcely wait each year for the time to come when he shall once more visit it. Through the winter months the picture of it must often recur to him—the towering white mass of the castle, framed in rich, dark foliage; the meadows, the wooded slopes, the spread of open water, and the blue of the mountain ridges.

This, surely, is the rational apotheosis of wealth—not that it shall give man power to dominate and impoverish his fellow men; but that it shall lead him upward out of the turmoil and sordid strife of getting gain to years when he can help his fellows and live his own life in communion with all that is good.

boat, paddled gently by a gillie, he will fish for trout or salmon. If the weather prove inclement, he has a turn at the billiard-tables, or diverts himself in the splendid swimming-bath which is near the castle, and which is covered by a glass roof that can be made to slide apart, so that the swimmer has a clear sky overhead.

No wonder, then, that the owner of this fascinating place

#### BEFORE THE CAMP-FIRE

THE dancing flames, as from the logs they fly  
And upward leap as if to greet the sky,  
Seem like the souls of fallen pines to me,  
Eager, elate, at thought of being free.

And now and then a soft, scarce whispered hiss  
That greets the ear suggests a parting kiss;  
Or is't the sigh of one who at the last  
Recalls some happy moment of the past?

*John Kendrick Bangs*

# THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

VANCE TREGARVON has staked his fortunes on his success in developing a Southern coal-mine, the Ocoee. He has several difficulties to face. One is the fact that the coal, where it crops out, is in two veins, separated by six feet of sandstone, and too thin for profitable working with so much rock to excavate. Another is the hostility of the McNabbs, a native family who claim title to part of the Ocoee land; and yet another is the danger of attempting to compete with the powerful C. and C. Company—the "trust."

By drilling a series of test-holes, Tregarvon hopes to find that farther back in the mountain his two veins of coal come together, making it possible to mine them at a good profit; and on this plan he commences operations. With him is his college friend, Poitiers Carfax, a rich young New Yorker, who has made the journey to the Cumberland Mountains in Tregarvon's motor-car, with a mechanic (Rucker) and an English valet (Merkley). Carfax and Tregarvon have taken up their quarters in a dilapidated office-building belonging to the mine, where an old negro, Uncle William, acts as their cook and butler.

The only society which the surrounding region affords is that of the faculty of Highmount, a small college at a few miles' distance, where they are welcomed by President Caswell and the half-dozen instructors. Vance is engaged to a cousin in Philadelphia, Miss Elizabeth Wardwell, to whom a Western uncle has willed a fortune on condition that she marries Tregarvon. This unwelcome financial consideration has proved somewhat of a bar between the cousins; and now the young fellow finds an undeniable attraction in the company of Richardia Birrell, the Highmount music-teacher.

The exploration of the Ocoee coal-veins is hampered by a series of accidents to the drilling-machinery; and Carfax, coming down from Highmount in the motor-car, narrowly escapes being wrecked by a tree that seems to have been purposely thrown across the road. Tregarvon does not know whether to blame the trust or the McNabbs for these suspicious incidents; and Carfax suggests a third possible cause in the apparent enmity of Professor Hartridge, science-teacher at Highmount. While the fourth test-hole is being driven on Mount Pisgah, Rucker, the mechanic, installs himself as night watchman to guard the machinery. From his shelter he hears a wagon driving up, and sees two figures apparently inspecting the operations that Tregarvon's men have in hand. Later two more figures appear, carrying some mysterious apparatus, and making signals which Rucker does not understand. Next day, Tregarvon and Carfax trace the tracks of wheels to Highmount—a fact which increases their suspicion of Professor Hartridge; and the following night they decide to mount guard themselves.

## XII

WHEN the two young men reached the glade of the drilling-plant, they sat on the doorstep of the tool-house and smoked for a little while—sat there until Carfax suggested that the ghosts might be too bashful to come out while there were two watchers in plain sight. After which they went in and took turns standing at the little window.

During Carfax's second turn at the window, he reached backward and laid a hand on his companion.

"Get up and look steadily at that big oak out beyond the engine," he said quietly; "the one where we found the tripod marks." And, when Tregarvon had complied: "What do you see?"

"Nothing."

"But I did—a moment ago. There is a man behind that tree."

"Nonsense!" said Tregarvon. "I tell

you, Poitiers, you're getting jumpy, like Rucker. The oak isn't big enough to hide a man."

"Just the same, he's there," retorted Carfax, still whispering. "I suppose it didn't occur to you that we might need something more persuasive than our bare hands up here to-night, did it?"

"No; and we sha'n't," growled Tregarvon. "What we can't handle peaceably, we'll let go."

"All right," said the golden youth mildly. "Only, if I had a gun, I'd go out and capture that gentleman who is hiding behind the tree."

"Oh, you're rattled, Poitiers! There isn't any one there."

"All right, again; have it that way if you like. Only don't forget to keep your eye on the tree."

That was the beginning of a silent watch which was maintained for a full half-hour. The night was perfectly calm; there was not wind enough to rustle the browning leaves of the oaks or to whisper in the pines. The forest was vocal with its orchestra of night noises; but these, too, answered for a background of silence.

Once, Tregarvon thought he saw something moving among the trees at a little distance beyond the oak, and his fingers closed upon Carfax's arm; but when he looked again, there was nothing to be seen.

"This is tremendously exciting," said Carfax finally, in gentle irony. "If I weren't absolutely certain that I saw a man dodge behind that tree a while back, I'd fall asleep."

"Do it, anyway," Tregarvon suggested. "I'll stand the first watch, and call you when I get sleepy. Take Rucker's cot."

"Do you really mean it?" yawned Carfax.

"Sure. Turn in and take your forty winks. If anything seems likely to happen, I'll let you know."

"Then, I believe I will. I haven't been so sleepy since the year before Noah built the ark of gopher-wood. If Mrs. Caswell wasn't as far above suspicion as the angels of light, I'd accuse her of having put something in that last cup of black coffee."

Five minutes later, Tregarvon was

standing his watch alone at the little square window, and wishing he could decently follow his companion's example. Nevertheless, he struggled manfully against the rising tide of somnolence, nodding and recovering with a jerk when he realized that he had lost himself for the moment.

A distinct clink of metal upon stone awoke him with a violent start, and made him turn swiftly from the window to the door, which commanded a better view of the drill-derrick. Standing fairly in the midst of the small clearing in the forest, the drilling machinery was boldly struck out in the white moonlight, in outline and detail. When he peered through the half-opened door, Tregarvon saw a man crouching in the center of the square marked off by the four legs of the derrick-frame. The clinking noise was repeated, and the watcher faced about and felt his way to the cot-bed in the corner.

"Wake up, Poitiers, old man!" he whispered; "the play's begun."

Carfax sat up promptly, and asked but a moment for the finding of himself.

"I'm all here," he said at the expiration of the moment. "What's doing?"

Tregarvon led him silently to the door, and pointed to the square of bared bedrock under the derrick-frame. There was a man there, undoubtedly. He was standing up, and apparently scrutinizing something which lay in the palm of his right hand. The rush of the two young men was evidently totally unexpected; but the intruder did not try to escape. So far from it, he lifted his soft hat politely and said:

"I give you good evening again, gentlemen. You took me completely by surprise—as perhaps you meant to. I was quite sure you were both safely in bed in Coalville, by this time."

"No," said Carfax very gently and pleasantly. "We have not been in Coalville. We have been here, waiting quite patiently—for you, Mr. Hartridge."

"That was kind," replied the schoolmaster. "And, now that your patient waiting has been duly rewarded—?"

"We shall ask you to solve the little problem in psychology for us," put in

Tregarvon. "We'd like to know what you have just been putting into that drill-hole."

"And if I assure you that I have been putting nothing into it, what then, Mr. Tregarvon?"

"In that case, I shall ask Mr. Carfax to see that you don't run away while I ascertain for myself," was the firm rejoinder.

A careful dip of the long cleaning-spoon into the test-hole brought up a handful of small metallic objects; cubes cut from a bar of tool steel, they appeared to be. At sight of them, Tregarvon laughed grimly.

"We owe you one for a day lost and four drill-points all but ruined, Mr. Hartridge," he said; adding: "But we'll credit your account with this present failure to make us do it all over again next Monday. Would you mind telling us, in so many words, what your object has been—or still is, perhaps?"

The professor's smile was imperturbably bland.

"I'm sure you wouldn't put me on the witness-stand in my own defense," he said amiably. "Especially as you have no evidence of anything worse than a neighborly call at a somewhat unseasonable hour."

At this Carfax came quite close, and he forgot to lisp when he said:

"Mr. Hartridge, may I ask you to remove your overcoat for one moment?"

The tone of the request admitted of no denial, and the professor smilingly complied, quoting Scripture for it:

"If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak, also." Anything to oblige a friend, Mr. Carfax."

Carfax took the surrendered coat, and, feeling in the right-hand pocket, drew out one of the little cubes of hardened steel—the one which Hartridge had hastily concealed at the moment of surprise.

"Thank you; that is all," said the young millionaire, returning the coat, or, rather, holding it thoughtfully while Hartridge put it on. "You will hardly deny that we have sufficient evidence now, I take it?"

The schoolmaster spread his hands as one who has done his best, and is only regretful that he can do no more.

"Let us assume that the case has gone to the jury—what is the verdict, gentlemen?"

"You are asking what we mean to do?" queried Tregarvon.

"That is it, precisely. What can you do? Drag me before the nearest justice of the peace on the charge of malicious mischief? You would hardly care to disturb the peace of an old and honored institution of learning like Highmount College by such a proceeding as that, would you?"

Tregarvon could not help smiling at the cool audacity of the man, and Carfax laughed outright. It was the young millionaire who climbed into the breach.

"As you suggest, Mr. Hartridge, our hands are tied, to a certain extent. You are perfectly well aware of the fact that Highmount and its hospitality stand as the only barriers between us and social starvation. Let us try to discover a *modus vivendi*. There is no fun in the game of 'I spy' after you've been caught. Hereafter, when anything happens to us, if it's sufficiently annoying to make us vindictive, we shall know where to send the constable. You quoted Scripture at me a moment ago; let me return the compliment—'Go in peace, and sin no more.'"

The professor drew himself up, smiled, lifted his hat, and said quite genially:

"I thank you, gentlemen."

After which he walked away, turning at the edge of the glade to bow and lift his hat again.

Carfax drew a long breath when the tall, black-coated figure was lost among the tree-trunks.

"Now, that is what I call pure, unadulterated, inspected-and-passed-by-the-government, put-up-in-the-original-pack-age, arctic nerve!" he ejaculated, wiping his brow. "If you have any better name for it—"

"I haven't," said Tregarvon shortly; and he went across to sit on the tool-house door-step.

Carfax joined him a little later, and for a long time they sat and smoked in silence, not because there was nothing to talk about, but rather because neither was in the mood for talking. When Carfax had finally exhausted his ciga-

rette-case, he rose, stretched, yawned, and looked at his watch, holding the face up to the moonlight.

"Ten minutes past eleven," he announced. "Do we turn in and sleep a few lines? Or, is it a continuous performance—like what the vaudeville people advertise?"

"Go inside and finish your nap," said Tregarvon, making a virtue of necessity. "I'm not sleepy now; don't know as I ever shall be again."

"But if there's going to be another act—" was the genial protest.

"There isn't going to be, to-night. The star has gone home and to bed. If he gets up and walks in his sleep, I'll call you."

"All right," said Carfax, and he disappeared in the darkness of the tool-house, while Tregarvon began to tramp a monotonous sentry-beat up and down before it. But a minute or two afterward the sentry thrust his face into the little window to say:

"Asleep yet, Poitiers?"

"My Heavens, no! Do you take me for an autohypnotist?"

"I've just developed a notion, and it's beginning to gnaw me," explained the sentinel on duty. "I can't begin to square Hartridge's gladsome attitude with the other thing. What if the man who was on his hands and knees under the derrick when I went to call you wasn't the school-teacher, after all?"

"Oh, good Lord! Trying to drag somebody else into it, when the character-cast is already full and running over, and the supernumeraries have all been tagged and labeled? Turn the notion out of doors; tread on it; break its back with a stick! We caught Hartridge with the goods on him, didn't we?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing; only, now that I come to think of it coolly, I would almost be willing to swear that the man I saw dropping things into the hole wasn't wearing Hartridge's kind of hat, and he didn't seem long enough by a foot or so to straighten up to the Hartridge altitude."

"Oh, granny! Go off and do your little sentry-go. Your head is mud-

dled, and you want to pass it on to me. I'm asleep, I tell you! Sound asleep. I don't hear a word you say."

Tregarvon gave it up—not the lately developed notion, which grew rather more insistent the more he thought about it, but the attempt to interest Carfax. During the lonely two-hour watch which followed, he had time to go thoughtfully over the events of the night, to set them in orderly array, and to let the unconsidered minor happenings fit into their places and weigh as they would.

The process straightened out a few of the tangles, or it seemed to. Richardia's concern, expressed by her fear that violence might grow out of the antagonisms, was probably for Hartridge. But was Hartridge alone in the campaign of obstruction? Was it not possible that at least one other, one whose immunity from violence was equally a matter of affectionate concern on Richardia's part, was involved?

Tregarvon recalled the little he had heard of Judge Birrell, and it was all favorable to the assumption that Richardia's father was a strong possibility on the side of reprisals. An old man, whose estate had been ruined by Northern invaders, warlike or commercially treacherous; a man pictured by local gossip as a hermit, living largely in the past, and quite possibly with a past generation's convictions touching a man's right to fight for his own hand; a mountain baron, of a sort who could doubtless command the services of more than one loyal henchman; what more likely than that he was avenging himself in his own way upon the legal successor of those who had robbed him?

The supposition grew more tenable the longer Tregarvon dwelt upon it. In at least two instances Hartridge might be held exempt. It was incredible that the man who had come to the Coalville headquarters as a guest had deliberately plotted to have his host's motor-car wrecked on its return from Highmount. Also, it was difficult to conceive the professor of mathematics in the rôle of the rough practical joker who had scared Rucker with a resin-filled skull, dug, doubtless, out of the old burying-ground.



On the other hand, the murderous attempt and the grim joke fitted the mountain-baron-henchman idea; as did the fact, if it were a fact, that there were two persons concerned in the recent episode of the steel cubes—that Hartridge had stayed and stood his ground merely to cover the retreat of his fellow conspirator.

It all seemed quite coherent to Tregarvon while he was thinking it out and piecing it together; and so long as the mental effort fed the fire of wakefulness, he was all that an alert sentinel should be. But, after the various suppositions were all properly labeled and docketed and pigeonholed, the physical reaction came; and sleep sat upon his shoulders, wrapped its legs around his neck, and rode him like an Old Man of the Sea.

He fought a good fight, keeping it up until he had exhausted every device he could think of, and yielding only when he found himself actually falling asleep as he walked. When it came to that, he was reduced to the necessity of either giving up the night watch or calling Carfax to help him complete it.

He chose, or meant to choose, the latter expedient; but the good resolution failed while he was trying to put it into execution. Groping his way drowsily into the dark interior of the tool-shanty, he stumbled over the spare coil of rope, sat down upon it, and in the flitting of a bat's wing was past help.

### XIII

WHEN Tregarvon opened his eyes again, the high-riding moon had swung into the west, the glade was bathed in a ghostly penumbra of gray shadow, and Carfax was shaking him gently.

"Another act on," whispered the impromptu call-boy; "no speaking parts out yet—only pantomime, so far. But it's worth sitting up to see."

Tregarvon, still only a little better than a dead man, suffered Carfax to lead him to the outlook window. Blinking sleepily out upon the little clearing, he presently made out the figure of another intruder. At some little distance from the engine end of the drilling-plant, a man, old and black, if the uncertain light could be trusted, was

squatting on the ground and rocking himself gently back and forth in time with a weird, crooning melody.

What he was doing was not so easily understood. From time to time he would stop the swaying movement to take a small white object from a basket at his side. These objects he appeared to be arranging in some sort of a figure on the ground, to the accompaniment of the droning incantation.

"How long has he been there?" Tregarvon asked, when the lethargy of sleep was partly overcome.

"Just a little while," was the low-toned reply. "I awoke about half an hour ago—Rucker's cot is only a shade better than the soft side of a pine plank—and when I looked out, the moon was going over to the other side of the world, and everything was quiet. A little later he came; just appeared, as if he had materialized out of the lengthening shadows. When I first noticed him, he was doing just what he is doing now."

"But what is he doing?" queried Tregarvon.

"Write your guess on a piece of paper and send it to the puzzle editor," said Carfax. "If we had begun doing that at first, the editor would have a choice collection by this time."

"I've been making a few more guesses myself," said Tregarvon. "I was coming in to unload them on you when my eyes went shut. What time is it?"

"About two o'clock; the real witching hour. I want to go home."

"Go out and tell the old conjurer, yonder; possibly he's got a rubbing-lamp or a square of magic carpet in his basket," chuckled the master of the Ocoee. "Doesn't the wild and weird atmosphere of this heritage of mine get on your nerves? Something doing all the time. I'm going to put up a sign on the derrick-frame: 'Don't shoot the stunt-setter; he's doing the best he can.'"

"Sh! What is the old ghost-doctor up to now?"

The droning chant had ceased, and the old negro was crouching or kneeling at one end of the oblong figure traced by the circling row of white ob-

jects. The silence was profound—so perfect that the snapping of a tiny twig shattered it like the report of a pistol. Both of the watchers started at the sound, but the kneeling devotee, crouching beside his magic circle, seemed not to have heard it.

"What was that?" whispered Carfax.

"I'm guessing again," said Tregarvon; "the obi-devil, possibly, coming in answer to the old medicine-man's incantations."

"Guess again," cut in the New Yorker excitedly. "Look this way—get a line on the corner of the derrick-frame and follow it over into the woods. See him?"

Tregarvon said "Yes," and began to grope for a weapon. A man, hatless and with a handkerchief bound about his head, was edging his way cautiously out of the undergrowth. In the hollow of his left arm he carried a long gun, the rifle of the mountaineers, and his advance was like that of the deer-stalking hunter.

"Pot-hunting for us, this time, do you think?" queried Carfax under his breath; but Tregarvon pressed his arm for silence. The cautious approach was not in the direction of the tool-shanty; it was toward the engine of the drilling machinery.

"That's the fellow we want to surround," whispered Tregarvon. "If he had a hat on, I'd swear he was the man I saw kneeling under the derrick—before he made his little drop-out and left Hartridge to throw dust for him. By Jove, he acts as if he were scared!"

The exclamation was not unwarranted. The man with the gun was creeping toward the portable engine, watchful, starting at every whisper of the night air in the pines, exhibiting all the outward signs of the inward tension which is ready to snap and recoil in panic.

When he passed out of sight behind the derrick, Carfax would have led the charge; but Tregarvon restrained him.

"Hold on," Vance advised. "Let's wait and find out what he means to do, first."

The man was creeping on hands and knees when he came in sight again, and the long gun had been left behind.

When he rose up he was at the smoke-stack end of the engine-boiler, and was unscrewing the fastenings of the iron door which gave access to the smoke-box and the flues.

They let him get the door unfastened; saw him swing it open by slow inchings; saw him thrust an arm into the sooty depths of the smoke-box.

"Now!" cried Tregarvon hoarsely; but panic was before them. Just as the man was withdrawing his arm from the smoke-box, a deep groan shuddered upon the stillness. With a cry that was like the snarl of a cornered animal, the man leaped up and flung out his arms as if to ward off a blow. At that, the huddled figure at the glade's edge groaned again, and a terrified "Oh, Lordy!" cut the silence like a knife.

That was sufficient. At the spot where the man with the handkerchief about his head had stood clutching the air there was a sudden void, and even the noise of his crashing retreat through the undergrowth had died away before the watchers at the tool-house could give chase.

They captured the ghost-doctor, however, and were not greatly surprised when the old negro proved to be Uncle William. His nocturnal wandering to the mountain-top was sufficiently explained when he pointed to the sunken mound ringed about with bits of broken china.

"Dar's whah my ol' 'ooman is, mars-tehs; yis, suh; right dar's whah dey bury her. Dat triflin' niggah, Sam, from de ol' place, come erlong down de mounting day befo' yestidday, en he say you-all gemmen a trompin' 'round en mashin' up t'ings in de ol' buryin'-groun'. I know dat ain' so, but I say to mahse'f, 'Willyum, you gwine right up dar and put dem little grabe-stones you been savin' 'round Mammy Ann; den Marsteh Tregarbin ain' gwine 'sturb nuffin' belongin' ter you.'"

"No," said Tregarvon, choking a little in spite of himself; "you may be sure we sha'n't disturb your wife's grave; or any of the others, if we can help it. I didn't know, until after we had begun work here, that this open place was a burying-ground. Now, tell me, do you know who that man was who

stood there by the engine and made motions at you?"

"I 'spec' dat was de ol' debbil, hese'f, marsteh; couldn't 'a' been nobody else; no, suh."

"What makes you think it was the devil, Uncle William?" asked Carfax.

"'Cause he go off *bing* in a puff o' yaller smoke when I say, 'Oh, Lordy!'"

Tregarvon had been groping mentally in the old man's explanation to see if it held any of the missing puzzle pieces.

"You say that Sam, from the 'old place,' told you we were working here, Uncle William. Who is Sam, and where is the 'old place'?"

"Sam, he's dat triflin', no-'count niggah dat marsteh judge keep for stable niggah—when der ain' nuffin' in de stable but de ol' dapple gray dat's ol'er 'n what I is, hyuh, hyuh! But de ol' marsteh judge ain' gwine turn nobody off de ol' place while dar's a rind o' bacon in de gre't house; no, suh."

It was at this point that Tregarvon sprang his little trap.

"Why did he turn you off, Uncle William?"

"Who, me? No, suh—I—Miss Dick, she—"

"It's all right—never mind, Uncle William," Tregarvon hastened to say.

"And now we'll keep the devil away while you go on setting your tombstones. I'm sorry we had to break in."

"Dey's all sot; yes, suh. Dat's de bes' I kin do for ol' Mammy Ann. I's gwine tromp off down de mounting ag'in, now. Must be gettin' might' nigh de ol' man's bedtime; yes, suh; it am dat. I's sayin' good night to you-all; an' t'ank you kin'ly, marstehs."

When the old negro had shuffled away down the wood road toward the pike, the two young men came back to the affair of the moment, which was to find out what the man with the long gun had been doing to the engine of the drilling-plant.

The smoke-box door was standing open, as he had left it, and Tregarvon struck a match and held it in the small sooty cavern. What he saw made him withdraw the match suddenly and blow it out.

"Did it bite you?" said Carfax genially.

Tregarvon's rejoinder was not in words. Thrusting an arm into the smoke-box, he drew out a paper-wrapped cylinder with a capped fuse buried in one end of it, and passed it to Carfax, with the remark:

"I guess we can stay awake till morning on the strength of that, don't you think, Poictiers?"

"Dynamite!" gasped Carfax, holding the cartridge between thumb and finger, and at arm's length.

"Yes; it was poked into one of the flues, and it made no account of Rucker, who would be the one to stir up the fire before breakfast Monday morning."

"Say, by Jove, Vance! This is getting serious!" said the golden youth, forgetting even the slight hint of a lisp. "We've got to 'take measures,' as my father used to say. Let's go back to the shanty and talk it over. I'm like you—I'm not sleepy now, and I don't know as I ever shall be again."

The talk on the door-step of the tool-house was prolonged far beyond Tregarvon's recounting of the suppositions pieced together in the reflective hours of his lonely sentry-go. But it came back to the suppositions in the end, with Carfax checking the probabilities off on his fingers.

"So it figures out about this way," he said, not too cheerfully. "We have Judge Birrell as lord high executioner to the receivers of stolen goods—always without Miss Richardia's approval or consent, as a matter of course—and Professor Hartridge as his able deputy in the field. Then there is this common hangman, who acts under orders, and possibly exceeds them, now and then, and he seems to be the only one of the lot that we can satisfactorily pinch—when we catch him. Uncle William isn't in it, is he?"

Tregarvon's eyes were gloomy.

"I've been wrestling with that," he confessed. "Everything inside of me rises up to say no; but he is evidently an old house servant of the judge's, and he was sent straight to me from Westwood; that's beyond question."

"As a spy? Perish the thought!"

ranted Carfax, carefully covering his earnestness with an overlaying of extravagance, as his habit was. "With the memory of Uncle William's unapproachable little dinners in my mind—or mouth—I'll defend him to the last gasp!"

"He is negligible," said Tregarvon briefly. "But this dynamiting emissary of Hartridge's, or the judge's, isn't. We've got to overtake him in some way. If we don't, he'll fool around until he hurts somebody."

"Yes, verily," laughed Carfax. "Any guesses coming to you—as to who he is?"

"One little one; and it wouldn't be worth mentioning if it didn't fit in with the others. You saw that he was bare-headed?"

"Yes."

"And that he wore a handkerchief, or a bandage of some sort, instead of a hat?"

"Another yes."

"Well, the day before yesterday the man we've been calling Morgan got hurt, and had to have his head tied up in about the same way."

"All right; but *Sherlock Holmes* wouldn't stop with that."

"Neither do I. Tryon told me a little tale yesterday that forges the connecting-link. Morgan and Sill are both McNabbs, as we know. For some reason of their own, they dropped the surname when they hired out to me."

"Good!" approved Carfax; "the plot thickens. Can't you stir in a little more stiffening?"

"With the help of Tryon's story, I can. It seems that these men are, or have been, moonshiners—distillers of illicit whisky. Some years ago the revenue officers raided their secret still back here on Pisgah, and sniped these two, with a number of others. Morgan McNabb and his brother were booked for the penitentiary, and would have gone there if Judge Birrell hadn't climbed into the breach and fought for them."

Carfax was slowly stuffing the short pipe he had borrowed from his companion.

"I begin to see daylight," he said. "What was the judge's object?"

"Pure clan loyalty, Tryon says. The McNabbs lived on his land, and were 'his people.'"

"Um," commented the golden youth. "And it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Well, we've got the Saturday before us, with nothing special to do. Suppose we telegraph to Hester-ville for the sheriff, borrow Tait's team, and make a party call on the man with the bandaged head?"

But now Tregarvon objected.

"Oh, hold on, Poictiers," he protested. "You forget that we are to drive over to Westwood Sunday afternoon. If we arrest the judge's henchman on the Saturday—"

"That's so," said Carfax, calling up the cherubic smile. "I did forget; and we mustn't make it embarrassing for—"

"Don't say it," snapped Tregarvon. "How many thousand times have I got to tell you that Richardia isn't mixed up in this miserable business, even by implication?"

"I was going to say, 'for the judge,' only you wouldn't let me finish," said Carfax with great meekness.

#### XIV

WITH the object-lessons of the night to emphasize the need for vigilance, Tregarvon and Carfax agreed that the drilling-plant must not be left unguarded during the Saturday of enforced idleness. Accordingly, soon after daybreak, Carfax walked down the mountain to send Tryon and a man or two of the track-gang up to relieve Tregarvon.

This arrangement left the owner of the Ocoee to do sentry duty alone until the guard relief should come, and he did it by promptly falling asleep on the door-step of the tool-shanty; this before Carfax had covered the first of the two miles measuring the short-cut path to Coalville.

It was a brusk "Hallo!" that awakened him, and he sat up with a start to find a round-faced, pursy little man in business garb and driving-gloves leaning with arms folded against the derrick-frame. A horse and buggy standing in the wood road accounted for the manner of the visitor's coming, if not for its object.

"Good morning," said Tregarvon, gathering his waking wits as he could. "Fine morning for a drive through the woods."

The little man smiled.

"Fine morning for a nap in the sunshine," he countered. "Do you belong to the out-of-door sleepers—the 'simple-lifers'—Mr. Tregarvon?"

"Not permanently," laughed Tregarvon; "though I confess I'm so simple as not to be able to recall your name."

"Good! Dev'lish good!" chuckled the visitor. "Couldn't have turned it more neatly myself. I'm Thaxter, Wilmerding's bookkeeper at Whitby. One of my fads is to drive before breakfast. Excellent habit, Mr. Tregarvon; let me recommend it. Gives you an appetite like a coal-heaver. Speaking of coal—how are you getting along taking soundings on the old Ocoee? Hit it yet?"

"Not yet," admitted Tregarvon, warming to the little man's kindly interest. "But I'm still living in hopes."

Thaxter pursed his lips to match the general effect of him.

"Mean thing to say to a man before breakfast—you haven't breakfasted yet, have you?—but you are butting your head against a stone wall, Mr. Tregarvon. Haven't they told you that?"

"If your 'they' refers to the Coalville gossips, I've been duly warned. They told me, with all the variations, before I'd had time to climb the mountain."

"But not specifically, I suppose. You should have come to me. While I'm an employee of the C. and C., my pay-roll connection with the big company wouldn't have kept me from doing you a good turn. And I could have given you chapter, page, and verse."

"Possibly you will do it now, Mr. Thaxter. We're mere babes in the wood, Carfax and I, needing a guardian pretty badly, I dare say."

"You certainly needed a little friendly counsel from some one who knew what he was talking about. You'll never find your coal up here, Mr. Tregarvon."

"That is what they all say; but they don't tell me precisely why I sha'n't."

"Ah," said the little man, shaking

his head regretfully. "Human nature is the same everywhere. Tait could have told you, or Tryon, or Walters—all of them who have lived here long enough. But you had money, and were willing to spend it. It would have been killing the golden-egged goose to drive you away."

"Thank you for trying to break it easily to me, Mr. Thaxter; but I'm braced for it now. Hurl it in!"

"They could have told you that this boring experiment of yours had been tried before all over the mountain-top. I suppose I could show you a dozen holes, if they are not all filled up and hidden under the leaves."

Tregarvon was thinking hard.

"Does Captain Duncan know this?" he asked.

"I presume so. He ought to know it. The testing was done by the New Ocoee Coal Company, and it may have been during the summer that the captain spent in the West. Come to think, I believe it was. But surely he didn't advise you to spend money on the property?"

"No; I'm obliged to confess that he didn't. On the contrary, he advised me not to."

The good-natured smile was benignantly tolerant.

"You young men are like Mr. Kipling's puppy—you *will* chew soap!"

Tregarvon's laugh was quite care-free.

"Perhaps some of us like the taste of soap," he ventured. "There is no accounting for the depravity of some tastes, you know."

"Oh, well," said the bookkeeper with the air of one who is too wise to combat the vagaries of youth, "go on and have your little turn at the wheel of experience. It's harmless enough. If you can afford to buy a little amusement this way, it won't hurt you, and it's a godsend to Tait and the poor devils on your pay-roll, while it lasts."

"But if I can't afford it?" suggested Tregarvon.

"Ah, that's another matter! From what Wilmerding has said, I was led to believe that you and Mr. Carfax desired the experience and the fun of it, rather than any possible money gain."

"The money side of it may not ap-



peal to Carfax, but it does to me, very forcibly, Mr. Thaxter."

"Still, you are throwing good money after bad in these test-holes."

Tregarvon shrugged.

"What would you?" he asked. "I inherited the Ocoee, and it's up to me to make something out of it if I can."

The little man laughed until he shook like a bowl of jelly.

"It is very evident that you were born in the purple. If you want to make money out of the Ocoee, why don't you sell it?"

"I should first have to find a buyer, and before that, I should think, I should have to find the coal."

Thaxter smote his gloved hands together softly, and seemed to be debating a nice point with himself. When he spoke again, his manner had lost the touch of brisk impersonality.

"Pardon me if I seem to crowd you," he said, "but this appears to be a matter in which even a good-natured bystander may butt in. Is it possible that you haven't been told of the standing offer made by our people to your father?"

"It is more than possible—it is a fact."

"I am astonished! Your lawyers must know of it."

"I don't think they do. What was it?"

"One hundred thousand dollars in cash for all the titles."

"Thank you," said Tregarvon triumphantly. "Then, there is coal in the property, somewhere!"

The little bookkeeper shook his round head in dismay.

"I was afraid you'd jump at it that way, and it puts me in an awkward position, Mr. Tregarvon. As I have said, I'm only an employee of the C. and C.—not even one of its many superintendents. Yet, as man to man, I don't know but I may tell you without violating any official secrets why the company will pay you the price named. You know your property joins ours an eighth of a mile, or such a matter, north of your tramway?"

Tregarvon nodded.

"Well, we have a vein of coal quite near the boundary; not a very thick

vein, but one which could be made to pay if we could send the coal down over your tramway, and coke it in your old ovens at the foot of the mountain, but which would not pay if we should have to build a new tramway to get at it. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"And you say this is a standing offer?"

"It was; and I think it still is. Yes, I'm quite sure it is."

"If I only had some breakfast in me!" said Tregarvon half jokingly.

"I'm too hungry to talk hundred-thousand-dollar deals with you at the present moment, Mr. Thaxter."

The bookkeeper laughed pleasantly.

"There are your men coming over from the tramhead; give them your orders, and then let me drive you down to Coalville. Perhaps you'll give me a bite of breakfast, too, and then I can have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Carfax."

"You are the jolliest lot of enemies a man ever had to fight—you folks up at the C. and C.," said the young man, when he had climbed into the buggy with Thaxter and the spirited black horse began to fling the soft sand from its hoofs. "First, Wilmerding comes to the rescue, and now you give us a lift."

Thaxter's rejoinder had just the requisite touch of confidential solicitude in it.

"Then you meant what you said a few moments ago about the money aspect of the case? A hundred thousand dollars looks pretty large to you?"

"It looks as big as a hundred thousand cart-wheels, just now," said Tregarvon.

"Then we must certainly try to get it for you," was the friendly reply.

From this time on the spirited horse demanded Thaxter's entire attention, so pointedly that the bookkeeper did not even seem to see Professor Hartridge when the buggy whirled past that gentleman as he was returning from his morning walk down the pike.

Carfax was waiting breakfast for Tregarvon when the buggy was drawn up at the door of the dilapidated Ocoee office-building. The young millionaire

had met Thaxter on the occasion of his motor-car run to Whitby, and had been rather favorably impressed by him. Yet, it was Carfax's applying of the brakes at the breakfast-table conference of three that kept Tregarvon from committing himself definitely in the matter of bargain and sale.

None the less, the conference pushed the business affair considerably farther along on the road to a definite conclusion. Before he took his leave to drive on up to Whitby, Thaxter was authorized to communicate by wire with the New York headquarters of the Coal and Coke Company, and, without betraying confidences, to ascertain if the offer of one hundred thousand dollars for the Ocoee properties still held good.

This he promised very willingly to do, adding that if the offer was still in force, he would try to get authority for either Wilmerding or himself to close the deal—providing Tregarvon should decide to accept the price.

#### XV

RUCKER did not get back with the car and the repointed drills until quite late in the afternoon. He found his two employers waiting quite anxiously for him; or, rather, for the auto-car. The reason for the anxiety was a single line from Richardia, sent down by the college mail-carrier at noon—a line addressed to both, and begging them to come up to Highmount at the earliest possible moment. There was no explanation of this urgency—no hint of what had happened or was due to happen.

They made the ascent of the mountain as rapidly as the forty-horse-power touring-car could measure the distance, and were met, not by Richardia, but by Professor Hartridge, who calmly informed them that Miss Birrell had driven over to Westwood shortly after luncheon.

"By Jove, now!" lisped Carfax. "That's curious, don't you know?"

Tregarvon was quite speechless.

"Curious that Miss Birrell should ask you to come up here, and then run away?" said Hartridge. "That was a little ruse of mine. I wished very much to see you both, and I was afraid you

might be foolish enough to disregard an invitation bearing my name. So I took Miss Richardia into my confidence, and she kindly consented to write the line which, I assume, has brought you here."

Carfax snapped his fingers and laughed.

"Upon what footing do we stand with you, Mr. Hartridge? Upon that of yesterday at dinner-time, or that of last night?"

"I shouldn't presume to say, Mr. Carfax; you must make your own attitude. But, if the attitude be inimical, I must still beg you to believe that I have decoyed you up here to do you a kindness."

Carfax was still smiling sweetly.

"Is it Homer who tells us to beware of the Greeks bringing gifts, professor? You'll pardon us if we seem a bit suspicious, won't you? But this"—he held up the small cube of hardened steel, which he still happened to have in his pocket—"this is so completely convincing, you know."

The mild-eyed mathematician waved the evidence aside, smiling in his turn.

"Merely a small specimen of the metal known commercially as steel," he remarked. "Let us disregard it for the moment, if you please. If you should chance to lose it, it could be very easily replaced; but"—he turned short upon Tregarvon—"you can't replace the Ocoee if you let Mr. Thaxter persuade you to sell it to the Coal and Coke Company, Mr. Tregarvon."

"What's that?" exclaimed the Ocoee owner, starting from his chair; and Carfax said, "By Jove!"

Hartridge seemed quite at ease now. He seated himself, and crossed his long legs comfortably.

"You are puzzled to account for my friendly interest—after last night?" he said quietly. "I don't blame you, and I'm only sorry that I can't explain more fully. But I may say this—if you part with the Ocoee for any such sum as Mr. Thaxter has offered you, you'll regret it as long as you live!"

After a time Carfax got his breath sufficiently to say:

"May—may we venture to ask how you know what Mr. Thaxter has offered?"

"Certainly. The offer of one hun-

dred thousand dollars for the lands, titles, and mineral rights of the property is no secret—or at least it was not during Mr. Tregarvon's father's lifetime. I am merely assuming that Thaxter has not raised it."

"And you say Vance will be sorry if he accepts it?"

"I do; most decidedly."

Carfax rose and confronted the sitting man.

"Then you know that there is a workable vein of coal on the property, Mr. Hartridge?"

"That is an assumption which I must decline to confirm."

"Nevertheless, it's true. And here is another to go with it—you know where the vein can be found!"

"You are, constructively at least, my guest, Mr. Carfax. It would be unpardonably rude to contradict you."

Carfax looked at Tregarvon, and Tregarvon returned the look as one who sees the shore from the crest of a tossing wave, but has no hope of reaching it.

The golden youth was sitting down again, when he renewed the attack.

"This is an extraordinary situation, isn't it, Mr. Hartridge?" he began mildly. "Would a definite quantity of the thing known commercially as money tend to relieve it in any way?"

"You are assuming that I have information to sell? I have not."

"Then, why have you just given us this pointer? You profess to help us, and refuse to help us, in the same breath."

"Oh, if you are going into motives, Mr. Carfax, that is a very deep subject. It would hardly be profitable to discuss it, even academically. Life—the really human kind of life—is full of paradoxes. You are wondering why the man from whom, a few hours ago, you took that small cube of steel is now apparently trying to save you from loss. Call it a paradox, if you will; only don't sell to the Coal and Coke Company for a paltry hundred thousand dollars. That is what I enticed you up here to say to you; and, having said it—"

"Hold on," said Carfax. "We've met some curious varieties of the genus enemy in this forgotten corner of the

world, and you are not the least remarkable specimen, Mr. Hartridge. We're thankful for the pointer, and much more thankful for the assurance you've given us that we are not fishing in a barren pond. We—"

The professor was on his feet, and moving toward the door.

"I have given you no such specific assurance," he denied.

"No," said Tregarvon, rising and speaking for the first time since the beginning of the interview. "You may congratulate yourself upon your discretion. Nevertheless, we shall continue to work on our little problem, Mr. Hartridge, until we have found the value of *pi*."

It was a center shot, visibly and palpably piercing the bull's-eye. A blow would scarcely have disconcerted the schoolmaster more effectively. Yet he recovered instantly, had blandly excused himself on the plea of pressing laboratory work, and was bowing himself out at the door when he fired the return shot.

"You have set yourselves an impossible task, gentlemen. You forget that the value of *pi* has never yet been exactly ascertained."

"Well, what do you make of it?" asked Tregarvon, when the red car was rolling smoothly down the steep mountain pike.

"Nothing, except a disappointment for Thaxter," was Carfax's reply.

"Thaxter—yes. Do you know, Poitiers, I'm beginning to smell brimstone in *his* clothes, now? Wilmerding told us definitely, if you remember, that Thaxter told him he didn't have any data about the Ocoee; didn't know anything remotely concerning it. There's a lie out, somewhere."

"Which doesn't matter now, thanks to Mr. William Wilberforce Hartridge," said Carfax definitively.

"You think I shouldn't sell to Consolidated Coal—on the strength of Hartridge's warning?"

Carfax was driving, and he let the brakes out until the car was dropping down the grade like a stone falling from a height.

"Not in a thousand years!" he said.

(To be continued)

# THE WEALTH OF THE SINNER

BY GERTRUDE PAHLOW

AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF COMPENSATION," "A HERO OF  
THE WATERWAYS," ETC.

WITH TWO DRAWINGS (ONE BEING THE FRONTISPIECE)  
BY J. H. GARDNER-SOPER

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.—Proverbs xiii, 22.

WHEN young Geoffrey Heywoode, gambler, spendthrift, and gay liver, squandered the last of his inheritance at play, and found himself a beggar, he had yet no mind to stop playing. But the zest of the cards is in the chink of the gold, and debts of honor cannot be paid from an empty pocket. So he bethought him of his brother Richard's fortune. Were they not brothers? And is it justice that one should wallow in wealth while the other—just because chance brought him into the world last—finds naught in his purse but the lining? Surely, the younger son is a man of flesh and blood as well as the elder; and life is for him who has the spirit to live it.

So Richard Heywoode's gold—the gold of the Marquis of Glencott—jingled merrily on the gaming-table. Yet there may be an end to all things. Many a marquis can add as well as a clerk. It is a wise man who acts in season, and turns the tables on Fate before Fate can turn them on him.

Cromwell, whom men called the Brewer of Norfolk—that grim brewer who brewed a storm that was not soon quelled, and changed the shape of England with a squeeze of his hand—sat in the high seat to which all must bow. A word in his ear, a shake of the head, a sigh. "Alas, that I must say it! My brother, whom you trust, is not what he would have you think him!" and lo, he who ruled in the halls of Glencott goes silently out of his door, while another,

wearing a mocking smile of triumph, goes in.

"And you have done this? You have dared to do it?" said Richard of Glencott, dark-faced and stern. "You have perjured yourself and banished me, that you may have by fraud what you cannot have by right?"

"Why not?" said Geoffrey, smiling. "A man must live;" and he carelessly flicked a fly on the table with his gauntleted glove.

"Then," said the brother, his eyes blazing furiously, "you are a scoundrel, a blackguard, and a thief!"

"Oh, brother!" protested Geoffrey gently, holding up his long white hand. "These are unseemly words!"

Richard of Glencott turned, with his hand upon the door.

"Henceforth I pray but one prayer," he said, with white lips. "May all that we have fought for be as naught! May the Commonwealth fall, and may the despot come again! So shall justice be done, and you and your iniquities lie in the dust!" And with that the door of the house of his fathers closed on him forever.

For, though he spoke as a prophet, he did not see far enough. If a man has put on a coat, may he not take it off again? It is as easy to say one's prayers in a church as in a meeting-house, and they have as fair a chance of being answered. Times changed in England, and the king came again, in very truth; but Richard Heywoode was far away, and his brother Geoffrey, Marquis of Glencott, was the most loyal servant that ever sovereign had.

"It is beyond doubting," said Geoffrey of Glencott, smiling to himself, "that the first shall be last and the last first!"

## II

THE Duchess of Deemsbury dropped her book on the grass beside her, and sighed wearily. "Oh, dear me!" she said. "Life is so tiresome!"

Her aunt, the marchioness, looked up with an expression of tender sympathy. She was a large and placid lady, capable of large and placid emotion, but disinclined to more active exercise.

"Ah, my love!" she said. "It's natural that you should find it so. My heart is with you."

The duchess looked at her aunt from under her drooping eyelids.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why?" echoed the marchioness, in placid surprise. "How could it help being? Is there any heart that would not bleed for a young woman in your position?"

The duchess's eyes opened wide, and a sudden sparkle came into them.

"If you mean," she said, "that it would bleed for an idle, useless person, leading a tiresome, empty life, that's all very well. But if you mean—what you *do* mean, why, then, I say you needn't bother. Nobody's heart need bleed on my account!"

"My dear Geraldine," exclaimed the marchioness, "I don't understand you at all!"

"I should like to explain," said the duchess. She thought a minute; her pale little face was flushed by her unwonted daring. "I *will* explain!" she said recklessly; and she sat suddenly bolt upright, with a determined rustle of her black gown. "Aunt Sophia," she said, "I am a living lie!"

The marchioness opened her mouth, but her powers of speech were paralyzed. She could only gasp.

"I *am*," said the duchess. "Look at me! I am shrouded in black from head to foot. Day after day I am set in this chair, and expected to spend my time like a weeping willow, sighing and drooping and looking at the landscape. I have lived this way for almost a year. And why? When they took my property and Cousin Harry's property, and joined

them together, was that marriage? When I lived in the London house, and Harry lived in the Scottish shooting-lodge, was that companionship? Harry was forty, and I was eighteen. When we were together I bored him, and he frightened me. Was that love? Harry died, and I was shocked and distressed, and they brought me down here and smothered me in crape. Was that sorrow? And now I am sighed over, and waited on by undertakers, and dressed like a figure of desolation. Isn't that a lie?" The little duchess breathed fast, and her cheeks were crimson with the rush of her speech.

"My dear Geraldine—my *dear* Geraldine!" gasped the marchioness. "Such language—such a state of mind! Really, Geraldine—really!"

"You can't deny it, Aunt Sophia," said the duchess, twisting her black-bordered handkerchief in her nervous little hands. "You know very well it's the plain truth!"

The marchioness fanned herself. She had received a severe shock.

"I don't understand you at all," she said. "I never heard a young lady speak so. I'm sure you esteemed your husband, and I'm sure he was always pleasant and polite. I'm sure you had more, as a bride, than I had, and mine was thought a very good match. And when your poor Uncle Treviston died, I wore a crape veil all the way down to the ground, both back and front, and even the bows on my slippers were crape. I think it's a wife's duty to mourn for her husband."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes!" said the duchess. "I know you think so, and all the others think so, too. And they all think it's her *whole* duty; as if wearing crape and sitting down and doing nothing could satisfy anybody but a turnip! And I'll tell you this, Aunt Sophia—if I keep on pleasing you all, I shall be stark, staring mad in less than a month. I've made up my mind to stop."

"To stop!" exclaimed the marchioness feebly.

"I'm going to do something," said the duchess, plunging on recklessly. "I'm going to take an occupation. I don't care what it is, or how I come by it; but one thing is settled—I *won't* sit here and 'mourn' any longer! There, now I've



said it, and I'm glad I have!" She caught her breath, and looked at her aunt with shining, defiant eyes.

"Good—gracious!" gasped the marchioness. "I don't know what has happened to you, Geraldine! I never heard of such a thing in all—my—life!"

"Better late than never!" said the naughty little duchess. Her sudden burst of courage had filled her with a pleasant, disrespectful glow.

The marchioness sat for some minutes in a semitorpid state of amazement. An idea so wholly bizarre and unnatural could not be quickly assimilated.

"I don't see what you mean," she said at last. "I don't see what you intend to do." The duchess rose, and walked slowly over the greensward, her hands clasped behind her back. The sparkle of her recent bravado had already faded away, leaving her as pale and spiritless as before.

"I don't know myself," she said. "I must be busy. But how? I don't know."

The marchioness sat breathing deeply and blinking slowly. Her large face was flushed by her agitation.

"I can't paint," said the duchess thoughtfully; "and I can't teach anybody anything, and I'm not strong enough to go into a settlement. The people here in the village have all they want. When I go to see them they are frightened, and so am I. I wonder what there is for me to do! I can't think of anything." She turned in her slow walk; her wan little face was wistful.

"There!" said her aunt triumphantly. "You see how it is. You can't possibly find an occupation; you'd best give it up."

"No," said the duchess; "I'll let Fate find one for me."

"Why, Geraldine!" said her aunt. "You talk like a horrid, dirty Oriental! How can Fate find one for you, if you can't find one for yourself?"

The duchess stood still by a great rose-bed, and looked down thoughtfully at the green wilderness, thick-starred with lovely and varied colors. The late afternoon sun, striking across the lawn, kindled a glory in her golden hair, but could find no responsive glow in her pale cheeks or her black gown.

"Fate will find one for me," she said,

"because I want one so. Something will tell me what to do."

She fingered the rose-sprays absently, gazing at them with dreamy, unseeing eyes. Her aunt turned away from her crossly.

"I don't understand you," she said; "and I don't believe you understand yourself. Thank goodness, Johnson is coming with the post. Now we shall have something sensible!"

The little duchess looked up at the solemn footman who was crossing the lawn, and her grave face lighted with a smile.

"I'll let Johnson be the messenger of Fate," she said. "There'll be some kind of a suggestion of something to do among those letters; and whatever it is, I'll do it. That will be Fate's way of deciding."

The marchioness shook her head and sighed. It seemed a hopeless case.

The duchess sorted her letters.

"One from Cousin Matilda," she said. "I know what that's about—influenza and rheumatism and a new doctor. One from Geoffrey—he's in debt again; no suggestion there. One from Jane Carleton, acknowledging a birthday gift; that doesn't help. And one from—John Hayward—who's he? Let me see—why, oh, Aunt Sophia," exclaimed the duchess, "listen to this!" And with bright eyes and swift utterance she read from the paper in her hand:

It has come to my knowledge, in the course of my historical researches, that there are in the archives of your grace's house certain documents which have an important bearing on the work that I have now in hand. Several of the late duke's ancestors were diplomats, and were concerned in transactions of which no record was kept except by themselves. A knowledge of these transactions is very necessary to me in the present stage of my work, and can be obtained at only one source; and therefore I venture upon a request that I may spend a few days in your vicinity, investigating the Deemsbury Archives. Should you permit me to do so, I trust that your complaisance will lay you under no inconvenience. The papers have doubtless been classified and catalogued, so that you will not need to separate the personal ones from those bearing on statecraft, or, indeed, to give the slightest thought to the matter.

If I receive a favorable answer from you, I shall install myself at the earliest possible date in your village, and begin work at once.

Yours very truly,

JOHN HAYWARD.

"There!" said the duchess triumphantly. "What do you think of that?"

"Oh, I know it's true," replied her aunt. "They are those papers in the black oak chest, in the library. They've never been catalogued, though—your Uncle Treviston was always saying that Harry should have it done. But what is there in that?"

"My occupation!" said the bright-eyed little duchess.

"My dear Geraldine!" exclaimed the marchioness. "*Your* occupation!"

"I shall work in the archives of my family with the nice old historian," said the duchess resolutely. "I shall never 'mourn' again!"

She turned swiftly toward the house to despatch her answer; but, in an instant, a courageous impulse stayed her, and she turned as swiftly back again. Bending, she plucked from among the glowing roses a single blossom; then, with quick fingers, she took from her bosom the jet brooch which was her only ornament, and flung it far among the shadowy shrubbery. Her eyes flashed defiance at her aunt as she set the rose in its place upon her black gown. The rose was yellow.

### III

THE great library of Deemsbury Towers was flooded with the sunshine of a June morning, when John Hayward, bright with eagerness and glowing with anticipation, swung briskly into it. The rich, dulled bindings of old books gave back the light in a smolder of soft color pricked with points of gold, and from the polished tables bowls of flowers—lavish, profligate—flung brightness. The windows were thrown wide to the warm breeze, which, straying from corner to corner, blended the faint odor of Russia leather with the fragrance of June, and offered incense to the scholar and the man. And near one of the windows—black, venerable, and imposing—stood the chest of the Deemsbury Archives, open.

"Jove!" said Hayward, looking

around him. "What a bully room! What a fine place to work in! And what a—ah!" He broke off with a sigh of satisfaction. "Isn't that ripping?" And he crossed the room, in three strides, to where the great coffer stood waiting. There was a chair near by, and he dropped into it without delay, gazing like a gloating miser at his treasure-trove. "If there ever was a lucky fellow in the historical profession," he thought, "I'm the one. I hope they'll rouse me when it's time to go to bed!"

And then of a sudden he gave a low whistle, and leaned forward, staring.

The chest was very deep, and was filled almost to the brim. There was an enormous array of letters, diaries, and sheets of memoranda, some tied neatly in bunches, some few docketed, but nearly all scattered loosely broadcast. Many of the letters, being put together without envelopes in the old-fashioned way, had fallen entirely apart, and were hopelessly mixed with pages of accounts, with bills, and with one another. Here and there a picture, a passport, an old visiting-card, protruded its head; and from the whole mass arose a dusty, musty smell of antiquity and of things long undisturbed.

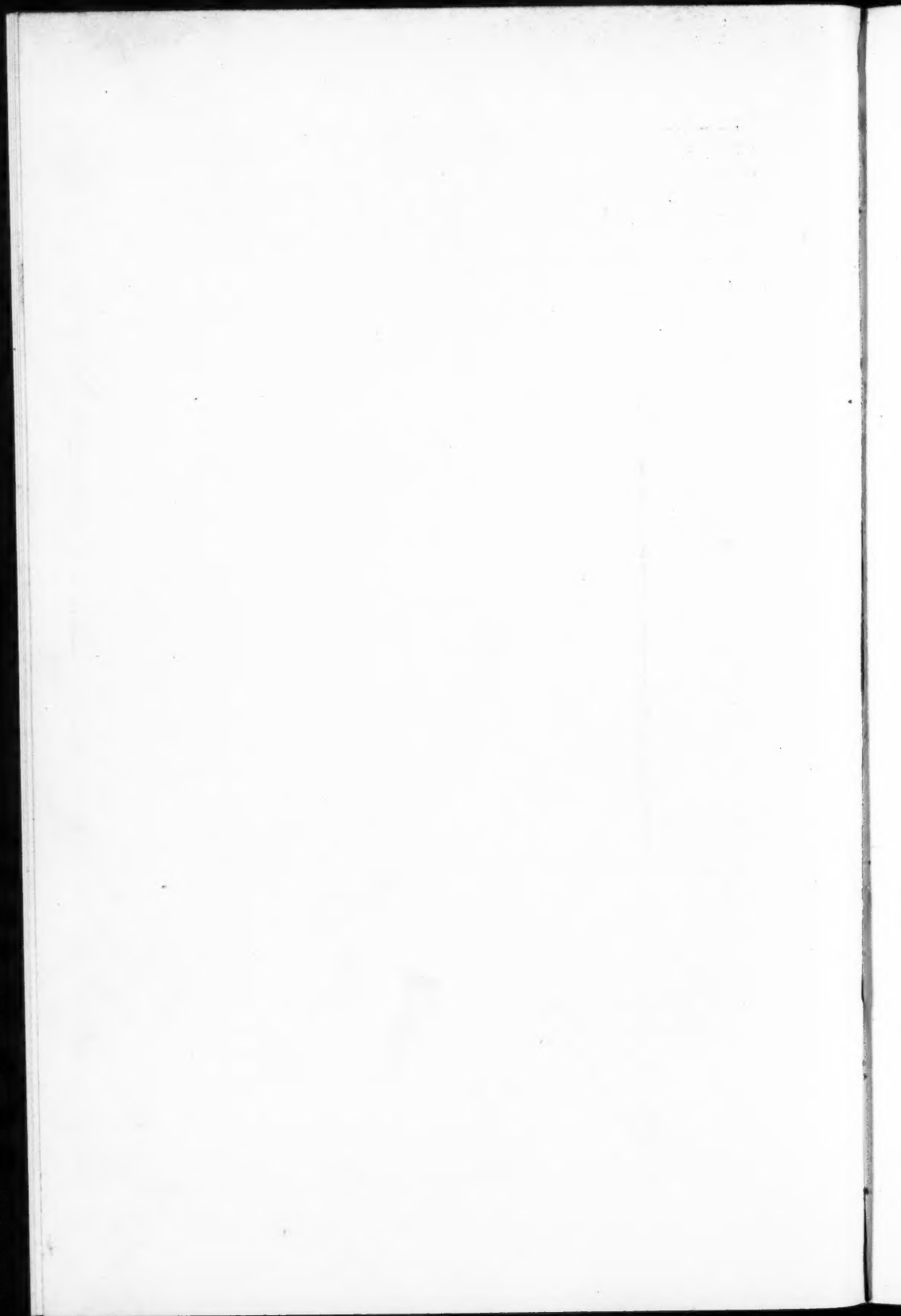
"Great Caesar!" said Hayward as he looked. "What a fearful, extraordinary mess! Why, a man would be decrepit before he got within shouting distance of the beginning! Why in the world didn't the old lady tell me?" He leaned back in his chair, all the enthusiasm gone from his face. "It'll take me all summer, working night and day," he thought. "And my book, that was to be finished in July, and my tramp through Scotland in August with Blake, and my steamer sailing the 3d of September—oh, confound the luck!" He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and sat frowning gloomily at the great, disorderly heap.

"Good morning!" said a woman's voice behind him.

Hayward started, and sprang to his feet. The voice came from the doorway, and its owner followed it swiftly, coming forward light-foot to greet him. But as he turned she stopped abruptly, as if surprised out of her self-possession; and he, beholding her, stopped too, and caught his breath. So, for the space of



"I WONDER WHERE IT WAS THAT I HAVE SEEN YOU BEFORE!"



ten heart-beats, they stood—the young, dark, eager man, and the slender, fair girl in her somber gown—and stared speechlessly at each other.

Then the young man, recovering himself, laughed and came forward.

"I'm not a housebreaker," he said. "My name is John Hayward, and I am here by permission of your—your mother, the duchess—"

The girl interrupted him, with a look of wide-eyed amazement.

"Are you John Hayward? I am the duchess."

"You?" said the young man incredulously. "Why, I thought—I thought—"

"And I thought—" said the girl, almost stammering in her surprise. "Why—why—I thought—"

The young man laughed gaily.

"You thought a man that wrote historical books ought to be a wizened old fossil!" he said.

"And you thought a—a duchess ought to have a Bath chair and a double chin!" said the girl, laughing shyly with him. "It seems we were both wrong. I—I am sorry I welcomed you so badly. I—I am very glad to see you."

"I can't thank your grace enough for letting me come," said Hayward. "I'm more grateful than I have words to say."

"I beg you won't mention it. It is I who should thank you," said the duchess, with a pretty, girlish graciousness.

There was a moment's pause. The duchess looked at her boots; the young man looked at the duchess. Presently Hayward, very eager to reestablish connections, plunged boldly in again.

"You have a great collection of interesting manuscripts," he remarked. "They will be of immense value to me in my work."

The mention of work promptly restored the duchess's courage. She raised her eyes again.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said. "Shall we begin?"

"We?" said the young man uncomprehendingly.

"I'm going to help you," explained the duchess. "The papers have never been catalogued, and I'm going to do it while you go through them and take out those that you need."

"Oh!" said Hayward. His expres-

sion was composed of different elements. As a historian, he looked a trifle dubious; as a human being, wholly joyful. "Yes; let's begin!" he added with alacrity, the human element triumphing.

The duchess seated herself at a wide, flat-topped desk.

"I thought you would sit there by the chest," she said, "and take out the papers one by one, and tell me what they are. Then you could use the ones you want, and I could write down."

"I see," said Hayward.

He took the chair she indicated, and watched, with fascinated eyes, while she chose a pen, pushed back the sleeve from her round forearm, and drew a huge sheet of paper and an enormous silver-mounted blotter toward her.

"I'm quite ready!" said the duchess, lifting her blue gaze to his. "Begin, if you please!"

Hayward tore his reluctant eyes from their congenial occupation, and turned obediently to the chest. Its wide mouth yawned an imperative invitation.

"Letter from Sir Jonathan Winton, of Winton Manor, to Sir Hugh Hether-ton, of Oldgate, 1821," he began. "Letter from Samuel Jackson to his revered patron, the Duke of Deemsbury, 1819. Piece of a letter signed Rupert Grahame—no date, no address—it's only the last page. Letter to Lady Maria Quentin from her affectionate cousin, Sally Maxwell, 1811. Letter from the Rev. Elias Prescott to the Duke of Deemsbury, 1817, 'on the occasion of his grace's visitation of gout.' Letter from—"

"I wonder," said the duchess shyly, "where it was that I've seen you before! It was your looking so familiar, as well as your being so—so young, that startled me. You live in London, don't you?"

"Oh, no!" said Hayward. "I'm only there for a couple of months. I live in Palo Alto, California."

"Oh!" said the duchess. "You're from the States!" There was a distinct ring of disappointment in her tone.

"I fear I am," admitted Hayward. "I was born and nurtured in the trackless wilds of America."

The duchess knitted her pretty brows in perplexity. "Perhaps, then," she said, "your father was English. Because you certainly look—"



But the young man gave her no quarter.

"My father," he said relentlessly, "had a cattle-ranch in Idaho, and my mother was the daughter of a Denver merchant."

"Oh!" said the duchess faintly.

The young man waited hopefully for a further conversational opening, but none was forthcoming, so he bent heroically to his task again.

"Letter from Stevenson & Miller, solicitors, to the Earl of Westonhaugh, 1801. Picture of a slender belle in corkscrew curls and a pleasant smile; no name. Record of John Joseph Quentin's expenditures in July, 1802. Page from the diary of Geoffrey Charles Grahame, 1799. Bill from Samuel Stevens, tailor and haberdasher, to the Duke of Deemsbury, 1792. Letter from Geoffrey Charles Grahame, Earl of Westonhaugh, to Joseph Leicester Quentin, Duke of Deemsbury, 1790. Letter from Giles Benson—"

"I wish you wouldn't go so fast," said the duchess, with a little sigh. "The dates are so hard, and the names are so long, and they keep beginning with different letters—how *can* I write them all down if you don't say them slowly?"

"You aren't writing them all down?" exclaimed Hayward.

"Why, yes; of course I am," said the duchess; "but I think it's awfully hard work."

The young man rose, and came around to her side, to observe her method. She had painstakingly chronicled every item that he mentioned, making a faint effort to observe some alphabetical order, but paying no attention whatever to chronology. She was breathing quickly in her effort to keep up, and her fingers were quite pink from their anxious grip of the pen. Hayward smiled in irrepressible delight at the back of her fair, bent head.

"I wouldn't do it quite that way, if I were you," he said gently. "I think I wouldn't write anything at all just yet, until we get things sorted out a bit. Afterward, when we have the letters separated from the bills and other stuff, we can divide them into centuries and into families, and make a card-catalogue. You see, things have been chucked into

this box pretty promiscuously, and there's a good deal of systematizing to be done."

The duchess sighed with relief.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "That's a much better way. I should never have thought of it; I've never catalogued anything before. I suppose you've catalogued lots of things, haven't you?"

"Oh, a few," said Hayward. "I've done a little of a good many things in the course of my education."

"What else have you done?" asked the duchess, looking up with shy curiosity.

"Why, a little reporting, and a little proof-reading," said Hayward thoughtfully, "and a little writing of advertisements, and a pretty good deal of tutoring. And, of course, I've punched cows on my father's ranch. Oh, yes; and one summer I picked fruit in the Santa Clara Valley of California."

"Fancy!" said the duchess, round-eyed. "Do you do any of those things now?"

"Oh, no!" he answered. "Now I don't do anything but history. In the summer I run it to cover in documents like these, and salt it down; and in the winter I cram it down the throats of the helpless innocents who seek for knowledge at Stanford University."

"Oh!" said the duchess. "You're a professor, then?"

"Why, yes," said Hayward. "I suppose you might call me so, if you had taken out a poet's license. As a matter of fact, I'm an instructor, on the princely salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. But I'm wasting your time. Please forgive me for dwelling so long on matters of no interest."

"I think they're very interesting!" said the duchess earnestly.

"You're awfully good," said the young man. His fingers sought irresolutely among the papers in the chest, but his coward eyes could not endure to leave the duchess's face.

There was a brief silence. The duchess, too, seemed disinclined to work. She gazed through the wide window, at the green-and-gold world of outdoors, with thoughtful eyes that seemed to see pictures of her own making.

"Tell me about the States," she said

presently. "Is it very nice out there, and are you very fond of it?"

"Yes," said Hayward simply. "It isn't a thing one often talks about; a decent man keeps his eagle muzzled when he's away from home; but it's—well, it's God's country. There's no denying that!"

"What makes it so nice?" asked the duchess. "Is it because everybody is so rich there?"

"Goodness, no!" said the young man. "Half of us are as poor as Job's turkey. Look at me, for example. No, it isn't the commercial prosperity, or the size and show of the cities, or anything like that. It's the youth and the vigor, and the fine, splendid hopefulness of the place; it's the sense of power; it's the sense of great things pending, and the feeling that you're in it and of it. And, above all, it's the ceaseless stir and quiver of *growing*. You feel it even in the East, the old grandmother of the country; and when you get beyond the Great Lakes, into the fine, big, glorious West, and the wind's blowing over the plains like a breath of new life, and your horse is bounding under you in leaps like a boat at sea—oh, by Jove! I just can't tell you!"

His eyes shone, and he breathed deep, with boyish enthusiasm. The duchess sighed.

"England's nice, too," she said, in a little wistful voice. "I think a person can be very happy in England."

"Oh, of course he can," said Hayward. "England's a lovely garden, and everything in it is finished and perfect. But does a man feel like a combination of a Greek god and a prize-fighter in England? Does it seem to him that he can roll up his sleeves and lick the world, or build another world in two twists of his hand? You've lived in England all your life. Did you ever draw a long, deep breath, and feel all of a sudden so vigorous that it seemed as if England couldn't hold you? Did you ever feel so full of the joy of life that you thought you could carry the world on your shoulders, like old Atlas, and never know it?"

The duchess shook her head.

"No," she said; "I never did."

"Then you ought to go out to America!" said Hayward triumphantly.

The duchess sighed again.

"I've no one to take me," she said.

The young man looked at her, without speaking, for a full minute. She was still gazing out of the window, her blue eyes, wide and wistful, dreaming over the quiet English scene, her sweet chin propped upon her hands. She had taken away the crape at the neck and sleeves of her black gown; and the white ruching that displaced it cuddled softly about her throat and her round arms, but strove vainly with the gloom which habited her body. Her mourning sat on her sweet youth with a touch of pathos. She looked very young, a little sad, and very much alone.

Hayward took his eyes from her hastily, and turned his face away.

"I think," he said, "that I had better go on with my work."

The duchess started.

"That's true," she said. "We haven't got an awful lot done. How long do you think it will take you to finish at this rate?"

The young man considered, looking with respectful affection at the great chest.

"At this rate," he said, "I think—I hope—that it will take about a year."

"Oh!" said the duchess. "How splen—I mean," said the little rosy duchess, "that I think historical work is very, very interesting!"

That day, when the weary sun was throwing long, languid shadows on the grass, the duchess stood again, alone, by the great rose-bed on the lawn. She moved slowly down its glowing mass, smiling a little confidential smile at the upturned faces of the flowers. At last she chose one from among them, and laid it on the bosom of her black gown; and, as she did so, an answering rose bloomed softly in her cheek. Both roses were of the awakening color that tells the dawn of a new day.

#### IV

"Good morning!" said the duchess, looking up with a gay, shy little smile. "You're very late to-day."

"Late?" said Hayward, much perturbed. "Why, confound it, I've been hanging around the porter's lodge for half an hour, waiting for it to be time.

I'll tar and feather his old clock when I go home!"

The duchess laughed merrily, and the sunlight, playing over her fresh white frock, tossed little wavering gleams of brightness up to her dimpled face.

"Well," she said, "you'll just have to work all the harder, and make up."

"I suppose it is about time I did some work," said the young man. Then he sighed. "How long have I been here?" he asked.

"A week yesterday," said the duchess. "To-day is the ninth day."

"Is it so long as that?" said Hayward. He pondered a minute, and added, "I thought it was a great deal longer." After which enigmatic remark he sighed again.

The duchess watched him with demure-lidded eyes that danced furtively. The week just passed had effected a strange change in the respective temperaments of these two. It had begun with a girl pale and wan and rather spiritless, and a man full to the brim of exuberant light-heartedness; it had ended with a girl all sparkle and blue-eyed laughter, and a man moody, silent, depressed. Nor was the change merely superficial; or why should the gentle-hearted duchess, the grave duchess with the wistful eyes, remain gay and callous in the presence of obvious woe? Why should this somber young man be wholly uncheered by the companionship of youthful joyousness? Tread lightly; these are strange mysteries, to be dealt with only in the hushed precincts of the psychologist.

The young man sorted a handful of papers, and began wearily.

"Letter from Archibald Grahame, Earl of Westonhaugh," he said, "to John Geoffrey Francis Quentin, Duke of Deemsbury, 1699. We're getting back to something that has a bowing acquaintance with my period, anyway. Letter from Charles Edward Hetherton, baronet, to Cornelius George Quentin, Duke of Deemsbury, 1688. Letter from—"

"Isn't it odd," said the duchess, resting her meditative chin on her hand, "that I've never remembered where I saw you first? I saw you somewhere, long ago; but where?"

"Most likely in the almshouse," said Hayward gloomily. "That's where I

belong. Letter from Malcolm Edward James Grahame, Earl of Westonhaugh—"

"No," said the duchess; "it wasn't. Somehow I can't help thinking it was here, at the Towers."

"I must have been asking for cold victuals at the back door, then," said the young man morosely.

"And yet," added the duchess thoughtfully, "it might have been at Westonhaugh Castle. It was one of those two, I'm sure—one of my two homes."

"That reminds me," said Hayward, with a faint gleam of interest. "I've often wanted to ask you why your family name comes so many times among these papers. Your father was Earl of Westonhaugh, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said the duchess; "but—didn't you know?—I married my cousin."

"Oh!" said Hayward, knitting his brows. "Then these records are really the records of your family, too?"

"Oh, yes!" said the duchess. "The Quentins and the Grahames are just one family. In fact, all the property came from one estate in the beginning; but it was divided about two hundred years ago, and grew in two parts. My marriage with my cousin united it again."

"I see," said the young man. "And now it's all yours. Half of England belongs to you!" He frowned fiercely at the great park spread out before the windows; then, sighing, he returned to his papers. "Letter from Malcolm Edward James Grahame, Earl of Westonhaugh," he read, "to Cornelius George Quentin, Duke of Deemsbury, 1687. Letter from Cornelius George, *etcetera*, to Malcolm Edward James Grahame, *etcetera*, 1686. Letter from Lady Georgia Quentin to Sir Edward Hugh Hetherton, 1687." But at this point he broke off, without any apparent wrench, to remark: "Do you know that but for a mean, scoundrelly trick on the part of one of my forebears I might be walking ancestral acres myself, right now?"

The duchess's interest in the Deemsbury Archives seemed as detachable as his.

"Really?" she said. "Tell me about it."

"Why, there was a younger brother," expounded Hayward, laying down the

papers, "who was a gambler and a rascal, and wanted to get hold of his older brother's fortune to pay his debts. He went to the heads of the Commonwealth—this was in Cromwell's time, you know—and said that the older one was plotting to bring back the king. So they exiled the older brother, and gave his estates to the younger; and when the Restoration came, the cowardly thief turned his coat and kept the property. The rightful owner was left to die a pauper in the colonies; and he was my great-great-grandfather, or thereabouts. Wasn't that a wicked, outrageous shame?"

"Well, never mind," said the duchess, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. "If you had inherited the estates, you would have had to be an Englishman; and just think how that would have made you feel!"

"It would have tickled me into hysterics," said Hayward gloomily. "If there's anything I hate, it's being a poor, miserable, out-at-elbows beggar of an American. I wish I were the richest, purse-proudest, bloatedest aristocrat in England!" He glowered at the broad park again, then cast his somber eyes back upon the papers. "Letter from Geoffrey George Grahame," he began dismally.

The duchess lowered her bright glance to the floor.

"What would you do," she asked, "to get hold of some wealth, and some ancestral acres, and that sort of thing?"

The young man looked at her. The summer sunshine that flooded the room, laughing in the dim corners, drenching the air with light, seemed to him all centered in her lovely, glowing face and golden hair.

"Do?" he said recklessly. "I'd do anything. I'd borrow, speculate, steal; I'd burn villages; I'd plunder churches; I'd—however, it's no use to talk," he broke off gloomily. "A man's opportunities of acquiring dishonest wealth are mightily limited on twelve hundred a year!"

"Would you—" began the duchess.

But he turned a deaf ear to her.

"Letter from Geoffrey George Grahame," he reiterated firmly, "to his uncle—"

"Mr. Hayward," said the duchess, "would you—"

"To his uncle," he pursued doggedly. "Geoffrey—Geoffrey—for Heaven's sake! What's this?"

He leaned forward in his chair, stung by a sudden excitement.

"What's what?" asked the duchess.

"Why, you look—what is it?"

Hayward flung down the paper that he held.

"The scoundrelly old sneak!" he said.

"How did *he* ever get into your family chest?"

"Who?" asked the duchess, her cheeks flushing pink. "What's his name? What is he to you?"

"His name is Geoffrey Heywoode—that's what it is," said the young man fiercely; "and he's the rascally thief that I've been telling you about, the one that robbed me of my estate, and my money, and—and—everything I want in the world!"

"Geoffrey Heywoode!" said the duchess faintly. "Why, he's my ancestor that founded the Quentin and Grahame families!"

"Thundering—guns!" said Hayward slowly.

They sat back in their chairs and stared at each other. The great clock in the corner ticked slowly, slowly, dropping its seconds like leaden weights on the breathless silence. The summer breeze rustled the papers in the chest of the Deemsbury Archives. At last the duchess spoke, in a low, awe-struck voice:

"And I've been using your property all these years," she said. "I've been living in your houses and spending your money. I've been a thief!"

"No, no!" said Hayward. "You never did a wrong thing in all your sweet life. I'm a brute. I'm going to take myself out of this house, and never come near it again!"

The duchess started.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Oh, no! You must stay—you must take it again—it's all yours—you must—"

The young man looked at her, with adoring scornfulness.

"Do you think," he said, "that I would touch one blade of your grass, or one penny of your money? I've come into your life to bring you trouble; but

I'll make up, this instant, by going out of it forever and ever!"

The duchess sprang up, and ran swiftly to the door, barring the passage with her slender, white-clad body.

"You never shall," she said determinedly, "without taking what belongs to you. Would you make me a thief?"

"Ah, little duchess!" he said, looking down at her. "Would you make me a villain?"

A smile began to struggle through the pale bewilderment of her face.

"You won't take it, and I won't keep it," she said. "What shall we do?"

"What, indeed?" he asked, his heart wrung by the anguish of leaving her.

"Would you divide?" asked the duchess.

"No!" he said.

"Not—not with me?" she said softly, her blue eyes on the ground.

"Oh, duchess, duchess!" he groaned.

"Let me go, quickly!"

The sparkle came back to the duchess's

face. She shook her head in feigned depression.

"Ah," she said, "I see you've guessed that the estate is encumbered. That's the real reason why you won't take it. Isn't it?"

"Why, no!" said he, duped. "What's the encumbrance?"

She raised her eyes to his.

"Myself!" she answered, glowing.

"Oh, you adorable, sweet, sweet humbug!" said the young man.

The agreement was sealed without the intervention of a lawyer.

So once again, when it was nearing sunset time, the duchess stood by the mass of many-colored roses on the lawn, and smiled at their upturned faces, for every little face was a little song of love. And when at last a rose lay on her bosom, her face, too, was upturned to another, and in her eyes was a song of love, and her cheeks glowed to match the rose on her gown; for the rose was red.

#### A LOST COMRADE

DEAR comrade of my vagrant heart,  
Snarer of dream and grace,  
I found you sitting rapt, apart,  
With April in your face.

The snows that gathered in your hair  
From storms upon the way,  
Have left you still more purely fair,  
And more serenely gay.

Part of the lifting spring you seemed;  
Alas, how could I know  
You were the light of which I dreamed  
In dark hours long ago?

We shared the glory of the day;  
Then, up the shadowy height,  
With sudden steps you sped away  
And left me to the night.

I could not hold you as my own,  
Nor clasp you as you went;  
I could but feel that I had known  
Some fathomless content.

I could not guess that you were given  
To lead me, swift and far;  
But now I see you in my heaven—  
A new-found, burning star!

Marion Couthouy Smith



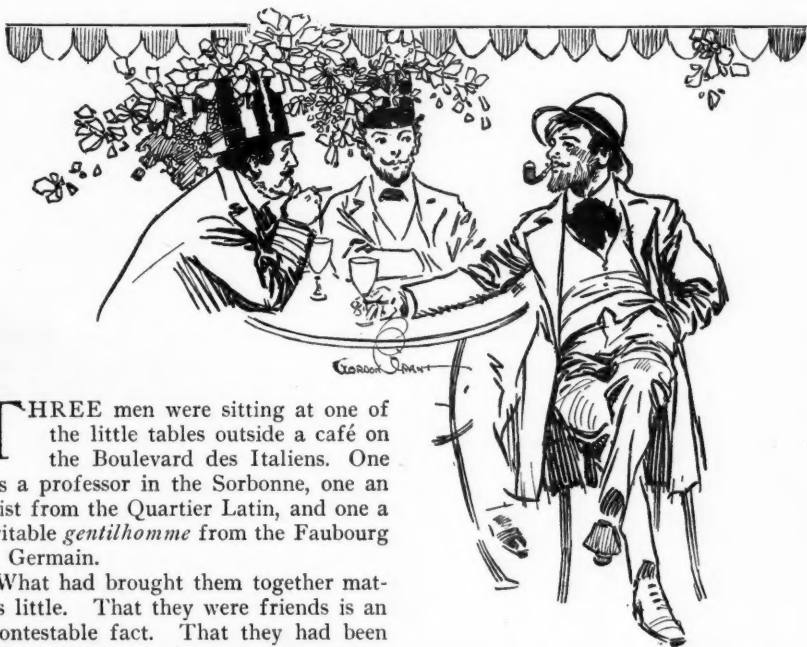
# THE COAT OF ALPACA

A GUY DE MAUPASSANT STORY

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "A BATH IN AN ENGLISH TUB," "CHEERFUL AMERICANS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



THREE men were sitting at one of the little tables outside a café on the Boulevard des Italiens. One was a professor in the Sorbonne, one an artist from the Quartier Latin, and one a veritable *gentilhomme* from the Faubourg St. Germain.

What had brought them together matters little. That they were friends is an incontestable fact. That they had been telling one another stories those at the neighboring tables could well have testified, for the voices of all were raised above normal pitch, their libations having caused them to throw vocal restraint to the four winds of Paris.

"And now it is your turn, my dear fellow," said the professor to the artist. "Can you match my tale of devotion?"

"I think so," said the artist, who, in fact, had been thinking more of the story he was to tell than of the one to which he was supposed to be listening. "Yes, I have a tale of devotion that will bring the tears to my eyes when I tell it."

"Let us have it, my friend," said the

*gentilhomme*. "I would like to see you cry. Here, waiter, more absinthe!"

"In the year 1887," said the artist, tracing the figures with his finger in some spilled absinthe, "there were living in opposite apartments on the Rue des Batignolles a young clerk, Alphonse Poissy, and a young woman of perfect respectability, named Héloïse Péricort.

"Alphonse was city-born and city-bred, well meaning and honest, but not of a type likely to rise above its environment. Héloïse had come from Chatillon, a little town near Bordeaux, and there was something in the freshness of



"IT WILL BE JUST TWENTY YEARS. GO!"

her country manners that appealed to the Parisian lad. Many times they walked in the gardens of the Luxembourg, or took the little steamer up to Charenton, and drank to each other's health in the harmless red wine that one gets at the resorts up the Seine. Nay, more, for Alphonse asked Héloïse if she would do him the pleasure to become his wife; and she replied that just as soon as he could support her, she would ask nothing better than to make him happy."

"Positively, Henri, you talk exactly as a feuilletonist writes," said the professor. "Is it not so, Georges?"

"Don't interrupt, my dear friend; and lower your voice, that's a good fellow," said the *gentilhomme*.

"Alphonse," continued the artist, "was a clerk in the counting-room of the wholesale silk house of De Maupigny & Horsdœuvre, at a salary of fifty francs a week, but with a good prospect of being advanced at the beginning of the next year.

"When I receive sixty francs a week, then we will set up our own little ménage,

part for more than its worth, because it had belonged to his dear father, likewise a clerk. It was a coat to laugh at, but Alphonse never thought of laughing at it.

"The boy who was in the habit of carrying the deposits to the bank was ill this Easter Monday, and the cashier asked the obliging Alphonse if he would go to the bank with a heavy deposit.

"See to it that they do not rob you," said the cashier, as Alphonse tucked the book in his pocket. "Twenty thousand eight hundred francs—it would be worth taking."

"Never fear!" laughed Alphonse, and set out for the bank.

"And now a word about M. de Maupigny, the senior partner. He was a fiend for malignancy and settled purpose. That which he planned he carried out. Who got on his bad books paid the piper, if it took a lifetime. Heavily built and swarthy, a Gascon without the Gascon's temperament—and this due to a Sicilian grandfather of great force of character—Jean Marie de Maupigny was a formidable enemy and a terrible task-master.

is it not?" said Alphonse; and a smile of assent from the beautiful and pure Héloïse rewarded his question.

"Who could tell, my friend—who could tell that fate had so many evil days set apart for this innocent young pair? Not they, indeed. On the festival of Easter they went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, heard the glad bells ringing, caught the scent of the flowers, and felt that in a year or two they would be taking a child to be christened—perhaps sooner. Love looks ahead, my friends!

"Behold Alphonse on the Monday after Easter. He stands at his high desk wiping his red-ink pen on his coat of alpaca—a coat which he has worn since he entered the house, and with which he would not

"How it happened Alphonse never knew. Why the twenty thousand eight hundred francs he carried did not reach the bank he never could tell. Who had followed the little fellow in the coat of alpaca no one knew. What Alphonse said, when he recovered his senses, was that he was passing through a little alley on his way to the bank, noticed a rag-picker behind him, and then knew no more until he opened his eyes in the hospital.

"That the rag-picker had known of the amount of the deposit—was it probable, my friends? At any rate, the money was gone, and the honest fellow was heart-broken.

"Did M. de Maupigny send the miserable Alphonse flowers, and tell him not to grieve—that it could not have been helped—that when he came out he should be a partner? No, M. de Maupigny was not that kind of man. So far from thinking the affair trivial, he was furious at Alphonse's carelessness.

"Héloïse was not so harsh. She it was who brought flowers to him, and who read him the news in *La Presse*, or laughed with him over the innocent pictures in *Le Rire*, and told him to hurry up and get out of the hospital and they would be married at once.

"'I can get along on very little,' she said, 'and you have come so near death that we must not waste any more time.'

"'Ah, Héloïse!' said Alphonse. 'I must spend my time looking for the money. Every house in Paris shall be searched when I get well. It was a Parisian who took the bills, and no Parisian ever leaves Paris if he can help it; therefore in Paris I will find the money.'

"'That is delirium,' said a nurse who was passing.

"'Thank you,' said Héloïse.

"The thought that Héloïse would marry him, poor as he was, caused Alphonse to recover rapidly, and in a fortnight's time he reported at the counting-house of his employers. M. de Maupigny received him with black looks.

"'Where is the money?' said M. de Maupigny.

"'It was very unfortunate,' began Alphonse, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"'It was asinine!' roared M. de Maupigny.

"'I will look for it,' said Alphonse.

"'You will not have time!' screamed M. de Maupigny.

"'The heart of Alphonse sank.

"'What will you?' said he.

"'This will I,' said M. de Maupigny. 'How much did you get a week?'

"'Fifty francs.'

"'After this you will receive a different sum,' said M. de Maupigny.

"The simple Alphonse, wondering if his employer was going to raise his salary, opened his mouth in astonishment.



"WHAT ARE TWENTY YEARS?"

"'Shut your mouth!' yelled the Gascon. 'Hereafter your salary is thirty francs a week until the debt is paid. You owe me twenty thousand eight hundred francs. You will pay me twenty francs a week until the debt is paid!'

"Alphonse sank limply to the floor. M. de Maupigny lifted him to his feet, and shook him until he was able to stand.

"'Do you know how long that will take?'

"'All my life,' faltered Alphonse.

"'Perhaps,' said M. de Maupigny cynically. 'I hope you will have the grace to live until you have paid it. It will be just twenty years. Go!'

"Scarce knowing what he did, the miserable Alphonse went to the cashier and told him that hereafter he was to pay the house twenty francs a week until the stolen money had been paid. Then he took up his pen, dipped it in the red ink, wiped it mechanically upon the lapel of his coat of alpaca, and began with a heavy heart to make entries in the ledger.

"That evening he learned what faithfulness in woman is. He went to see Héloïse, and told her that it would be twenty years before he could even think of marrying her.

"'What are twenty years?' said she, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. 'My grandmother lived to be a hundred and two!'

"*Ma foi*, but it was fine, my friends!

"Year after year, at high noon of a Saturday, Alphonse went to the office of the detestable M. de Maupigny, and said: 'Sir, here are twenty francs. Please credit me with them.'

"'Drop them into the tin box,' M. de Maupigny would say, not looking up from his work, and Alphonse would drop what might have been such a nest-egg for him and the girl into the hateful box that seemed to mock him.

"During this time Alphonse lived on next to nothing, and lost half a pound in weight a month. He could no longer afford the wax to spindle his mustache, so he went smooth-shaven. He who had had one of the most fetching mustaches in the whole silk trade!

"Once a week he met Héloïse and took a turn with her in the Luxembourg Gardens, where they had first walked together. Each week all that he said was:

"'I am twenty francs nearer paying the debt. Do you still love me?'

"'As long as life lasts!' was the invariable response.

"Then they would walk around the gardens and he would see her home. He would kiss her on the left cheek, and then go to his humble lodging, far from his old quarters, and dream of her at night.

"And always he wore the coat of alpaca that he had had on when he was assaulted by the robber.

"Years do not go by, my friends, without taking their toll, and no one would have said that at twenty-six Héloïse was as beautiful as she had been at sixteen, when Alphonse had fallen in love with her. He, on his part, was haggard, lacked zest in life, and lived only to pay the debt.

"On the tenth anniversary of the robbery M. Horsdœuvre, the jolly partner of M. de Maupigny, said:

"'Alphonse has served us faithfully for many years. Shall we raise his salary?'

"'Never!' said M. de Maupigny, shooting an evil look at the other. 'That would be the same as our paying ourselves the money we have lost.'

"'Then call it all paid. There are ten thousand four hundred francs in the tin box now.'

"'Did Alphonse lose but ten thousand four hundred francs?' sneered M. de Maupigny. 'He should count himself lucky that I did not send him to prison!'

"The years rolled on, my friends, and at last the year 1907 came around—"

"Why, that is this year!" said the professor.

"Of course," said the artist. "And this week my story had its finish. On Saturday last I had gone to the house of De Maupigny & Horsdœuvre, for my cousin is a clerk there, and of course I knew all about this romance. While I was there, the salaries were paid, and Alphonse, taking twenty francs, went in to make the last payment.

"M. de Maupigny was at his desk when the poor fellow went in. Oh, but Alphonse looked fifty-eight instead of thirty-eight! He said:

"'Sir, here are the last twenty francs.'

"'Drop them in the box,' said M. de Maupigny sternly.

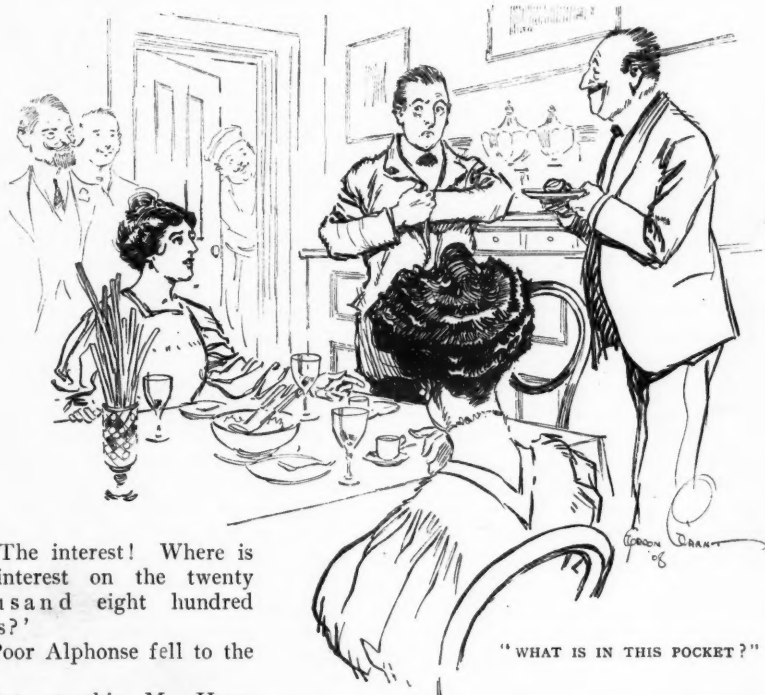
"There was just room for them to go inside the big tin box, now entirely filled. So my cousin told me.

"'Good day, sir,' said Alphonse, turning to leave.

"'Wait!' said M. de Maupigny in a tone of thunder. We who were outside could hear plainly every word.

"'What is it?' asked Alphonse, feeling as if he would welcome death.

"The dinner took place last night. Héloïse and Alphonse came together—he in the same coat of alpaca, she in a dress that had been dyed and redyed and patched until it was like a quilt made by one's grandmother. She was still good-looking, although twenty sorrowful years had left their mark on her. As for Alphonse, he looked ten years younger than he had the day before.



"'The interest! Where is the interest on the twenty thousand eight hundred francs?'

"Poor Alphonse fell to the floor.

"But at this M. Hors-d'œuvre, who was sitting in the next compartment, roared through the partition:

"'De Maupigny, you are a disgrace to France! I will pay the interest myself. Let this poor fellow go!'

"At the words, Alphonse rose up like a feather, and made his way out of the office, to be greeted by all the clerks, who shook hands with him and asked him to join them at dinner at Marguery's. I was also invited, and you may be sure I took good care to be there, for I understood that the fellows were going to make up a purse, that their wives were to come, and that the faithful Héloïse was to be there.

"WHAT IS IN THIS POCKET?"

"After a fine dinner, the head cashier called upon Alphonse to rise and receive the purse that his friends had made up. Alphonse rose to his feet, clasped his hands to his heart, and was just on the point of saying something full of feeling, when he uttered an ejaculation.

"'What is it?' cried Héloïse, perceiving that something had happened.

"'What is in this pocket?' gasped Alphonse, clutching at the inside pocket of his coat of alpaca.

"All looked at him with wide open eyes as he drew forth a bank-book.

"There, before us all, he opened it, and will you believe it, my friends? There were the twenty thousand eight



hundred francs that he had been sent to deposit! Whoever had assaulted him had failed to get the money, and by a curious fatality Alphonse had never once thought to look in that pocket."

The artist drew out his watch.

"Ah, it is almost the hour. Farewell!"

"Where are you going?" cried both the others.

"To the wedding of that fortunate couple, Alphonse and Héloïse."

## THE PASSING OF THE OLD-TIME TRADITIONS OF THE STAGE

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," "A PASTEBOARD CROWN," ETC.

IT was one of the few bitterly cold days of last winter, and chance had given me for companion a bright and genial little woman, an actress of many years' experience, whose clever impersonation of "character" parts is still greatly admired. Presently there approached one of that group of too "perfectly lovely" young actors who draw mightily at matinées. His hands were plunged elbow-deep in his pockets, his stick stood bayonet-like at his shoulder. He gave my friend a glance of quick recognition and a nod of the head, and without the removal of his hat or a second's pause dodged into a neighboring café.

"That's our young juvenile," explained my companion, a vexed color rising in her cheeks.

"Indeed! He seems to lack manners."

"Oh, he has plenty of manners, but they are all bad ones."

"And is he a good actor?" I inquired.

"Good gracious, no; he can't act a little! But the fall of his back is perfect, and his tailor is an artist. Ah, my dear, you would not know yourself in our present surroundings—I mean as far as stage etiquette goes! Can you imagine E. L. Davenport or Joseph Jefferson or Edwin Booth passing an actress, more particularly an old one, without removing his hat? Any one of them would give a woman such respectful salutation as made her self-respect more precious to her and better worth the

sacrifices she made for it." She checked herself. "I suppose that seems boastful to you? You may doubt such condescension?"

"I have no doubt of it at all," I said, "because I so vividly remember how the famous English star, Charles Kean, toddling up High Street in Columbus, Ohio, took his prehistoric headgear from his venerable poll in gracious recognition of my five-dollar-a-week self. The night before, as his page, I had carried before him a red-flannel cushion, bearing crown, scepter, and other tools of his trade as king. 'It is a nipping and an eager air we have this morning,' he said genially, as I passed, amazed at the old gentleman's condescending to notice me."

### FROM SHAKESPEARE TO SLANG

She paused in her walk, a smile sprang to her lips, and almost as quickly two bright tears shone in her old eyes.

"Ah, yes. I remember he had that habit of quoting—quite common in the old days, when Shakespeare was our chief mental food. I acted with him and Ellen Tree at the 'old Walnut' in Philadelphia; and if they were extra careful, even exacting, at rehearsals, they were such gentle people that they always got the best one was capable of. But now"—she sighed—"will you believe me?—one of our stars, a few months ago, came on the stage, and, without greeting a soul, called out to the stage-manager:

"Is the whole bunch here? Then we'd better line up for the start—it's me for the races to-day; so do get busy!"

"And when he had some doubt of the ability of one of the company to present his character properly, he asked:

"Say, do you think that fellow will be able to hand up the goods?"

"I give you my word of honor, I often fail to translate the language of our present-day actors; and yet in my day the stage was still called the school of manners."

"And to-day," I smiled, "it is called a school of dress—a sort of demonstrator of the fashions of to-morrow."

"Good-by, dear. So glad to have seen you! I must hurry to catch that cross-town car. Come in and see the play, won't you?"

She flung herself into the crowd on the rear platform, caught the life-line inside, and the last glimpse I had of her she was swinging to and fro, pendulum-like. Wonderful old actress! Energetic, independent, ruddy at an age that in private life would make her a fixture for the winter, close to register or radiator, in flannel gown and knit slippers. Talk about your formaldehyde or other chemical preservatives—they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with theatrical life as preservatives of youthful energy!

#### A DAY OF CLASSIC TRADITIONS

Yes; the old-time actor's habit of quoting was delightful, for his manners were always worthy of his borrowed speech. The stage works of his day bore the classic stamp, and were framed in language loftier and purer than that of the present hour. And this habit of adaptation was in itself a treasure; more, it was often a fence against the frowns of fortune, or the miseries of *ennui*—which so often, with the actor, followed the smiles of the fickle goddess.

The stage of that period was immeasurably exclusive. The problems of social life, dark, sad, and disturbing, never troubled its people. They never perceived that the world was "out of joint," or fancied that they were "born to set it right." Their highest aim was to amuse, to interest, to melt, to sway—and Shakespeare was their god! For he trans-

mutes all metals of thought and motive into gold. He plays every strain of human passion, in every condition of life, and grasps the loftier themes of science and philosophy. His domain is universal and his daring sublime. Therefore this crystallization of knowledge gained, and wisdom attained, by its very structure challenged the memory—while the ephemeral fly, which is born in the morning, to die at night, might hold up the colloquy of more than half of our most brilliant modern dramas.

"The stage a school of manners!" I laughed as I recalled my first hearing of that claim, as made by E. L. Davenport, on the blowy, blustering, wet St. Patrick's morning that was my fourteenth birthday. While the stage was being set for a rehearsal of "Julius Cæsar," he stood, tall and strong and fair, in the center of our group of actors.

"What, Ellsler?" he was exclaiming. "Is your shop here so small that you have no greenroom, not even a cubby-hole? Too bad to have to wait for your cues in the wings! And I say, where do your young people, your 'utilities,' acquire their good manners?"

"Humph!" said the leading lady contemptuously. "They don't acquire them!"

"Now that's a very black mark against any theater. You know, Ellsler, how much we profited at the 'old Arch' in Philadelphia, and you might pass on some of that good training to your young cubs here." Suddenly he broke into hearty laughter, then resumed. "I tell you young people, an old Philadelphia theater prided itself on being a school of manners, and at its greenroom door you came face to face with the most inflexible laws ever prescribed to form proper behavior on every-day lines; and there was held in reserve a code ceremonial for the benefit of promising youngsters who had survived the earlier ordeal."

#### "BILLY SMITH'S LESSON"

"Ned," broke in Ellsler, "tell them about Billy Smith's lesson. Meantime I'll hurry up the setting of the scene."

All gathered closer about Davenport, who infinitely preferred talking to rehearsing, and he laughingly began.

"Well, you must know that old Mrs.

George Farren was the week's star—and hers was the triple-distilled extract of dignity. Young William Smith had just reached the position of first walking gentleman. The cold of that special morning was something almost incredible. With only stoves for heating, the big theater was like an ice-house, and every one who had the right of entrance eagerly sought the greenroom for the comfort of the glowing fire there. You can imagine what the cold must have been when the exclusive gathering, seeing the longing looks of the thinly clad, blue-faced captain of the supers, invited him in to share the warmth.

"All the ladies had their fur tippets or victorines thrown back, and the gentlemen their overcoats open, as they talked comfortably, waiting for the stage-manager. Then in bounced William Smith, buttoned to the chin, his nose red, his cheeks blue, his collar up to his frosted ears, and a pot-hat on his head—mind you, on his head," repeated the narrator, in a whisper of horror. "As the ladies drew their skirts aside that he might approach the fire, an old voice, rotund and friendly, started out with, 'The air bites shrewdly, does it not?' but stopped suddenly, for a chill began to develop that was colder than that outside. Twenty-four amazed, condemning eyes were fixed upon that hat; but the misguided one only held his hands to the fire and answered: 'Yes, indeed, and for this relief much thanks!'

"Then the old woman rose, grasped her full skirts on either side, and, pointing her gaiters toward the door, went out into the cold. Looks grew savage; with an angry motion of the hand, Mary Ann Farren drew her victorine about her, boomed out, 'The time has been when the brains were out the man would die!'—and also sailed out into the deadly cold. She was followed by the leading man, the heavy man, and the old man—all turning up their collars and putting on their hats and gloves. The pretty soubrette was the only woman left; and after glaring at that hat, she too flounced out. 'What? All my pretty chickens and their dam?' I cried as I followed; and that cleared the room of all save the stupefied William Smith and the captain of the supers. 'Say, have I got to go

too, or will you take that confounded pot-hat off your head?' said the latter, contemptuously; and that's how Pot-Hat Smith got his name.

"Understand, in cases of ignorance of greenroom usages these old actors were both gentle and patient. Their asperities and severities were for those who broke well-known rules. But when a youngster respected the laws of stage etiquette he found genial companionship, good advice, and help in the reading of many a knotty speech, and ended in a loving emulation of his teacher. All right, Ellsler. Call the scene—I'm ready!"

#### THE PASSING OF THE DICTIONARY

The character of the greenroom was changing before Davenport's acting days were over, for I well remember a jibe delivered at the Fifth Avenue Theater one night when he was visiting his daughter Fanny. There had been a hot argument about the pronunciation of a word. Davenport dashed into the greenroom, looked all about, and exclaimed:

"Where is it—the theater dictionary?"

"Sir," said the imperturbable Harry Bascom, "this is the 'parlor home of comedy'—Mr. Daly himself says so—and we know no dictionary. Why, you might be speaking to old William Warren in the Boston Museum greenroom—where the dictionary is still consulted often and courteously as an old friend!"

Davenport's glance fell upon the table where the desired book should have been. He found there some plates from *La Mode Parisienne*.

"Ah!" he said. "I see—Mr. Daly's substitute!"

Now in those two memories of E. L. Davenport, I find no fewer than seven quotations; and he was not singular in their habitual use, for they were the current coin of professional conversation at the time. The elasticity of the chosen lines, their adaptability to ever-varying circumstances, were truly wonderful.

I once saw an entire car-load of actors thrown into laughter by an eight-word quotation. Our property-man, left behind, was seen madly racing down hill to the station. The train was moving, but by good luck he caught the railing and swung himself on board. As he staggered, exhausted, along the aisle of

our car, the old man, looking up at him, said in a tone of calm contemplation, "See what a haste looks through his eyes!"

Not a week later, our leading man, who stood second only to Wilkes Booth in the number of silly letters he received from sillier women, was seen to draw aside, and read a letter very earnestly.

"Hallo!" said the heavy man. "Another love-letter?"

"No, no love-letter this; 'tis an enterprise of greater pith and moment. A Chicago manager offers me an engagement for next season at twenty-five dollars more a week!"—an "enterprise of pith and moment" indeed, in those days!

I remember one night, when James Lewis had geyed a scene extravagantly, and later, seeing the reproaches of the old man, Davidge, perked up his head, and said:

"Well, I get the laughs all right."

"Yes," answered Davidge, "but you make the judicious grieve, my boy."

Conscious of his fault, Lewis cried: "Ah, why don't you do your own talking, you Shakespearian old parrot?"

#### A HUMAN PHONOGRAPH

This was an expression of irritation rather than of ignorance, for no one knew better than Lewis how impossible it is for an actor to do his own talking, so continually does he speak the words placed in his mouth by others. He is so constantly thought for—his language being the dramatist's thought and his action the stage-manager's direction—that he allows himself to become a sort of human phonograph. And the actor of to-day, who smiles at the old-timer's un-failing trust in his quotations, is in far worse plight himself. He can no more do his own talking than could his predecessor; but where the ancient player reached up to the library-shelf for his borrowed language, the modern mummer stoops to the roped arena and the green table for most of his phrases, adding now and then a dazzling gem from the racecourse.

The fault is not entirely with the actors. When the old plays were left on the shelf, and the reign of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Octoroon," and "Our American Cousin"

began, the change became manifest. Then came the plays with a sensation scene, like "The Duke's Motto," with the hero's climb, baby and all, up that dangling rope; "The Colleen Bawn," with the lake murder and rescue; "The Peep o' Day," and others of the same sort. These were followed by the hideous burlesque reign of terror, when the best people in the profession were humiliated by being forced into idiotic garments, to pun and cavort about like clowns. Joseph Whiting, then a popular leading man, and myself had to go on and sing a couplet, dance a bit, and then fight with swords.

Then followed the teacup comedies, or, as Lawrence Barrett called them, the "straddle-leg plays." "No, you don't act, my boy," he would say; "you straddle a chair for a love scene, and you straddle *à la* Wallack before the fire for all the rest. Change your clothes for each act—but don't act, or the play is done for!"

Where were the strong and vigorous language, the perfect style, the noble thought, which used to stamp themselves so deeply on the actor's brain that they became as it were a part of him? In this low form of literary work all had withered and fallen away into torpid dulness.

Weakness, as usual, was followed by stimulants. The French translations were given in heavy doses; intoxication followed, and then—well, degradation is not far off. And that is why our actors do not quote—because there is nothing quotable in the common, slipshod sentences set down by most of our playwrights for their nightly speaking.

#### THE "FIRST OLD WOMAN"

Still, far apart as ancient and modern schools seem, we find, as in my old lady friend, a link, polished and ornate though very worn and frail; one who unites them both by right of double knowledge, since she served and loved the old school, as she loves and serves the new, and constantly tries to discover the virtues of the one to the other.

A very remarkable creature is the professional "first old woman," who receives less from her public, while deserving more, than do other actresses. Generally she has been a leading lady,

very frequently a star—a fact which at once suggests a disappointed woman, embittered, satirical, and sharp of tongue, because of her fallen estate. One could scarcely make a greater mistake. The old woman is cheerful, bright, and entertaining. Her equanimity is wonderful. She knows the world as well as any woman may. Her past is dotted with the graves of her dead illusions—so she weeps no more, only smiles. She understands her profession from tiniest rootlet to topmost twig. Its traditions are a sort of sacred alphabet to her; its unwritten laws as compelling as those graven on stony tablets at an Arabian mountain's top.

Yet she is not wholly a creature of the past, a thing which has stood so still that it has fossilized. Not she! Not only has she kept up with the procession, but she is generally found marching close up near the band. She is not without her moments of mystery as to dressing, I'll admit. She may have a fur victorine—a garment of such archaic cut and color as induces sober citizens to walk backward to gaze their fill. A dolman, even a polonaise, is not unknown to the old woman's wardrobe; while there is not one of her race whose heart will not throb responsive to jet—quantities of jet! These strange and antiquated garments are simply excrescences upon the old lady's ordinary correct garb, and are to be explained by their richness of material, as evidence of greater means, before they began to spell economy.

#### "ON THE ROAD"

But if one wishes really to know the quality of a first old woman, she should be traveled with, on the road. Her salary is not the largest, though good, but she tries to save, and therefore abjures carriages. With umbrella and bag in

one hand, and petticoats in the other, she is the first to reach the station in the early morning. The leading man couldn't tear himself away from the local club—he gets left. The young women oversleep—they get left; but you can't lose the old woman.

Her small packages placed in the rack, she unhooks her victorine, and faces the journey, comfortable and contented. Tough as *lignum vitæ*, impervious as india-rubber, she knows not colds or chills. She will wade through slush and snow under foot, and without cough or wheeze will smilingly condole with the star, who, after going back and forth in a cab, is sneezing in her dressing-room. She is a sort of female apothecary and nurse combined. She is ready to stick porous plasters on back and chest of the girl who forgot her rubbers; to pour hot lemonade down the throat of the hoarse leading man, and thus save a performance; and with a hot-water bag and a bottle of quinine pills, she feels herself armed *cap-à-pie*, and capable of overthrowing all physical enemies.

Every first old woman carries along with her lone old self a well-worn scrap of religious faith. It may be Christian Science or spiritualism; she may be a Catholic, a Hebrew, a Methodist, or an Episcopalian. She is likely to know mighty little of dogma or doctrine; only that scrap of faith, for quick call and easy reach, is kept close and safe in her warm, old heart. It is faith without reasoning or arguing, sweet and blind as a child's, strong to support as the very Rock of Ages!

Dear old woman—poor in pocket, perhaps, but rich in experience, generous in pleasant words and kindly deeds, a close student of human nature! Lucky indeed is the beginner in the theatrical life who falls under her influence!

#### PARTING—IN AUTUMN

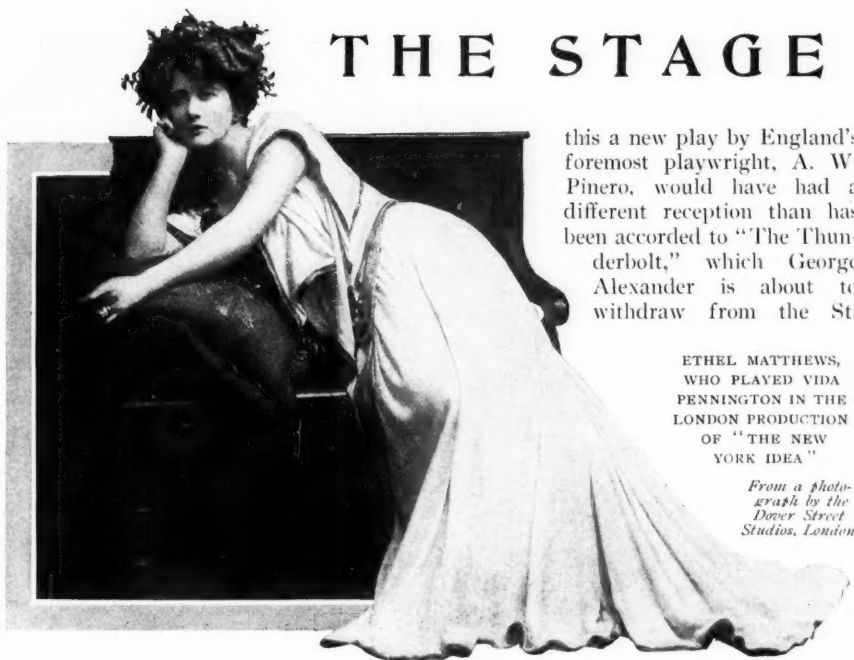
THE golden fields are stripped and bare,  
Sere the grasses, black the pool—  
And exiled summer breathes despair.  
*My heart is crying for you, dear!*

The happy hours are burning fast—  
Dream-life dies, the castles fall!  
In mem'ry's sunset glows the past.  
*My heart is crying for you, dear!*

Richard Duffy



# THE STAGE



this a new play by England's foremost playwright, A. W. Pinero, would have had a different reception than has been accorded to "The Thunderbolt," which George Alexander is about to withdraw from the St.

ETHEL MATTHEWS,  
WHO PLAYED VIDA  
PENNINGTON IN THE  
LONDON PRODUCTION  
OF "THE NEW  
YORK IDEA"

*From a photograph by the  
Dover Street  
Studios, London*

## THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN LONDON

LONDON in June means London in the height of the fashionable season, and from personal observation of what was going on at the West End theaters in that period, I should say that comedy had the call. At fourteen out of twenty-two leading theaters, the current attraction was either a play of this type or a musical piece of similar texture. Three out of the four plays by the new star among English dramatists—W. Somerset Maugham—are comedies, and it is to be noted that his serious piece lags behind the others in popularity. If other evidence is needed to show that England's capital is just now in frivolous mood, it is supplied by the fact that when Oscar Asche and his wife, Lily Brayton, offered "The Two Pins," not one of the reviewers seems to have noticed that the play was written in blank verse, and its poetic form might have gone quite unrealized by the general public had not the author written a letter to the press mentioning the matter. That the thing failed was, under the circumstances, perhaps a foregone conclusion.

Very possibly at another time than

James after a run dating only from May 9. This is the first work of Pinero since "His House in Order," and it contains one of the most skilfully contrived plots in his whole lengthy list. But the somberness of the story militates against its popularity in the present temper of the public, and I am not sure whether "The Thunderbolt" will be considered worth a sea-voyage to our shores. And yet real play-lovers—those who revel in superb character-drawing, in keen insight into human motives, and in an ending that is "happy" without suffering a racking twist from the probabilities to make it so—will miss a rare treat in not seeing "The Thunderbolt."

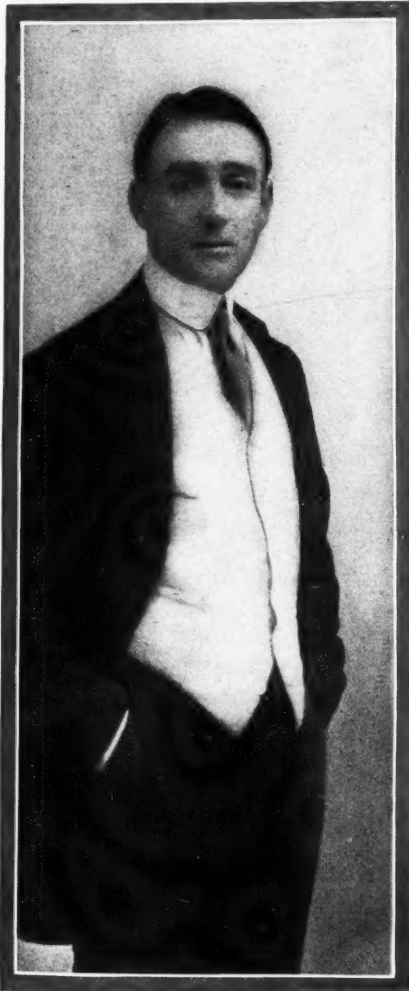
Mr. Pinero calls it "an episode in the history of a provincial family," and the story concerns a rich brewer whose three brothers and one sister are expecting to divide his money among them in the supposed absence of a will. Their plans for disposing of the heritage when they get it are very amusing, and the thunderbolt takes the form of an announcement by *Thaddens*—the meekest of the brothers, played by George Alexander—that there *was* a will, and that he has torn it up



ZENA DARE, AN ENGLISH ACTRESS WITH SEYMOUR HICKS AND ELLALINE TERRISS IN THE MUSICAL PLAY, "THE GAY GORDONS"

*From her latest photograph by Bassano, London*

because it bequeathed all the brewer's money to a natural daughter, who has been at school in Paris. But the spectator already knows that the deed was done not by *Thaddcus*, but by his wife, *Phyllis*, who has confessed it to her husband in the previous act. The tangle in which *Thaddcus* becomes involved in endeavoring to prove himself the culprit provides interest of the most tense description, and the part is acted by Mr.



JOSEPH COYNE, LEADING MAN AS TOM KEMP  
IN THE NEW COMEDY FROM LONDON,  
"THE MOLLUSC"

*From his latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios,  
London*



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, LEADING WOMAN AS  
MRS. RICHARD BAXTER IN THE NEW  
COMEDY FROM LONDON, "THE  
MOLLUSC"

*From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios,  
London*

Alexander in a strain of unstudied pathos that reminded me of David Warfield.

The rôle of *Helen Thornhill*, the real heiress, falls to Stella Campbell, daughter of "Mrs. Pat," and she does it charmingly. Extremely pretty, and possessed of a fine speaking voice, coupled with an unaffected manner, this young daughter of a talented mother is a promising addition to the English-speaking stage. She accompanied Mrs. Campbell on the latter's somewhat disastrous tour of the States last season. But the entire cast of "The Thunderbolt"—numbering, in all, nineteen people—is of extraordinary excellence; and even though the public declined to make a "Gay Lord Quex" or a "House in Order" hit out of the play, Mr. Pinero

should be pleased to find his work so worthily interpreted.

The serious piece by Mr. Maugham to which I have already referred is "The

Lane, and the trouble is that of a father on trial for forgery. By the end of the act he is found guilty and sentenced to prison; whereupon his daughter, the



OLIVE MAY, AT THE LONDON GAIETY AS TITA, A CIGARETTE GIRL, IN "HAVANA"

*From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

Explorer," with which Lewis Waller followed his long run with "A White Man," known to us as "The Squaw Man." Here we have another case of a family in trouble at curtain-rise, but in "The Explorer" the locale is Park

real man of the family, commends her younger brother to the care of her lover, *McKenzie*, who is about to start for the wilds of Africa, on the plea that the lad will now be unable to face his comrades at Oxford. The second act shows us



MARGARET DALE, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM H. CRANE, IN "FATHER AND THE BOYS"

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*





ETHEL NEWMAN, WHO WAS EDNA MAY'S UNDERSTUDY IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR,"  
IN LONDON

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

Africa, where we are rather surprised to find that the brother aforesaid is not only weak but wicked. If Mr. Maugham had

has murdered a native woman, and on being found out he attempts to shoot *McKenzie*; but the latter, who is imperson-



MABEL TALIAFERRO, LATELY POLLY OF THE CIRCUS, AND SHORTLY TO BE A NEW CINDERELLA

*From her latest photograph by Davis & Eickmeyer, New York*

given us some slight hint of *George's* character in his opening scene, his whole play would have seemed more plausible. It seems that the young man

ated by Waller, and is the hero of the play, of course evades the bullet. *George* immediately becomes repentant, and *McKenzie*, for the sister's sake, gives him



CONSTANCE COLLIER, AN ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO IS TO APPEAR IN AMERICA THIS SEASON  
WITH WILLIAM GILLETTE

*From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

a chance to redeem the past by sending him as a scout on a forlorn hope, the outcome of which, according to the tag of the second curtain, which might much better have been the title of the play, is "death or glory."

Well, it is death for poor *George*; and in the next act, back in Park Lane, we find *McKenzie* under suspicion of having sent the boy deliberately into a death-

trap to save his own skin. Of course he cannot explain without letting the sister know of her brother's misdeeds. Naturally she does find out in the end, but the play is neither as brilliant nor as satisfactory as one with a decidedly similar trend, which, oddly enough, was produced in London four days after "*The Explorer*," and which has brought to Cyril Maude the first success he has had

since "Toddles"—for that comedy from the French, although a failure in New York, was a big hit in England.

Mr. Maude's lucky find, which I saw on its first night, is "The Flag Lieutenant," a navy comedy, written by Major W. P. Drury and Leo Trevor, the latter being the author of "Brother Officers," in which Faversham was seen to such advantage some years since. The London critics showered praise on the mounting of the piece, and waxed enthusiastic over the nautical exactness of the first and last acts, showing respectively the admiral's luxurious cabin and the forepart of the Royal Edward's quarter-deck. It seems that hitherto the navy has been neglected by theatrical folk; and as the plot of "The Flag Lieutenant"—the English pronounce it "leftenant," you remember—is quite as good as the settings, one hesitates to set a limit to the run of the new offering at the Playhouse.

In "The Flag Lieutenant" we find the British camp at Kandia besieged by the enemy, and the only way of summoning relief is to break through the investing lines to the telegraph-station. A bashi-bazouk having been brought in wounded, *Major Thesiger*—played by C. Aubrey Smith, who was *Marcus* in "The Morals" with Marie Doro last winter—conceives the idea of putting on the prisoner's clothes and making a dash, in this disguise, for a point where he may be able to shout his message to the operator at the wires. He confides his plan to *Lascelles* (Maude), who is subject to his orders in the expedition, and is about to start when a ball flies over the barricade and knocks him unconscious with a glancing blow on the skull. *Lascelles* thereupon quickly puts on the bashi-bazouk's garments, and himself does the trick, with the result of relieving the post. On coming to, *Major Thesiger* has no recollection of what has happened. As the elder man has never had an opportunity to gain honors in his calling, while the flag lieutenant has already won his spurs, *Lascelles* conceives the idea of letting the major think that he has carried out his plan and saved the camp.

In the next act we find the major loaded with honors and winning the woman he loves, while the flag lieutenant rests under a heavy cloud for being absent

from the post of duty when he was wanted to interpret a message which no one else could render into English. *Lascelles* cannot explain where he has been without robbing the major of the glory which is now so sweet to him. It is on this situation that the third curtain falls.

Matters are set straight in the last scene, on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war, through the chance appearance there of the telegraph-operator from near Kandia, who recognizes the flag lieutenant's voice as he is giving his orders from the bridge. Even then *Lascelles* refuses to have himself cleared at the major's expense; but the admiral overhears the conversation through the skylight, and sets matters straight in his own way, perhaps with something of a wrench to the rules and regulations prevailing in the Royal Navy, as some of the reviewers have admitted, but with universal satisfaction to the audience in front. The play is full of humor throughout, and the plot makes one of the best uses of the aphasia incident—so dear to writers of fiction—ever utilized for the stage. Possibly Mr. Maude himself may be induced to bring the piece to New York. He, George Alexander, and Lewis Waller are, I think, the only English actor-managers who have not yet visited us as stars. Alexander, I believe, came over years ago in the support of the late Henry Irving.

#### THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT

As it has never before happened in either England or America—or anywhere else, so far as I know—that a dramatist whose first effort reached the boards in October should have four successes playing in the same city by the following June, it occurred to me that an interview with this lucky man, W. Somerset Maugham (pronounced "Mawm") would be of interest to the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, particularly as three of his plays are to be presented in America this coming autumn. I have already spoken of "The Explorer," and I was not surprised to find that the author prefers it to the others, as in these matters creators very seldom agree with anybody else. The first one to be produced was "Lady Frederick," which Ethel Barrymore is to do in America.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Maugham, when I called on him in his pleasant bachelor chambers in Mount Street, Mayfair, "'Lady Frederick' was rejected many times. The managers all objected to the dressing-room scene in the last act, where the heroine shows her youthful adorer how plain she really is before she puts on her paint and powder."

"And that is the big hit of the piece," I reminded the author.

The success of "Lady Frederick" called instant attention to the new dramatist, and the managers besieged him for plays. He had five others on hand, and found a ready market for manuscripts which had already been turned down by the very men who now implored him to give them some of his work. The second play to see footlights was the one I consider the best of the four—"Jack Straw," played in London by Charles Hawtrey, whom we saw in "A Messenger from Mars" and "The Man from Blankley's"—and to be done in the States by John Drew. The plot of this involves a waiter who passes himself off for an archduke in order to punish a vulgar *nouveau riche*, and who turns out, after all, to be the archduke he is impersonating. There are many capital situations in the comedy, and an important part for a woman of middle age, played by Lottie Venne, who, if I mistake not, was formerly in musical comedy at the Gaiety.

It is a musical-comedy star, no less a person than Marie Tempest, who has the name part in the Maugham play which London likes best of all—"Mrs. Dot." She is a rich brewer's widow who deliberately throws two young people at each other in order that she may win for herself the man to whom the girl is engaged, and who stands by the engagement from a sense of duty, in spite of his preference for *Mrs. Dot*. There is rollicking farce in the piece, and it contains many clever epigrams—bits of talk which Mr. Maugham assured me he did not consider worth dignifying by this term at all until the people shouted at them in the theater and the critics quoted them in their reviews.

"They are the sort of thing I used to say in conversation," he explained, "and nobody ever laughed then."

"Do you plot your plays out in advance?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, indeed," he answered. "I couldn't possibly do that. I know roughly, of course, what I intend to bring about, but I must get acquainted with my characters first before I can undertake to say exactly what they are going to do."

Mr. Maugham is a young man, scarcely turned thirty, good-looking, and with pleasant, unaffected manners. There is no indication that his head has been turned by his unexampled success. He was born in Paris, has studied at Heidelberg, and has taken a medical degree. His knowledge of German is so thorough that he once wrote a one-act play in that language, called "Marriages Are Made in Heaven," which was produced in Berlin.

"You formerly wrote novels, did you not, Mr. Maugham?" I asked. "Which do you find the easier work?"

"Oh, plays, much," he replied. "I would rather do serious ones than the comedy sort; but the managers do not want serious plays, so it is a comedy I am at work on for Mr. Frohman now. It may prevent me from coming to New York this autumn. Do you think they will like my plays there?"

"I am sure they will like 'Jack Straw' and 'Mrs. Dot,'" I told him, "and I fully expect that Ethel Barrymore will make a winner out of 'Lady Frederick.'"

"Are your people very ready to laugh and applaud?" he went on.

"More ready to laugh than to applaud," I answered.

On being asked whether he was not extremely gratified at having four of his plays running in London at once, Mr. Maugham smiled as he said:

"Well, you see, even that has its drawbacks. It is quite beyond the bounds of possibility that one should not have a style of one's own, betraying its idiosyncrasies in all one's work. With one play a year, people are not so likely to notice these similarities; but with four to compare with one another, one need not be surprised to be told that one is imitating oneself."

I alluded to the controversy in the London press between himself and Otho Stuart, the manager who first brought



out "Lady Frederick," and who has recently denied that he at first refused it, and finally put it on as a stop-gap until a certain actress should be free to appear in another play he had in hand.

"I have brought all this on myself," Mr. Maugham laughed, "by my decision to tell the truth. You see, when all these four plays of mine were produced within such a short period, the public got the impression that I had written the last three so quickly that they could not be worth much. So I elected to make public the history of each play, showing that 'The Explorer' was written in 1903, 'Lady Frederick' in 1904, 'Mrs. Dot' in 1905, and 'Jack Straw' in 1907. Mr. Stuart objects to my saying that he didn't care for 'Lady Frederick' at first, and there you are."

"What should you say, Mr. Maugham," I inquired, by way of summing up, "was the most important quality a man should possess to be able to write successful plays?"

"Knack," the young dramatist answered without the slightest hesitation.

Which is undoubtedly true, though without a definition of the term "knack" it is an answer that does not get one very much farther.

#### A LONDON COMEDY THAT HITS HOME

It looks to me as if, in writing his comedy, "The Mollusc," Hubert Henry Davies had set himself the *tour de force* of turning out a play suitable for West End audiences, but containing neither a servant nor the serving of afternoon tea. This little drama, with which Sir Charles Wyndham has been filling the Criterion Theater for months past, has only four characters and one set of scenery. Charles Frohman imports it to the Garrick in New York early in September, and if it is properly played it should restore the fortunes of a house which last season witnessed a sorry procession of failures.

I had always supposed the mollusc in this comedy was a man, but it turns out to be a woman, admirably impersonated in London by Mary Moore, who has been associated with Charles Wyndham for many seasons. Perhaps I can best define what the term means in the play by quoting what *Tom Kemp* (Mr. Wynd-

ham) says of his sister, *Mrs. Dulcie Baxter* (Mary Moore), who is the champion mollusc of them all:

To a mollusc, there is no pleasure like lying in bed feeling quite strong enough to get up.

You perceive that the moral applies to a class of people not unknown in Mayfair and upper Fifth Avenue circles, who delight in being thought ill, and who take any slight indisposition as an excuse for being waited upon. And this is one secret of the enormous hit the play has made among the smart folk of London. Coming out from the Criterion, I overheard such remarks as:

"There's Mary now; she's a perfect mollusc!"

A peculiarity of the comedy, and one of its greatest charms, is the fact that, while it ripples with humor throughout, a great deal of its effect depends upon action, on bits of business which gratify the eye at the same time that the ear is tickled by some such *bon mot* as:

A death-bed promise is not binding if the corpse doesn't die.

Sir Charles and Miss Moore are supported by Sam Sothorn, brother to our E. H., and Dorothy Thomas, who was leading woman in New York last fall in Henry Arthur Jones's ill-fated "Evangelist." In America, Joe Coyne—at present *Prince Danilo* in London's "Merry Widow"—and Alexandra Carlisle are to be starred in the piece. They are a much younger pair than Sir Charles and Miss Moore, and it seems to me that the play must inevitably take on a somewhat different tinge with this new cast. Miss Moore's rôle calls upon her to be the mother of two little girls, the elder aged twelve.

Hubert Henry Davies will be recalled as the young Englishman, long resident in the States, who wrote "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace." Another very successful comedy of his, done by Wyndham, and not yet seen in New York, was "Captain Drew on Leave."

#### THE ROMANCE OF "POLLY"

"I tell you a play that ought to please over here," said an American whom I met in London. "That's 'Polly of the Circus.'"

Without committing myself in respect to this prophecy, I have no doubt that Londoners would like Mabel Taliaferro, whose personal charm, in its ability to reach out over the footlights, bids fair to rival even that of Maude Adams.

By the way, I have learned of a pretty little romance in connection with Miss Taliaferro and "Polly of the Circus." It seems that "Polly," like so many other recent successes, was originally a one-act play. When Margaret Mayo—its author, and wife of Edgar Selwyn, the actor—developed it into three acts, an actress who wished to star became interested in the thing, but her manager could not see it, as the phrase runs on the Rialto. This was some three or four years ago, and meanwhile the piece awaited production, passing through various vicissitudes in its manuscript stage, until finally Mrs. Taliaferro, Mabel's mother, heard of it, and thought it might suit her daughter, who was then playing with Henry Miller in "Pippa Passes." So an arrangement was made that Miss Taliaferro should dine one night with the Selwyns and hear all about the play.

Just before she arrived, Mr. Selwyn received a telephone message from his friend, Fred Thompson, founder of Luna Park and manager of "Brewster's Millions."

"I'm coming to dinner to-night, Edgar," he said. "It's all right, I hope?"

"Y-e-s," answered Mr. Selwyn; "only we are having a young actress to see about one of my wife's plays, and we shall have to talk that almost exclusively at table. You won't mind, will you?"

"Oh, that'll be all right," replied Mr. Thompson.

In due course the self-invited guest arrived in his automobile, and he was presented to Miss Taliaferro as they sat down. As soon as he heard that the play under discussion had a circus in it, he became interested, for it must be remembered that Mr. Thompson built the New York Hippodrome and managed it for two seasons.

"What's the name of the piece?" he inquired.

"'Polly of the Circus,'" he was told.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson. "I'll take it and star you as *Polly*, Miss Taliaferro."

"But you have never seen me act," protested the girl in astonishment.

"And you have never read the play," added Mrs. Selwyn.

"Don't have to do either," insisted the manager. "I have seen you, Miss Taliaferro, and I know the play is about a circus. That is all I consider necessary. Now that that's settled, let's talk about something besides business for the rest of the evening."

"But Mr. Miller may want the piece," Mr. Selwyn ventured to interpose. "Miss Taliaferro is now playing under his management."

"He hasn't signed for the play, or said in so many words he would take it, has he?" Mr. Thompson inquired.

"No, but do you really—"

"I've said I want to produce it, and I will, if Miss Taliaferro will be *Polly*."

Miss Taliaferro was delighted to accept, and after dinner retired to a corner with Mr. Thompson to discuss—well, as the manager had said he was tired of business, it was probably not circuses or acting. In any event, when it was time to leave, Mr. Thompson took her home in his car; and three days later the Selwyns were electrified to receive a telephone message to this effect:

"You people come on around to my place and celebrate to-night. Mabel and I have just been married!"

As all playgoers know, Mr. Thompson kept his promise. He produced "Polly of the Circus" last winter, and it ran in New York for five months. Mabel Taliaferro's younger sister, Edith, is to play *Polly* in the piece this autumn, while Mrs. Thompson prepares for her debut in the new version of "Cinderella," in which her husband is to star her at Christmas-time.

#### TWO MUSICAL PLAYS THAT LONDON LIKES

At the London Gaiety the curtain rises promptly at eight o'clock, and at that hour, on the night when I saw "Havana," there were just four people in the orchestra stalls. But, apparently, the piece itself counts for little with the smart people who attend the Gaiety, for "Havana" is pretty poor stuff, and yet by half past nine the house was crowded. It seems quite impossible for this theater to secure another musical play as good as "The

Circus" and the "Runaway Girl"; but if the place can live on its past glories as successfully as it seems to be doing, I dare say Manager Edwardes would be the last one to complain. In "Havana" he has made a distinct effort to get away from the casts that peopled "The Spring Chicken" and "The Girls of Gottenberg." Evie Greene, who visited New York in "The Duchess of Dantzic," is practically the only well-known name on the roster.

The music is by Leslie Stuart, who wrote "Florodora," but the catchy numbers are few and far between, the prettiest of the lot being a telephone song for a navy man and a chorus of touring newspaper beauties. The plot is very late in arriving, and very hard to follow when it does turn up. A much better show is "My Mimosa Maid," put on by Frank Curzon, as a "Riviera Musical Incident in Two Acts," at the Prince of Wales, to follow "Miss Hook of Holland," which was so successful at this house, and which was written by the same people. The setting carries a strong flavor of "Florodora," the heroine being labeled "head girl on the mimosa plantation," but the story is altogether different. The hero—played by G. P. Huntley—is a sweep, who holds the winning number in a lottery, and the play deals with his experiences in the effort to live up to his money. There are a lot of clever people in the cast. The music, by Paul Rubens, is charming in its choruses and ensemble numbers, but rather commonplace in respect to the sentimental songs.

#### BERNARD SHAW AT HIS WILDEST

Bernard Shaw pretty nearly succeeded in carrying out his threat of boring the critics to extinction with his latest play, "Getting Married," which ran for a few weeks in May and June at the London Haymarket. He warned his audiences of what lay before them by frankly labeling the piece "A Conversation," and by constructing it without any breaks. A note on the house bill read:

There will be two intervals of ten minutes each; but as the play is not divided into acts or scenes, the audience is respectfully requested to regard these interruptions as intended for its convenience, and not as part of the author's design.

For instance, Fanny Brough, playing the bizarre wife of a lord mayor, is sent for toward the end of what Mr. Shaw will perhaps allow me to term the second act. She arrives, in state, just before the curtain falls, and as it descends we see her extending her hand in greeting to the bishop. When it rises again, she is in exactly the same position, and the action goes on from the very point where it left off. That Mr. Shaw has not succeeded in keeping his play wholly without action, will be apparent when I tell you that in the last act the same lady mayoress, armed with a poker, chases *St. John Hotchkiss* (Robert Loraine) around the kitchen table.

Vedrenne & Barker—the Barker who came to New York, looked at the New Theater, and then sailed away again—provided a great cast for this mad piece of nonsense. Edith Craig, daughter of Ellen Terry, was the bishop's wife, the bishop being Henry Ainley, who hitherto has been wont to play only young men. Robert Loraine, who since his success in the States with "Man and Superman" has been "Shawing" it in London, had a most impossible rôle—that of an English officer who engraves on his visiting-cards "a coward in India," and explains that he declined to follow his commanding officer's orders, as to do so would have been to cover this same officer with glory, and he wished to disgrace the man because he ate rice pudding with a spoon!

Now, what are you going to do with a playwright who, after serving up a series of really brilliant epigrams, suddenly springs on one an absurdity of this sort? What London did was to stay away from the performances, and I doubt very much whether any manager will be found daring enough to transport this latest of Shaw's productions across the Atlantic. Surely you cannot expect Mr. Loraine to do it, as his part is pitifully inadequate to his abilities. His good looks, however, fit him admirably to fill it, the divorced husband of the woman to whom he has been paying attention being required to allude to him frequently as "the fellow with the mushroom face." All London, I should add, is wondering how "Getting Married" ever got past the censor.

Matthew White, Jr.

# STORIETTES

## The Right of Way

BY VINGIE E. ROE

WITHIN the private office of a railroad president, the great man himself had said to Darnell:

"I need the best man I have. You are that man. Down in a forgotten bit of Southern backwoods there lies a small tract of land which is holding at a standstill the progress of a new and important branch of the road. Some antiquated fossil whose squatter cabin stands squarely across the right of way has baffled Hastings and Comstock. Now, you are to get that right of way. Get it!"

So Darnell was here, astride a sorry horse, hired from the official factotum, who seemed to be the only human being amid the unspeakable desolation of the slashland station where a train had left the stranger the night before.

He had come through five miles of tall, sweet-scented gum-woods, splashing in the shallow water that underlay them, thumping slowly over corduroy. Ahead of him lay the clearing that had caused the trouble—a lonely "dead-enin'" whose bleached skeletons reared out of a shabbily plowed and planted field of sickly corn. A two-room log cabin, with its roofed gallery-way between, stood across, and tilted back against it sat the squatter, old Pap Riker, his aged white head uncovered in the sun. As Darnell rode up, he rose on long, shaky old legs, proffering a welcome as simply courteous as it was sincere.

"Mornin', stranger! 'Light! We are proud ter hev ye. Gimme yer nag. Easter!" he called. "Take hit ter pastur', chile."

A tall girl, lithe and muscular, clad in a scant garment of faded homespun, came out and took the rein. Darnell went straight to his point, once he had

accepted the splint-bottomed chair which a gaunt woman, typical of the backwoods, had brought from the cabin at sound of a stranger's voice.

"Mr. Riker," he said straightforwardly, "I'm here to talk business with you."

"Wait ye a while, friend," broke in old Pap kindly. "Ye hain't e't yet."

So Darnell waited. The old man was an eager listener, and in the sunny hour that followed he talked of many things out in the big world—things that filled the seamed old face with wondering amaze. Presently he sat down with the family, at a rude table in the cool gallery-way, to such a meal as he had never eaten in his life—hoe-cake baked in the ashes, fried chicken, and buttermilk.

It was not until once more they sat outside the cabin, shady now, that Darnell took up his point. Pap Riker was tilted against the logs; the silent woman sat, elbows on knees, on the long log that served as a step; and the girl Easter leaned quietly against a post that held a great gourd-vine. Easily, tactfully, taking compliance for granted, the young man wove a picture of the mighty railroad, spread like a web of iron lace over the land, benefiting the whole country, needful, imperative, held suspended in its work by one man whose small holdings lay across its way.

Pap Riker's blue eyes, calm as the spring sky itself, looked off across the "deadenin'."

"Hit air too bad, stranger," he said with an air of real distress, "but I cayn't do hit."

Darnell was silent a moment.

"If not for the good of the many, then for this," he said. From an inside pocket he took the earnest of the

great man's *carte blanche*—a roll of bills whose size and denomination told plainly the importance of this seemingly worthless tract of land. "See," he said, flipping open the end of the sheaf, "this for your old days—the sights and comforts of the world, a better chance of life for your daughter." At that the old man winced a bit, with a wimple of distress across his face. "A fortune, and it is yours!"

Darnell leaned forward and laid the bundle on the threadbare knee. For a moment he did not breathe. Success meant a great deal to him. Then Pap Riker reached out a trembling hand and touched the roll.

"Gosh!" he said wonderingly. "The price o' the hull slashlands!" His eyes were full of something that was half incredulity and half a sort of fear. "Easter, chile, come here an' heft hit. Ye cayn't say ye hain't felt yer weight o' gold!"

The girl rose silently, and took the roll in her strong brown hands. The mother sat still on the log step.

"Shall I leave it with you, or would you rather I put it in bank for you?"

Darnell was searching among some papers for the deed he had brought along. Gently the old man laid the bundle back upon his knee.

"Take hit along, stranger," he said. "I hain't no call fer gold."

Darnell sat without a word. Amazement stilled him like a drug.

Day after day saw him at the cabin. From every side and angle he approached the old squatter. It was as unavailing as wind against a rock. Yet there was an undefined charm about the forsaken "deadenin'" and its simple tenants that held him long after he knew that amicable arrangement was impossible.

Then came the thought of the girl. Of late Darnell had come to go with Easter to fetch his nag. The little walk through the sweet woods behind the cabin was strange and pleasant. She walked beside him, silent with the silence of her kind, yet straight and easy, unconscious of herself. Darnell talked to her and regarded her sturdy beauty. Strange thoughts, half formed, flitted through his brain. She was a

marvelous woman, though in many ways she reminded him of her father.

This evening he decided to approach her. When they reached the ramshackle bars of the pasture, Darnell paused.

"Miss Easter," he said gently, "you are my last hope. I have tried every argument to move your father, and now I am going to ask your aid." The girl faced him wonderingly, her hand on the rail. "It is imperative that the company shall have this tract of land. We have offered many times its worth for an amicable adjustment. But a railroad, you know, has other legal methods. What it must have and cannot buy, the law condemns and gives to it at an appraised value. I couldn't bring myself to tell this to your father; but he will have to give up his opposition sooner or later. Can you not persuade him to do so now, for his best interests?"

Darnell reached out suddenly and laid his hand on hers. Her eyes had grown wide and dark.

"The law!" she said. "Will hit tak' hold o' pap?"

Darnell felt a rush of anger, a sense of helpless guilt.

"It is the law," he said quietly.

With a gesture of quick abandon, the girl threw her body against the rails, laid her face in her arm, and broke into tears. Her shoulders heaved like a man's. Darnell, abashed, stood still. The rose of the dusk was silvered by a high, white moon. A wood-bird called from the sweet gums. Presently Easter raised her head.

"Ye don't know why, o' course," she said, and her voice was husky. "Thar's a reason, stranger. Hit 'd break the ol' pap's heart to tell ye, but hit's right ye should know. Come with me."

She turned from the fence along a tiny path, dim and nearly covered with wild blackberry vines; and Darnell, wondering, followed her. Into a depth of growth almost impassable they stooped and threaded to the left, then turned back toward the clearing. At foot, the path was worn smooth with much treading. Presently the darker dusk lightened, and they came out in what seemed a small, high clearing



where the moon streamed down unhindered. Directly in the center there loomed an object tall as the girl's head, and draped in weathered sacking. Easter stepped forward and lifted the old rag carefully. There stood revealed in the pale light a rough, hand-hewn stone.

"Read," she said simply. "Hit wuz before I war born. I'm all their sonchile. There warn't no more boys."

Darnell stooped down in silent amazement, and read, cut deeply and with infinite care, by hand—though at places it was as if the hand had trembled—these words:

JIMMY JOE RIKER,  
BORN 1868—HANGED 1886.

With a gripping in his throat that hushed his tongue, Darnell straightened up, his hat in his hand. In silence the girl gently replaced the covering. The

man stood still, looking blankly toward the rustling, leafy wall of the clearing, behind which lay the cabin; and presently he realized that the tiny glade, with its hidden tragedy, lay directly in line with it—in the very path of the right of way.

In silence he followed out through the tangled vines, got the sorry nag, and mounted. From the saddle he leaned down and gripped the girl Easter by her firm young arm. The moon picked out her tragic, half-frightened face.

"You were right," he said huskily, "in showing me."

Then he rode away, skirting the lonely "deadenin'."

A week later Darnell sent a telegram to the great man, which said:

Can't get tract. Graveyard. Have secured right of way around.

## A Dweller in the Wilderness

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

OVER our teacups we were talking about suffragettes and woman's sphere. As we were all ultra-modern, self-supporting, single women, there was little variety to the discussion until Dr. Sharp came in. It was the first time we had seen her since her vacation in the mountains. After the greetings were over, and she had laid aside her severely plain hat and jacket, the talk drifted back to the emancipation of women; and, as we expected, the subject aroused her interest.

"I know all about it!" she affirmed. "On this last visit home I saw a really emancipated woman, and what emancipated her." She said this last with an accent so enigmatic that our curiosity rose, and we besieged her for the story. When she finally began to tell it, she said at once that it brought back all her childhood, "For we were little girls in school together, she and I. We called her Bunny, because she looked scared like a rabbit. The name fitted her character as well as her looks, for, as far as we could discover, there was absolutely noth-

ing in the world of which Bunny wasn't afraid. Although she was brought up on a farm, her dread of horses was only equaled by her abject terror of cows; and as for turkey-cocks and dogs and rams and such by-products of the farmyard, she was convinced that they existed for the sole purpose of destroying her.

"It was not only animals she feared, but ghosts, and angle-worms, and the lonely turn of the road in the pine-trees, and spiders and dark rooms, and, above all, *men*! To hear her pronounce the word gave one the impression of some ghastly monster bent on the instant destruction of whomever he met, and having no relation whatever with the commonplace beings in overalls who were our fathers and uncles.

"At that time, when we were all children together, we could laugh at her without reserve, for there wasn't a man in the valley whom we didn't know well; but later, when Bunny was growing up to be a tall, thin girl of sixteen or seventeen, some lumbering began to be done

in the back hollows of the mountains, and the French-Canadian lumbermen came into town once in a while for supplies. They usually celebrated the occasion by getting drunk, and a Canuck lumberman, rather a rough customer at his best, is not a pretty person for any woman to meet when he is tipsy.

"All we schoolgirls were forbidden to take long walks alone, but Bunny needed no prohibition. She was no longer a schoolgirl now, for she was never very bright at her books, and her family had apprenticed her to the village dress-maker. Over her seams and patterns she listened, terror-stricken, to the accounts of the wild doings in the lumber-camps; and the first hint of dusk found her scurrying for home, if she were no farther away than at the post-office across the street. We heard wild stories of the hot tempers and fierce quarrels of the lumbermen, and Bunny was in a panic if one of them but looked at her window as he passed the house.

"Before I went away to college she had about given up going outdoors, except to church. She sat and sewed, and grew paler and more hollow-chested every day, and when I went back to Hillsborough on my vacations all I saw of her was her white face drooping over her work inside Miss Metworth's window. For a long time after that I was busy in the hospital, and didn't go back home for vacations; and when I did I'd forgotten there was such a person as Bunny Sanderson, and nobody happened to mention her.

"During my last visit my uncle had business at one of the lumber-camps, and took me along with him over the steepest, roughest mountain-road you ever saw, up into a narrow gorge black with pine-trees. The road dwindled down into a mere stony trail, with the forest crowding darkly upon it. Now, you know that I'm not afraid of the worst tenement-house on Avenue A, so I'm not ashamed to say that as the great trees shut us in closer and closer, and I thought how far away we were from the last settlement, I couldn't help remembering some stories they had been telling at the house about the wolves and wild-cats and bears that are coming back to our Vermont woods. I was glad enough

when the horses struggled up over a last steep ascent, and we found ourselves close to the camp—a collection of rough cabins and stables.

"A woman came down to meet us—a woman with shining, wind-blown hair and a glowing, tanned face, running along with a light, free step which I couldn't help envying; and when she came up to us I saw that it was Bunny Sanderson. I recognized her in spite of her amazing transformation, and she knew me; and Uncle Brewer said:

"Well, *there!* I'd clean forgot you two used to know each other. You'll find enough to talk about, I guess, till I get back in a half-hour or so."

"And there we were, Bunny and I, walking along in that perilous, dark place, up on the roof of the world, as if we were coming home from our lessons. She told me at once, very simply, about her marriage, four years before, not to a lumberman, but to the man who looked after the stables at the camp. He had been kicked on the knee, and it was during his convalescence in the village that they had come to know each other. They were married at the end of two months.

"Oh, dear Sharpie, I know it sounds like an awful short time; but when it's the real thing, it's like all at once coming in sight of home after being lost and scared, and you *can't* wait, either one of you!"

"The turn of her phrase reminded me of her childhood.

"But, Bunny, you used to be so scared of everything! I should think you'd *die* of fear up here, where there are real dangers that I'm afraid of! I don't believe one woman in a thousand would—"

"But I've got somebody to look after me now," she interrupted smiling. "I would be turribly scared, of course, without Orlando."

"His name, it seems, is Orlando Jones, and as we climbed up to her little cabin I tried vainly to fit such an atrocious combination to the intrepid hero she described to me as hunting like Nimrod, cowing the roughest lumberman with a look, and protecting her with never-failing care.

"With Orlando to fall back on, I've

learned that the things I used to be so scared of are just nothing. The men, now—everybody says to me they'd be afraid to live with such a wild lot; but when you get to know them, they're just like a lot of big children. They call themselves "Mis' Jones's boys," and they think they're *made* because I do their mending for them.'

"She talked mostly of her husband, however.

"My, Sharpie, we do have it lovely! He has to get up real early to feed the horses and get 'em ready, and he has to clean 'em and feed 'em at night, but he has most of his day free. Sometimes I think of other wives that can't see their husbands but for an hour or two in the evening, and it seems as if I hadn't ought to have things fixed so much better for me. Sometimes he takes his accordion, and we go off in the woods for our dinner. It's just grand to hear him play Gospel hymns under the big pines! I never dast to go in the woods before, you know, and I've got lots of lost time to make up!'

"As she stepped lightly up a slope that left me breathless, I thought she looked as if she had been making up lost time very rapidly. She might have been some unafraid, wild creature of the woods; and even later, as we sat in her tiny, bare kitchen, drinking a cup of tea, she exhaled an aroma of hushed brightness like that which comes over one in some still, sunny clearing, deep in the forest. Now she fell to describing her husband's inner self, and tears came into her eyes as she said:

"Why, Sharpie, I don't deserve to be so much to anything as I am to him. He can't seem to talk much to strangers, but he's got used to me now, and he can say right out what he thinks, and he thinks just solid goodness.'

"And then her husband came in." Dr. Sharp choked, and set down her teacup. "I don't think I'll tell you much about her husband. I recognized his physical type the minute I laid eyes on him; I'd seen so many like him whining around hospital clinics, trying to get a week's food and lodging for nothing. A poor bloodless, scrap of a man, with watery eyes and a nasal voice—the most *meecching* specimen, to look at!'

She reached for her hat and jacket, and as she put them on she continued:

"On the way home I asked Uncle Brewer about him, and he said Jones was just what he looked—the smallest potatoes that ever grew. 'He used to be the camp fool,' uncle said, 'but, since he bamboozled that Sanderson girl into marryin' him the fellows are so sorry for *her* they don't plague him the way they used to. They've got a kind of pretend that they're scared of him. *He* knows better, and *they* do, so it don't do any harm, and she likes it. They do say the camp is a lot better since she went there. The fellows think a lot of her.' In answer to another question from me, he said: 'Oh, yes, he's good to her, so far as a little runt like that can be good. She's the only person that the Lord ever made that could see anything in him, and he's grateful accordin'.'

"We drove on through the darkening forest in silence for a time, and then Uncle Brewer spoke again:

"I wouldn't be s'prised if they got quite some comfort out of each other, singin' hymns and talkin' religious talk. Their bein' together that way every single minute has got them to speak so much alike you can't tell which is which, without you look.'

Dr. Sharp looked at her watch and stood up.

"Well, I must be off," she said. "I've just time to get to a consultation." As she picked up her heavy dogskin gloves, she went on: "And what do you suppose that poor, ignorant, simple-minded creature, married to a stable-boy, living off at the end of nowhere with a crowd of drunken savages, with nothing to break the utter loneliness of her days but talking to her half-witted husband and hearing him play Gospel hymns on the most detestable instrument manufactured—what do you suppose she had the impertinence to say to me—to *me*, one of the most successful woman doctors in New York, with my busy life filled to the brim with big, absorbing interests, with hosts of intelligent friends in every rank of society, and with a brilliant future before me? When I went away she said:

"I s'pose I hadn't ought to talk so much about how lovely it is to be married and all. It must make you feel

bad.' And she laid her coarsened, red hand on mine"—the doctor held up her strong white fingers—"and said: 'I s'pose, compared to me, your life must seem awful lonely to you!'"

We all laughed.

"What did you tell her?"

Dr. Sharp was half-way through the door. She paused in the shadow and looked back at us with serious eyes. After a moment's silence she answered:

"I told her yes, it did!"

## The Custom of the Country

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"**T**HAT young Englishman is coming!" said Alice, with a ring of genuine triumph in her voice.

Alice had faith enough in herself to believe that the impression she had made on the Englishman who had come over with them on the steamer was deep enough for visiting purposes. Margy, her sister—more matter-of-fact—had argued to the contrary. "He'll forget all about us, once he has landed," she had declared sententiously. Now, however, she accepted the situation instantly—an American trait, probably having its root in politics.

"When is he coming?" she inquired.

"By the next train," said Alice. "He telephoned from town a short time ago. Said he'd been awfully busy visiting the stock exchange, the art-galleries—"

"More likely the race-track," broke in Margy. "Go on."

"He'd been so rushed he couldn't come before, but he would like to run out and see us, and I told him to come. We must see him at the station, of course. I've been busy ordering the dinner. It's just like mama to be away at this critical time. Come! We've only got half an hour. Get busy!"

"It won't take me long to get dressed," said Margy. "But—" The responsibility of the affair was beginning to crowd her mind. "What *are* we to do with him? How should an Englishman be treated when he visits us?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Alice nervously. "We must do the proper thing. I know!" she exclaimed. "Give him a bath! We can't go wrong there. All Englishmen bathe. Why, they don't do anything else! Motto for treating an Englishman—when in doubt, give him a tub."

"Fine and dandy!" exclaimed Margy, who had had a college course, and was therefore on easy and familiar terms with the best English diction.

"We'll meet him at the station. No, we won't—that would be bad form! We'll have him met by the runabout; and then we'll give him a bath, the first thing."

At this moment Bobbie, their small brother, sauntered in.

"Bobbie, there is a visitor coming—a young Englishman—on the next train. Do you go out and have John hitch up, and you can meet him, if you will. Help him with his suit-case—there's a nice boy!"

The prospect of meeting a young Englishman at the station looked good to Bobbie. He ran off obediently to execute his commission.

The train arrived. The girls, on tip-toe, waited for the sound of the carriage-wheels on the gravel walk—without which no story of high society is complete.

It came at last. The door was flung open by the waitress, and Mr. Winters entered, his fresh, ruddy face glowing with embarrassment. Bobbie tagged on behind, lugging the suit-case.

"Oh, Mr. Winters! We are so glad to see you!"

"So good of you to come!"

"Now, of course, you must be tired after your journey."

"And, of course, you're hot and dusty."

"Don't say a word. They use soft coal, you know."

Winters blushed crimson with the cordiality of the greeting.

"Thanks, awfully," he said. "I didn't want your brother to help me with that luggage. Really, I—"

"Come on!" shouted Bobbie, half-way up the stairs.

"Yes," said Alice; "go right up. We'll see you later, of course. Bobbie will show you your room."

"Your tub is all ready!" cried Bobbie.

Winters began to protest.

"But, really, I—"

"Don't embarrass Mr. Winters," said Margy calmly. "Of course we know all about it," she added. "Take your time, Mr. Winters. Dinner at seven. We'll see you later."

"But—"

Bobbie grabbed him by the arm.

"Come on," he cried. "Right this way!"

"But, my dear boy—"

"Don't you want to go right up to your room?"

"Thanks, awfully. I'll just brush up a bit. Of course, I understand it's the custom. By Jove, you know, you Americans are so clean!"

"We can't come up to *you*!" said Bobbie, as he showed their guest into his room, and then swung open the door to the bath-room.

"Here you are," he cried. "Water all turned on! If you want anything, let me know. I'll be around."

Mr. Winters's face was covered with perspiration.

"But, my boy," he exclaimed, "I don't want to take a bath, you know!"

"You've got to!" cried Bobbie. He winked. "Oh, I understand," he smiled. "Of course you'd say that. But even if you didn't, you couldn't get out of it. It's customary," he exclaimed proudly. "When we entertain people, we know the proper thing. Towels! If you want any more, just shout!"

Mr. Winters looked at the inviting bath-tub, half full of translucent water.

"Suppose it won't do any harm," he ejaculated. "Well, my boy, I'll do it in a jiffy."

"Good for you!"

Bobbie joined the girls. They were sitting on the stairs, craning their necks into the hall.

"Is he all right, Bobbie?"

"Great! Pretended he didn't want to, at first; but he came around all right."

"Listen!" Margy whispered, with her head on one side.

They grew silent. There it was—a sound of water!

"He's in!" almost shrieked Bobbie.

The girls simultaneously put their hands over his mouth.

"Say!" Bobbie looked at them both confidentially. "How would it do for me to offer to scrub his back? 'Twould show we wanted to be polite."

"Hush!"

Again the splash.

"He'll ruin the walls!" whispered Alice. "And we've just had the room papered. Why, he's worse than a walrus!"

"Never mind," said Margy philosophically. "It's worth it." Suddenly she looked at Bobbie. "How many towels were there?" she asked.

"Three!" he replied. "I counted 'em, and asked him—"

"Had they been used?" whispered Alice dramatically.

"Only one. I—"

"Horror!"

The girls gazed at each other, transfixed. Alice grabbed her brother by the arm.

"Don't you know," she groaned, "that Englishmen are just *death* on towels? Oh! He must have more—*more*!"

"That's easy," said Bobbie.

In a flash he had left them, and darted to the linen-closet. The girls dared not follow him. It was too near the marine circus that was apparently going on inside the bath-room.

Bobbie piled on towels. Staggering under the burden, he made his way slowly through the guest-room. He kicked at the door.

"Mr. Winters! Let me in."

The door opened on a crack.

"Towels!"

Bobbie forced them in through the door—five, ten, fifteen of them.

"No more! Thanks, awfully," came in a strange, sepulchral voice from within.

Bobbie joined his sisters.

"I'll bet," he muttered, "he's dry now!"

Alice motioned. She pointed downstairs.

"He'll be ready soon," she whispered.

"We must be sitting in the drawing-room when he enters. We must be ready to greet him properly."



Down to the front room they solemnly filed. Muffled noises overhead indicated that there was "something doing," as Bobbie phrased it.

"He's coming!"

A step at the head of the stairs. They rose simultaneously.

Winters, his suit-case in his hand, was descending. His hair was wet. His face was redder than usual. He looked at his watch.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "No time to lose. Took me longer than I meant. Next train back in fifteen minutes. Enjoyed myself immensely. Custom of country, I understand, of course. Fine

tub! Excuse me for mentioning it, but never had so many towels. Altogether charming!"

He began shaking hands.

"Going?" exclaimed Alice.

"Going?" repeated Margy.

"Why, aren't you going to stay to dinner? Your suit-case—"

Winters looked confused—and redder than ever.

"Deah me, no!" he exclaimed. "You see, I only ran out here to make an afternoon call. Brought along my luggage to save time in transferring. My train leaves for Chicago in a couple of hours, you know!"

## On the Avenue

BY ROBERT RUSSELL

THE stage-driver's voice was strong and firm as he called to the ancient horses jogging slowly up the broad avenue.

"Gip, Nell—gip, Vic!"

With a dexterity acquired by years of practise, he snapped his long-lashed whip, gathered the reins more firmly in his hands, and with his foot pulled taut the strap that closed the door of the vehicle.

As the man approached the end of the route which had been the scene of his daily occupation ever since his hair, now nearly white, had begun to lose the hue of youth, he paid less and less attention to his horses and more to the scenes about him.

"That there club!" he remarked to himself. "I've seen the same faces in them windows ever since I can remember. Wonder where *they'd* go if *they* was turned out?"

At last, with a courageous "Whoa!" which seemed entirely superfluous for the habit-trained steeds, he brought the stage to a standstill at the end of the line. For some minutes he sat in his seat under the big red umbrella which protected him from the summer sun; then, with an embarrassed laugh, he climbed down and stood before his team, a hand on each low-held head.

"Well, Nell and Vic, we're through.

We ain't going to pass up and down the avenue any more, together—dreading the hills, and looking forward to the easy grades. You won't have to grab on the bit when you come to slippery places any more, to let me know you're afraid of falling down. You'll go somewhere, where I hope they'll be good to you; and I—I'll go somewhere. The only sure thing is that we won't be on the avenue any more—together!"

The company that owned the stage line on the famous thoroughfare had progressed with the times. On the morrow, automobiles were to displace the horse-drawn vehicles, and the picturesque but antiquated stage was to be a thing of the past.

With a last look at his friends of so many years, the man entered the office to get his last pay and bid good-by to the cashier.

"I wish we had a place for you, Bill," said the young man, handing over some small notes.

"I've got my plans," nodded Bill as he left the office, determined that none but the dumb animals should think him given to sentiment.

He went to his small room in an old boarding-house in a humble part of the city. There, sitting alone by the open window, smoking an old clay pipe, he looked out at scenes upon which the

passing years had made little impression. The lines of his strong face seemed to grow deeper as the evening advanced, and it was a very old man who crawled into bed at last.

Early the next morning, before the broad avenue which he knew so well had become crowded with its stream of luxurious vehicles, Bill had taken up a position whence he could get a good view of everything that passed over the smooth asphalt. The private carriages received little of his attention, but his eyes were intent and anxious whenever one of the new automobile stages came into view. He studiously noted the confident, quick movements of the chauffeurs. When the noon sun had become almost unbearable, he left his retreat and walked slowly down the avenue, nodding his white head in apparent satisfaction.

## II

THE summer had gone, and the stage company had benefited greatly by the change of motive-power. Its profits had increased steadily. In place of the little wooden structure which had been the headquarters of the paymaster and other minor officials, a larger and finer office had been built. It was here that the new superintendent sat one autumn morning, when to him was announced the name of William Corrigan.

Old Bill entered almost immediately after the attendant had disturbed the young superintendent from an interested perusal of his newspaper. The veteran stood looking about him.

"Some different from the old place, sir," he said.

"I imagine so—were you familiar with it?" replied the young man.

"I drove a stage for about as many years as have passed over your head, sir," said Bill impressively.

"Well, that's a good recommendation. What can I do for you?"

Bill regarded the superintendent a moment, as if to prepare him for the good news.

"I have come to apply for the position of chauffeur on your line."

"What?" shouted the young man.

"Chauffeur," reiterated Bill. "I want to cover the avenue again."

"But running an automobile is something entirely different from driving horses!"

"I'm not a fool, sir;" and Bill smiled confidently. "I've been taking lessons for three months, and I know all about the things."

"But—but—how old are you?"

"Almost sixty, sir," replied Bill proudly, straightening to full height his six feet of powerful manhood.

"We can't take men of that age, you know."

"You can't? You—"

The young superintendent saw that he must meet a keenly disappointed man.

"The company wouldn't stand for it," he said. "They want young men—it's very trying work, you know."

"Why, sir," began Bill courageously, "it never occurred to me that the company would not take me, after I had given nearly thirty years of my life to it—that is, of course, if I could do the work. And I have learned to do the work, sir. I know as much about the new stages as I did about the old ones."

"I'm awfully sorry, really I am, old man. I—I'll speak to the president about it. Perhaps we can find something in the shops for you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Bill with dignity, "but it's not the shop I want. It's to go up and down the avenue where my life has been spent. I don't suppose you can understand, sir; but that road out there's my world, sir. It means a lot to me; and then there's a very special reason above all others, sir—"

He stopped, interrupted by the opening of the office-door. Into the room came the president of the company, and by his side a little child, his daughter. A cry of delight came from her as her bright eyes caught sight of the old man.

"Oh, Billy!" she called as she rushed to his side. "Can't I ride with you some more on top of the stage?"

"Her nurse used to bring her," stammered Bill apologetically, "and—"

"And I want," began the little one again, "I want to wave to the old lady who used to throw a kiss at us from the bench in the park. I loved her!"

The old man's brave bearing was giving way now. Quickly he turned to the president.

"It was my wife, sir," he said. "I drove your stage for thirty years—and for almost thirty years she used to come and sit there in the morning, and send me something from her eyes. She's gone now, sir, but I want to pass that park a few years more, running the old

company's stage, and think I see her sitting there."

The president looked inquiringly at his young subordinate; at the clear, alert eye and rugged frame of the gray-haired man, and then at his little daughter leaning confidently against the old man's knee.

"I guess you can ride with Billy tomorrow, girlie," he said.

## Romance and Reality

BY MARY R. MCBURNEY

"**M**ADAME," Greta called, "a little more chocolate, if you please;" and in a moment, from the chalet before which the two girls were sitting, there came a young Swiss woman, her cheeks as bright in their fresh color as the red kerchief tied about her head in that loose, distinctive fashion of the Valais peasants.

The chalet was on the side of one of the smooth, green slopes that rise abruptly above the little village of Champéry. Below that irregular cluster of houses stretched more green, down to the very hollow of the valley, where the Vièze rushed ceaselessly over the stones. Beyond the little river rose the huge Dent du Midi, its jagged points dark against the sky, and contrasted with the snow, which lay in great white patches along its gray rocks. All the hillsides were dotted with tiny chalets, a rich brown in the afternoon sun, and casting long, deep shadows in the vivid green.

The little garden in which the young American girls were sitting was filled with nasturtiums and shaded by a big cherry-tree. Almost every afternoon the two friends climbed the zigzag path and drank their chocolate there, looking down upon the peaceful Alpine valley.

The younger of the two, Greta Duncan, was sitting on the narrow wooden bench, her back against the wall of the chalet, and her hands clasped behind her head. She had wide, gray eyes and soft, rounded features. Her full dark hair was half hidden by a broad-brimmed garden hat, which was as simple as her plain pink linen dress.

The other girl, Kate Sands, much older and more carefully dressed—for there was an air of inconsequence about Greta—sat at the end of the table, one hand supporting her pretty head, and her eyes fastened on the distant mountains at the end of the valley. They were discussing the important question of where they would like to pass their honeymoon.

When the woman had added another pretty jug to the collection of quaint china already on the table—plates of rye-bread and fresh butter, and an odd little pot of honey—Greta continued:

"Yes, I should certainly come to Champéry and take a chalet for at least a month."

"Say 'we,' my dear; the young man is rather an important factor, you know."

"Oh, it's the same thing! He will feel, of course, just the way I do."

"You are optimistic. But forgive the interruption. Go on, I am interested in your future existence."

"Well, as I was saying, we shall take a chalet up on the hills here—that one where we sat yesterday morning would do nicely—and there'll be lots and lots of flowers inside and out, especially poppies. And we shall walk all day long up to the very edge of the snow, with never a thought of turning."

"And will you see any one but each other?"

"For a time, no. We shall forget every one and everything, shut in by the Dent du Midi in this fairest, happiest valley in all the world!"

"But, oh, how bored you would get! I would so much rather stay in New York and have theater-boxes and hansom cabs and—"

"That's so commonplace, Kate," Greta broke in. "Why not choose some lovely foreign place like this, where one would feel like the heroine of a story, or something different from other common mortals?"

The older girl glanced at her quickly, wondering if she were really serious. She saw in Greta's eyes that unseeing, happy look of the dreamer. It checked the laugh on her own lips, and she said kindly:

"You have wonderful dreams, Greta, but don't expect them to come true."

"Oh, but they must!" Greta answered. She was looking at the sky above the white-crested mountains, blushing pink from the afterglow. "Kate," she went on, "the future seems to stretch ahead so full of exquisite mystery that I can hold my breath and almost feel the romance of it! Just now there is an intangible curtain before our eyes, and when it rises—which it will soon, I think—what will be there? Oh, something beautiful, I know!"

But the other girl was looking down with serious eyes into the darkening valley, and did not answer. How young Greta was, she thought, half sadly!

## II

It was a close, sultry night in London, several years later. The theaters were just out, and the crowd was dispersing in all directions.

A hansom cab wound in and out of the traffic on Piccadilly, turned swiftly into Half-Moon Street, and stopped before the door of a small private hotel, where a man and a woman alighted. A few moments later lights appeared on the drawing-room floor, and the woman, young and beautiful, dressed in a décolleté gown, with many jewels, came to the open window.

"Do you really mean to say, Ramsay, that you would rather be here than in the country?" she was saying.

"Perhaps not for long, Greta; but London isn't half bad at any time, and there are some jolly good shows on now."

"But it's hot and dingy—and Switzerland is so glorious!"

"My dear girl, if you've really set your heart on going, I'll take you over at the end of the week; only it seems to me that as we can't be in Europe very long, it's a pity to waste the time in the country. Still, we can go to Lucerne or St. Moritz, if you like; they are decent enough for a week or two, though to my mind Switzerland is unbearably stupid."

"You've never seen Champéry?"

"Yes, I have, and I never want to again. I passed a day there once—ran up from Montreux with Jim Stone; but it's a hole of a place—*such* people, and absolutely nothing to do!"

"A hole of a place!"

"No, I believe it's high, and the scenery rather pretty, isn't it? But one can't live on views. Besides, Lucerne is just as pretty, and we'd meet lots of people there. I suppose you wouldn't care for Paris? We could do a lot of automobiling out in the country, and then, too, the Grenvilles and the Cuylers are going over to-morrow."

Greta had passed out on the balcony. The air felt damp and heavy, and the gas burned dimly in the street below, where a "bobby" was slowly making his beat. A hansom cab went whirling by, the horse's hoofs clipping on the wet pavement. Greta looked up at the narrow slit of sky, where the stars seemed very far away, twinkling feebly through the smoky haze. Were those same stars shining down on her valley—on the roofs of the little Swiss chalets, on the roses and poppies, on the snow-capped Dent du Midi with its rushing cascades? Oh, lucky stars!

She leaned her bare arms on the iron railing, falling into a deep reverie.

"Greta!"

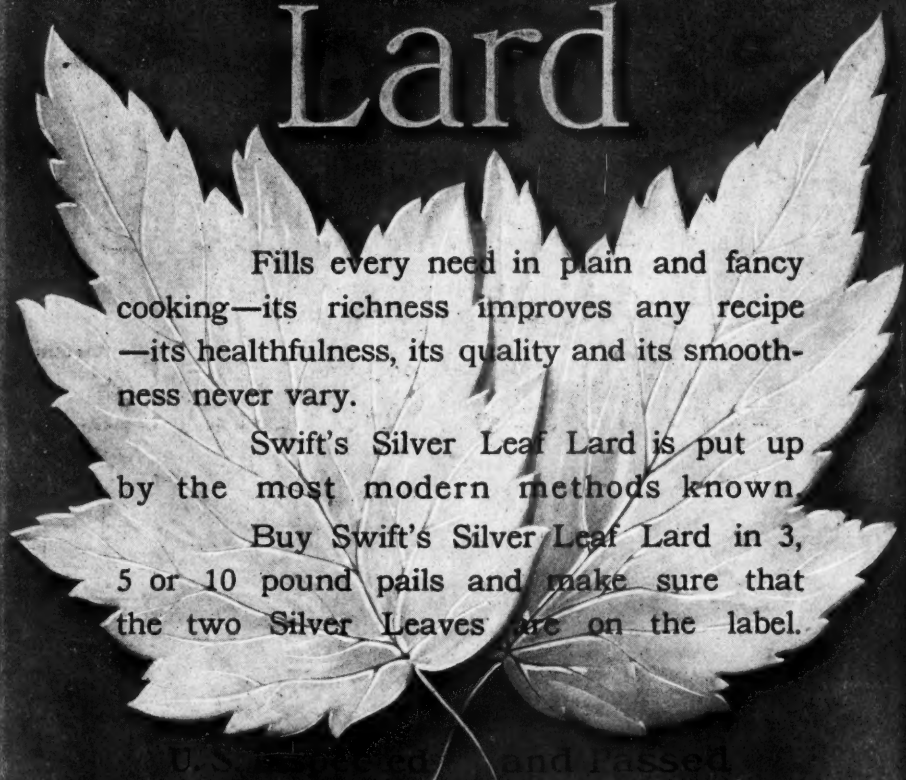
Ramsay was calling her. She drew in a deep breath and looked up once more at the stars.

"Adieu," she said. "Adieu—to so much!"

She turned and went in through the window. The air was thick with smoke. Her husband sat at the center table, with a pile of newspapers before him and a whisky and soda at his elbow.

"Let it be Paris by all means," she said.

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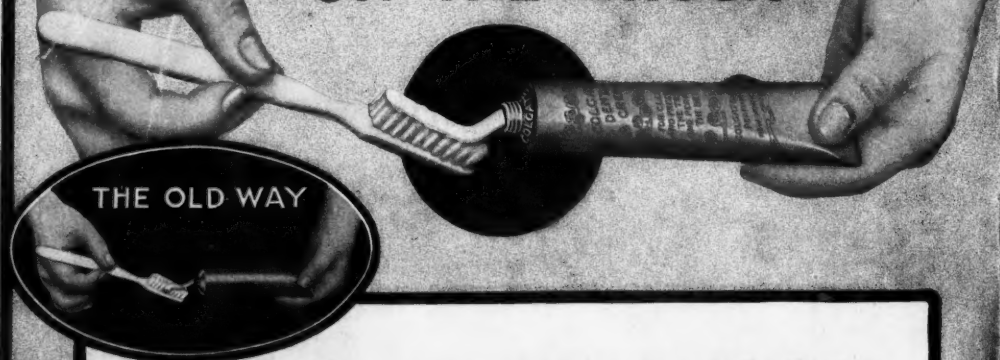
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